Cruising Around a Changing World

Van Schaick

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Cruising Around a Changing World

by

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John Van Schaick, Jr.
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DEDICATION

To a father and mother who loved books and people, who had broad views and sympathies, and who embarked for the last voyage in the summer of 1923.

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PREFACE

Little need be added to the following letters, which are travel-stained and blotted but which have whatever advantage may come from being written "at the time and on the spot."

They describe a voyage around the world on one of the personally conducted tours which were started back in 1910, interrupted by the war, and resumed by four or five of the large tourist agencies after the war.

The agency charters a ship and fills it if it can. The passengers use the ship as a base from which to study briefly ports and countries around the world.

Most of the cruises go from west to east and plan to get to Europe late in the spring or early in the summer. The managers there break the parties up and conduct them overland for periods of from eight days to two months. They land them at Cairo for the Holy Land and Greece on the way to the usual tourist Europe, at Naples for a big swing around the circle, at Gibraltar for a trip which includes Spain, at Cherbourg or Le Havre for a short swing around, and at some English port for a connecting steamer to the United States.

The old house of Thos. Cook & Sons runs the cruise the other way, from west to east, on the theory that they get better weather, and land their people at San Francisco or New York.

The following letters were written on a cruise conducted by Mr. Frank C. Clark of the Times Building, New York City, head of one of the old reliable tourist agencies. The author has no brief for Mr. Clark, and does not care to advertise him more than Cook, Raymond & Whitcomb, the American

Express, or the other companies in this business who in this year of our Lord 1923 have been sending their ships around the world.

We heard echoes of loud wails in every port at which we touched where the others had touched, and echoes of hearty appreciation. We ourselves had both. But the author is delighted to advertise Mr. Clark and all the others, and to advertise the subject of world cruising and to stimulate the business, for he is convinced that it does good.

Possible drawbacks are the comparatively limited time ashore, the crowding of the big parties, and, what rarely happens, the failure of a ship to keep its schedule. A cruise manager, contracting for hundreds of motor cars and hotel rooms, engaging local interpreters and guides around the world, with from six to eight hundred people on his neck, is hard hit if he strikes an unlucky ship or an unco-operative captain. It is enough to put him out of business. Other possible drawbacks are bad weather, poor food, and unpleasant people or crowded staterooms.

To the credit side of the ledger must be put the cruising itself in all kinds of beautiful seas and along all kinds of picturesque and romantic shores; the shore journeys, organized so as to give the utmost possible of delightful sight-seeing in a short time; the interesting people whom such a cruise draws together; the fine weather which it is possible to have for thirty thousand miles around the world, for we had it; and good food and a comfortable ship, which we also had.

On the credit side also are the lectures, the meetings, the concerts, the sports, possible when six or eight hundred even ordinarily talented people get together.

There are some people who ought not to go upon a world cruise:

Those who hate the sea; those who dislike to

touch elbows with their fellows; those who can not overcome their repugnance or disgust at people with skin of another color presuming to live anywhere on the earth; those who can't carry enough money with them to pay the usual fees to hard-working stewards and stewardesses who serve them for four or five months; those who expect as much for $1,000 as they would get for $3,000; the thieving, the cowardly, the boorish, the yellow, the selfish, and the snobbish—they had better stay at home.

There are some people who ought to go upon a world cruise:

Those who have wanted to do so all their lives and who even in later years have a little money they can put into it; those who know the incalculable practical value of such a trip in their business or profession, clergymen, newspaper men, editors, writers of all kinds, teachers, college professors, lecturers, politicians and statesmen; those who, apart from using the knowledge gained to earn their bread, want knowledge, culture, refinement, for its own sake; young folks especially, who want more education; old folks and young folks alike who want recreation, adventure, contact with new and thrilling things, and a thoroughly good time.

The author and his wife, who had done some independent traveling, started out like others in their particular party with a prejudice against "Cook's," or "Clark's," or any "personally conducted travel party." They still see drawbacks in such travel, but likewise advantages.

Cruise managers save a traveler an enormous amount of bother about little things—visas, exhibiting passports, and standing in line for all kinds of governmental demands. They compel a certain amount of sight-seeing that lazy travelers would miss and be sorry afterward they had missed. They take

one easily and comfortably to interesting, out-of-the-way places one would not be apt to go to alone on account of the nuisance of inconvenient schedules. They look after baggage. They furnish trustworthy guides. And they provide a great ocean liner for which passengers soon develop a home feeling, and which, in the midst of the most strange surroundings, furnishes something of that complete relaxation and rest to be found in a true home.

This interesting test can be made: Go around the world on one of these four-month cruises, see the people who are used to traveling and those who are not, those who are alone and those in parties of their own, those who have $1,000 rooms and those who have $10,000, those who are good sailors and those who are poor ones, those who like all kinds of people and those who like just their own kind, and practically all will be sorry to get off the ship at the end of the cruise. When they get shaken down, used to the routine, fitted into their niches, tied up with delightful comrades, they want the thing to go on.

We were sorry to leave the "old Empress." And scores of couples became so interested in each other that there will be many weddings as a result of the friendships made.

There are a few practical suggestions: If you take the cheapest room, inside, close to the engines, remember that it is hot in hot weather. Take it if you want a warm place in the cold weather, and if you are willing to do what scores of others do—buy a wicker cot at Naples or Hong Kong and sleep on deck the hot nights. Do not leave panama hats, palm beach and linen suits at home as the author did. If you have left them at home, move quickly to buy some before you strike the hottest part of the trip. Tailors' agents board the ship with samples and tape measures at Japanese, Chinese and Indian ports.

Don't prepare to drink too much high grade whiskey, or to eat all the delicious food provided, or to see all that can be seen. Don't imagine that all is lost that you don't get, and that the more you get the farther ahead you are.

Sit quietly when the ship comes into a beautiful port and enjoy it, and let the conductors worry about what seats you will have in the motor car.

Above all, watch your step—don't push, help the other fellow have a good time, and, as the old physical instructor at West Point always said to the graduating class, "Trust in God and keep your bowels open."

Finally, let the author urge more people to take a trip of this kind.

It will enrich life immeasurably. It will open intellectual and spiritual doors. It will put you into touch with countries which were great and powerful before Columbus discovered America. It will furnish you with a long list of delightful books which you will want to read and which you can read understandingly. It will soften your prejudices against other races and countries unless you are old and bitter and beyond hope. It will add to your list of friends.

And it will bring you back to your own country more loyal to her, more proud of the best in her, more ashamed of her defects, more determined to make her as great as she is big, as broad and generous as she is powerful, and as beautiful in government, in law and order, in the administration of justice, as she is good to look upon.

I desire to express my thanks both to the editorial and to the typographical force of the *Universalist Leader* for sympathetic and efficient help, and especially to Miss Florence I. Adams, who has done the drudgery, read the proof, made valuable suggestions and produced the book.

Le Havre, May 18, 1923.

I. "NOTHING HALF AS BEAUTIFUL AS THAT"

IT was just getting dark as we backed out of the slip on the S. S. Empress of France, chartered for the Frank C. Clark Third Round the World Cruise, and were slowly hauled around to head down the North River. Great chunks of ice came smashing against the sides of the ship, a bitter wind blew down the dock on the hundreds of stoical enthusiasts who had waited to see friends off, and a cold light came over the Palisades.

We had traveled up and down that river and in and out of that harbor literally hundreds of times. There was no reason why we should face the biting cold to see New York disappear. And yet because we did, we had it demonstrated for the thousandth time that it never twice looks exactly alike.

Perhaps it was because we had never before been starting around the world. Perhaps it was because we had never before seen it between 5 and 6 p. m. on the 22d of January. Whatever the reason, the fact was that lower New York was a marvelous spectacle. The great office buildings were all ablaze. There was a light in every window. In the rapidly growing darkness, we lost the distinct outlines of individual buildings. Only the Metropolitan Tower, whose clock flashed 5.30, and the light on the Woolworth Building looked familiar. The rest was fairyland.

"On all this trip," said an old New York business man, "there will be nothing half as beautiful as that." His heart was in the utterance. I was glad to find New Yorkers who still have poetry in them—who can idealize New York.

With most of our company on board, I judged that it was not easy to let go of the land. We are terrestrial, not amphibious, animals. All the evening we were straining eyes landward, we were talking about the places and people we had left, we were thinking about that last day.

As twice before when sailing, we had spent the last few nights in a beautiful home on 57th Street, where there is lovely Siena marble and exquisitely carved woodwork, but, more than that, care for the real things of truth and beauty and human service. Of course one clings to the relatives, the old friends, the familiar haunts, the congenial work, and to all the places where we unbend and have "the best times of our lives."

One goes back along the lines of railroad and telegraph over which have come scores of farewell messages and visualizes the dear senders back in the places where they belong.

The business matters we dealt with in those last crowded hours come up to plague us or to comfort us. We have still the worry of the day's stint upon us. Old Mother Sea has not yet got hold with her magic power to calm.

At dinner, two Wellesley girls sat at my left and two Kansas ladies sat on the right of my wife. All of our talk is about Kansas—Henry Allen, William Allen White, Wichita, Winfield, Arkansas City—or the beautiful drives about Wellesley. Nobody is thinking about India or China, or even about Cuba. We can't start quite yet.

Bitter cold though it was, it was a wonderful night to be starting off—"high visibility," as they said in war time. Every star was out. When we came out after dinner, the North Star was almost directly behind us and our bow was pointed for the Tropic of Cancer, the Equator and the Southern Cross.

We were sailing down the Jersey coast. Astern and off a little from the starboard side, the familiar Highland Light was flashing its warning and its good-night. The Ambrose Channel and Scotland Light-ship were in sight on the other side. Far down the coast was a quick flashing light, near Asbury I think. And the shore, from Highlands to Asbury, through Seabright, Monmouth Beach and Long Branch, was a continuous line of lights—almost every one familiar to us. "Atlantic City," said a gentleman patronizingly to me. "Atlantic City," said several others, taking up the report. And thus began our study in world geography. I tried feebly to say that it was not Atlantic City, that we had sailed only a little over two hours before, but it is a long job to run down an untruth.

We knew, however, the summer homes so dear to my wife and her brother, and increasingly dear to me, lay over there under the beam of the Highland Light. In that dark space where there were no lights, the Shrewsbury and Navesink Rivers were coming down to empty into Sandy Hook Bay. That line of lights off to the right might be on the Oceanic Bridge. That single light might be on the Seabright Bridge over which the Rumson Road starts for Red Bank. It was not difficult for me to project myself across to the broad porch of the "Sedges" and to see our ship go down the coast, lighted up from stem to stern. And I could hear myself say, "How close in she seems to-night."

But however much minds and hearts might stay on land, the cold hard fact remained that our bodies were being carried on down the coast. And with all the tender longing for the land there came a great swelling of heart as we realized that at last we had cut loose, we were afloat once more, off for the Seven Seas, on our way around the world.

We have been out forty-eight hours. We are somewhere south of Cape Hatteras, off Georgia or Florida, and some thirty-six hours out of Havana. In twenty-four hours the temperature of the ocean water rose thirty degrees. Last night already we left off overcoats and heavy wraps. To-day one lady is threatening to leave the party at Cuba because she can not stand the heat of her stateroom. Everybody is talking heat, longing for the warmth, attacking the Northern winters, but I can't go with them all the way.

I like the balmy air, the blue sky, the growing things of the South, but I can not turn traitor to those snapping Northern days of New England and New York, when the blood moves fast to keep warm and there is life and vigor in every breath.

We are beginning to find one another out. There must be a fair proportion of ministers on board. In a group of four men last night I found that one was the Rev. C. M. Glick, a Presbyterian, of Missouri, another the Rev. O. F. Bartholow, a Methodist, of Mount Vernon, N. Y., who has lectured in Cobleskill, N. Y., where I was born, and who has a Bible class of 1,700 men. It looked Monday as if the whole class were at the ship to see him off, headed by a brass band and equipped with a moving picture machine. The third man standing with us was Mr. Chas. E. Burbank, for many years head of a high school in Worcester, Mass., and once principal of the Clinton Liberal Institute at Fort Plain. We had many dear friends in common.

Last night in the smoking room, I talked with the Rev. Frederick C. Jewell, rector of an Episcopal church in Evanston, Ill. He is a nephew of the late Claudius B. Jewell, my old neighbor in Washington, and in Media, where he was born, he lives next door to a Quaker boy I know, who went down four stories in

a bombed building in Dunkirk, France, during the war, and escaped without a scratch.

D. E. Lorenz, "Director of the Educational Features of the Party," is a clergyman—and an old hand at world travel.

Dr. Frederic W. Norris of Brooklyn is another Episcopal rector, and a charming, modest man. The Rev. James T. Nichols of Iowa, whom I have not met, gave the first lecture of the cruise to-night on Cuba and the Panama Canal.

A few people have been sick, but most of us are shaken down and already used to it. Neither my wife nor I has felt the slightest discomfort.

I feel moved to correct the impression that everybody sailing these days lines up before the smoking room doors waiting to pass the three-mile limit. We have two smoking rooms, both comfortably filled, but as many people sip ginger ale as Scotch and soda, and there is not the slightest excess or disorder. I must admit, however, that the men sipping Scotch and soda are supremely pleased with themselves and with life.

The ship officials do not want us to buy liquors ashore and bring them on board, but rather to buy of them. In this way they eliminate competition and keep a control. So any plans we might have had to take on a private stock of Jamaica rum at Havana will have to be abandoned.

The ship herself, 18,481 gross tons, is an ideal size for such a cruise. She belongs to the Canadian Pacific Railway, and runs regularly between Quebec, Southampton, Cherbourg and Hamburg. The crew are all British, and British sailors inspire confidence.

Above the stairs, both forward and aft, there are tablets commemorating the war record of the ship: "S. S. Alsatian: This vessel during the Great War was flagship of the patrol between the Shetlands

and Iceland, and intercepted 150,000 ships. Escorted convoys numbering from fourteen to twenty-two ships to and from America on many occasions. Was armed with eight 6-inch guns and two 12-pounders and anti-aircraft guns. Steamed while in commission 266,-740 knots and consumed 170,570 tons of coal. The vessel was reconditioned by the builders, William Blardmore & Co., Ltd., of Dalmur, and is now called the Empress of France."

To my mind it is a stupid name, as there is no such thing as an "Empress of France," but the war record is great. And for comfort, for general assembly, for sitting around, besides the two dining saloons and the two smoking rooms, there are four more beautiful saloons, or drawing rooms, where both men and women meet.

As I close this letter we are off Florida; the big hotels and lovely cottages are in sight; a great green dragonfly of some kind has come out to bid us welcome.

The Editor and Associate Editor of the *Universalist Leader* are closer together in miles than they have been in some time. I wish I could see the Editor waving his "panama hat" at us as we pass. Surely, under this blue sky and bright sunshine, the old vigor must come back.

II. CUBA: BEFORE AND AFTER TAKING

WE are cruising down a sunlit sea to-day, with Cuba in prospect for to-morrow. I have been reading so much about Cuba that it seems intensely real to me this afternoon as we approach it.

I have an inclination to set down what Cuba means to me before I see it, and then to tell honestly how much of it I realize by a brief visit to the island.

Primary and grade school put some things so deep in us that they can never be eradicated. In my case, I have an abiding interest in the invisible lines which mark the globe. I want to get up early to-morrow and realize it when we cross the Tropic of Cancer and enter the Torrid Zone. Havana, toward which we are heading, lies just over the Tropic of Cancer. We had a lecture on Cuba and were told a few simple facts about it which "every intelligent man ought to know without being told," as a clerical friend remarked.

Cuba is 760 miles long, from twenty to 160 miles wide. If laid upon the United States, it would cover the width of New Jersey and reach from New York to Indianapolis. In area it is a little larger than Ohio.

It has many beautiful harbors, some of them, like Havana and Santiago, almost land-locked, but it is a dangerous coast because of hundreds of coral islands, some six hundred strong out along the northern side and some seven hundred along the southern. What hiding places they made for the freebooters and pirates who infested this region in the old days!

Not flat as many people suppose her, with many lovely mountain ranges, Cuba has her share of pic-

turesque scenery. And in her valleys and coastal plains, she has a soil which produces marvelously. For generations she has been famous for her tobacco. And her sugar is one of the big sources of the world's supply.

Not, however, of the economic Cuba, or the picturesque Cuba, or the winter resort Cuba, am I thinking to-night as we head straight toward it, but of the dramatic things which have happened on and around this island, all the way from Christopher Columbus to Walter Reed and General Gorgas.

"The most beautiful land that human eyes have ever seen," Columbus called it. Down here in the West Indies, one realizes more vividly the flesh and blood Columbus. How hard he had to struggle for what he achieved! How much ingratitude and heartbreak he had to endure! How much he did for all of us in sailing on and on until he reached "this new mainland" or this "part of Asia," as he called Cuba. Somebody else, of course, would have discovered the new world if Columbus had failed, but Columbus did not fail. We must not let Columbus become simply a name. We must try to keep something of his personality clear and distinct.

That whole period of Spanish exploration is associated with these waters through which we are passing as I write.

The old red fourth reader put a glamour around some of the Spanish conquerors which has not faded yet. Ponce de Leon discovered the Florida we now see to the west. Instead of finding that fountain of youth for which we all long, he got an Indian arrow in him and was carried back to Havana to die. Out of Cuba came De Narvaez with the great expedition of 1528, which was completely swallowed up in Florida—a story of daring and suffering and stupid blundering never to be told until the Everglades give up their

dead. And it is easy to-night, as the shadows begin to fall, to see that greatest expedition of all under De Soto start out of Havana harbor "for the conquest of Florida"—knights in glittering armor and shining helmets, with banners streaming and a weight of baggage which doomed them to failure before they started. One can hardly realize that sane men would be so stupid. But the burial of De Soto in the muddy waters of the Mississippi and the tale of his heart-broken wife who sat in Havana watching and waiting for him to come back, all are in the old record.

This old Cuba of the Spaniards, of the pirates, of the various contending nations, appeals to me.

I can see that British fleet of some 200 vessels, on which there was one New England regiment under "Old Put," sailing down here in 1762 to storm Morro Castle and capture Havana. It gave Cuba to England, but she traded it off for Florida the next year, and that trade may explain why Cuba is a republic and Florida a state of our Union, instead of *vice versa*.

Of course the one vitally important and supremely interesting thing about Cuba for most of us is the hundred years struggle of the Cuban people for liberty, terminating in our one hundred days war with Spain, with its Roosevelt and San Juan Hill, its Sampson and Schley.

I am interested in San Juan Hill and El Caney, Santiago Harbor and the south coast, the scene of the desperate dash of Cervera's fleet; I am proud that our boys so bravely and so quickly freed Cuba. If they had not done it, nothing that followed would have been possible. But the really glorious chapter of the history is in the wiping out of yellow fever, the cleaning up of Cuba and the helping the people to establish a government of their own.

I want to see Cuba because there Dr. Walter Reed let mosquitoes infected with yellow fever bite

him to demonstrate how the disease is transmitted. And there also Gorgas, acting on the basis of the knowledge for which Walter Reed laid down his life, did one of the finest jobs of public health work ever accomplished anywhere.

Once people going to Cuba, as we are now going, took their lives in their hands, so dreadful were health conditions. Yellow fever, malaria, leprosy and tuberculosis took deadly toll. Now it is as safe in Havana as in New York.

There is one other thing I know about Cuba, and that is how she stood by us in the Great War. When we went into the war, Cuba instantly followed, the first of the American republics. She drafted men and offered them for service. She organized a small fleet to patrol the Gulf of Mexico and Caribbean Sea. She subscribed to our Liberty Loans and gave to our Red Cross, and her big contribution to the war, sugar, she sold to us at prices fixed by our Sugar Equalization Board.

Of course they made money, but citizens of our own country have to be included in that *"they."* More than a billion dollars of our capital is invested in Cuba.

The United States by its Platt Amendment guarantees "the security of life and property in Cuba."

It encouraged and induced American business men to invest in Cuba. Then when hard times came after the war, and prices were tumbling and Cuba, our ward, was in economic distress, we gave her a kick with our emergency tariff legislation of May, 1921. I have faith that a big country which in the main has behaved so nobly toward this little republic will soon rescind this unjust tariff discrimination. If we claim power, we must accept responsibility for well being. Cuba buys liberally of us and must be given a fair chance at our sugar market.

This is the beautiful Cuba I have seen without going there. I doubt if any shore trip with a Cook's Tour or a Clark's Tour will be able to destroy the Cuba of my dreams.

* *

They called us at 5.30 a. m., for a 6.15 breakfast, and landed us at 10 a. m. Blame it on the health officer if you choose. I am not blaming anybody. The Cuba of reality was like the Cuba of dreams at 6 a. m., with darkness still over the face of the waters, Venus shining in the east just above a bank of dark clouds, and the dawn showing red on the sky line. The flashing light of Morro Castle showed up far off, and we approached a lovely harbor under the most perfect conditions of climate imaginable. It was worth getting up early to see. And the quiet morning in the steamer chairs, waiting to go ashore, was the best part of the day. Some hundred of my compatriots, I regret to say, stood for two and three hours packed solid in a gangway where it was suffocatingly hot and where they could see nothing, waiting to be the first ones on the tender. A few feet above them was an open deck, easy chairs, a breeze that was cool, a sun that was warm, all the moving panorama of life in the harbor, and interesting views of Havana and green fields beyond. But they got down there to get off, and it was hard to get back.

At last the entire seven hundred of us were set ashore. Various swarthy gentlemen with megaphones shepherded us to automobiles. Again some scores of our less thoughtful compatriots made mad dashes for seats, and it looked as if the well-bred had lost out. They hadn't, however, for there were seats for everybody. Then away we went, through the narrowest of streets, through the widest of avenues, the poor people of the crowded quarters smiling and waving with the innate hospitality characteristic of Latin

peoples, little mulatto beggars racing alongside begging for "one cent," on out to see the sights. Everybody had been provided with a printed booklet on which each paragraph was numbered. As we stopped, the megaphones called out the numbers and delivered brief lectures. Thus we did the old Cathedral and the bones of Columbus (although the fact is Columbus' bones never were there, but we kept still about it). We "did" the Students' Memorial, where forty boys were shot. To-day, as above so many other victims of brutal power at home and abroad, the word "*Inocentes,*" or innocent, is inscribed.

The drive along the Malecon, or fashionable sea wall of Havana, on out to the Vedado, the aristocratic suburb and American colony, affords a succession of beautiful views over the ocean and along roads that are lined by palm trees and flowering shrubs. We have picked occasional roses in Washington in January, but here were masses of them, great clumps of purple bougainvilleas, poinsettias, hibiscus, and other things we did not know. We saw country clubs, and golf links, and yacht clubs, and gambling clubs, memorials to Garcia who had the message carried to him, Gomez the Commander-in-Chief of the army of liberation, Maceo the negro general, and at last the extensive camp-ground occupied by our American soldiers in 1898.

We were taken to a cigar factory and shown cigars in the making, at last to a huge hotel where, in a lovely roof garden, we were served with a luncheon which included some of their famous Red Snappers, perfectly prepared, as one of six delicious courses.

Then, after an afternoon spent in desultory shopping and wandering about, the seven hundred were conveyed piecemeal back to the ship.

Yes, it was Cuba, such as tourists can see in a day. Not for one moment did we cherish the illusion

that we had more than touched the life of the island. What we did do was all very comfortable. After we landed there were no delays and our party of three had a car to themselves, still it was sight-seeing *en masse* and we are not strong yet for that kind of thing. Probably in four months we shall get used to it.

The impressions of my fellow travelers are interesting to me.

"What impressed me most," said one at dinner, "was the Spanish architecture."

"What impressed me," said another, "were the palm trees and tropical flowers."

"And what impressed you?" I said to the Wellesley girl. "The people," she instantly replied. "They looked so different but they seemed so friendly everywhere. Still," she added, "we have to admit that we saw nobody in Cuba who has any influence either in the politics, business or the social life of Cuba."

There was not a lady of the better class visible from the time we landed until we sailed.

The hot weather told severely on our people just out of rugged northern winters. "All in," could have been written above the slumbering forms of the majority as they lay back in steamer chairs and the big lounging chairs of the smoking rooms, after their first day ashore.

"I had all I wanted by 3 p. m.," one gentleman explained as he waked up. "And I," said his neighbor, "can't help thinking that it is a long time until May."

Still, as we slowly made our way out of the harbor and the lights of Havana showed up in a great line stretching from Morro Castle, I felt the same sense of emotion I had felt in approaching Havana at daybreak—only now I could think of it a little more accurately. That is the real object of the drudgery of travel—to make a foundation for the visions and dreams which, God willing, we will always try to see.

III. OLD AND NEW PANAMA

THE oldest European town on the mainland of America," "the strongest Spanish fortress in the New World back in the sixteenth century, excepting Cartagena," "the chief Spanish port on the Pacific," "the depot at which the Spaniards received the gold and silver of Peru to send across the Isthmus"—this was old Panama.

Late to-day we visited the ruins of old Panama, five miles east of the present city—destroyed by Henry Morgan, the famous buccaneer, in 1671. The solid old church has resisted best the destructive agencies of man and climate. The tower still stands. Side walls, with window openings and doorways in place, give the semblance of a building. A huge tree has sent its roots down both sides of the rear wall as if to help hold it in place. Nothing is left of the city but a melancholy ruin by the side of the sea, almost lost under tropical vegetation.

The modern city of Panama, the capital of the little new Republic of Panama, is also old. It is the city as it was rebuilt two years after Morgan's bloody raid. It is a Spanish-looking town of 30,000 people at the head of the Gulf of Panama, better situated for shipping than the town which was destroyed. Mount Ancon looks down upon it and beautiful islands protect the mouth of the harbor. The shops, the people, the narrow streets, the Spanish architecture, all made us realize that we were in a foreign place, and much beside told us that, for America at least, it was very old.

At every turn, however, we ran into something to remind us of the presence of a guest of Panama,

the huge republic called the United States, an all powerful, all dominating, omnipresent influence. This government leases from Panama a strip of land ten miles wide, which it controls absolutely, called the Canal Zone. Outside this zone, by special treaty, it takes charge of the water supply and drainage of both the city of Panama on the Pacific and Colon on the Atlantic side of the Isthmus. These cities, which once were plague spots, even worse than Havana, have been cleaned up by the United States. By using the scientific knowledge the race has accumulated they have been made entirely safe.

While we are under the United States flag in the Canal Zone, it is not accurate to speak of it as United States soil. It still belongs to Panama. A lecturer on board told us that we owned it. "We have paid for it enough," he declared, "to own it. We paid the Republic of Panama $10,000,000. We bought it a second time of the individual owners. We bought, in the third place, the old French concessions and property for $40,000,000. We are paying the Panama Republic $250,000 a year and we are paying the Republic of Colombia $25,000,000 to keep still about it."

After two restful days and nights from Havana, we sighted the harbor of Colon yesterday morning, a low lying coast rising out of the sea. We were warped alongside a coaling dock and went ashore for a long day. It was an awkward place to get seven hundred passengers out of and a more awkward place to get them back into.

This vicious American habit of jamming and crowding is more in evidence with this particular crowd than with any I ever got into. An uncontrollable desire to be the first off the ship and the first at any event must cause both amusement and irritation to these British ship's officers. The characterization, of course, does not apply to the whole com-

pany, made up as it is of many people of culture, but it does apply to part. By the time they have done 30,000 miles probably all will be more leisurely, seasoned travelers.

At Colon, the party was divided into two sections, one wandering around the town or resting at the beautiful Hotel Washington while the other took a drive. For many of us this visit to Colon was our first contact with tropical vegetation—groves of bananas, mangoes, pawpaws, breadfruit, guavas and various kinds of palms. We passed ruins of the old De Lesseps Canal, drove out to the American flying field and submarine base, and visited the Gatun Locks on the Panama Canal, where the operation was explained and demonstrated. We were lucky to have "one of the coolest days in months," but it was cool only for a town eight or ten degrees north of the equator. In fact it was hot—hot as Washington in midsummer—and we lay all night in a hot dock with ports closed and coaling going on until 1 a. m. Personally I slept through it all, but many people with far clearer consciences than I own did not.

To-day we made the trip through the canal, reaching Balboa, the port of Panama, at 3 p. m. Here every arrangement was perfect for handling the crowd. We walked ashore on to a thousand-foot steel and stone dock and took comfortable motors for one of the loveliest drives imaginable, into the "Zone" and out of the "Zone," along water fronts, up high mountains commanding far views over the Pacific and back over the Canal, by the American governor's house and the American Administration building, the Ancon hospital, the various parts of Fort Amadon, and even out on a long causeway to the forts guarding the harbor.

To-night the view over the rail of the ship was like a scene in grand opera. The full moon sailed high

above us; on the dock were groups of American soldiers, sailors and marines, civil officers and families, all down to see this huge ship on its rather unusual cruise; native colored Panamanians with wives and children clustered around; in the background rose sharply the two rugged mountains which look down on Panama; on the heights signal lights were flashing; and rows and clusters of lights, on motors, in buildings and on tall lamp-posts, were reflected in the bay. From such a scene we sailed away at eight and by ten o'clock let go the pilot and started on a nine-day trip to San Francisco.

And what is it I have to say about the Canal? There are several things which I have learned:

Ours is not the first canal. Back ages ago in ancient geologic periods, there was a natural channel here, so the United States Government Bulletin of 1923 tells us. The land slowly rose and the barrier was made which stopped the early explorers.

Another totally new fact to me is that the proposal to dig a canal dates from 1550. For a generation or more the early navigators were sure that they could get through. Then gradually it dawned on the world that here was an obstacle thousands of miles long between Europe and Cathay. In 1550 Antonio Galoao, a Portuguese navigator, published a book to prove that a canal could be dug at Tehuantepec, now in Mexico. In 1551, a Spanish historian submitted a memorial to Philip II urging forcibly that it be done at once.

The story of what has happened since until the Canal was dug would fill volumes. Dutch, English, French, Belgian, Spanish and Portuguese have all been in the project. Half a dozen different points have been picked out as the best place to pierce the continent. Private trading companies and governments have sought and gained concessions. Politi-

cians, American and European, economists, financiers and engineers, have all been mixed up in it. Waste, dishonesty, extravagance, jealousy, inefficiency, yellow fever, malaria and starvation have all played their parts in preventing a canal even where work was actually started.

Count Ferdinand De Lesseps' famous French scheme dated from 1879 and swept away the savings of thousands of French people. "Stock selling," "failure," "reorganization," "liquidation," "pestilence," are among the words to the front when we read the story of the De Lesseps canal. But he did actually dig part of a canal, and from an engineering standpoint probably was remarkably sound.

Most of us in middle life are familiar with the long and bitter fight in our own country to get any canal at all and to decide where to put it. The Mexican War, the acquisition of California, the discovery of gold, the rush of the forty-niners, many of them by way of the Isthmus of Panama, the Spanish-American War, and the long journey of our battleship, the Oregon, from the Pacific to the Atlantic by way of Cape Horn, arriving just in time to participate in the naval fight off Santiago—all made public sentiment in the United States for a canal.

In college days I was an ardent advocate of the Nicaragua route. A fraternity brother was a son of Warner Miller, president of the Nicaragua Canal Company, and my roommate had been down summers to work on "that great project."

Whatever we might have done at Nicaragua, nobody can sail through the Panama Canal to-day without pride in what we have done here. And to a man with any imagination it is a great adventure. It is a thrilling experience. To be sure, there is no new engineering problem about it. It is, to the engineer, noteworthy only because of size. But to

one who knows the history, it is the realization of the visions and dreams of brave and bold men of four hundred years. It is a monument to the financial honesty, sanitary knowledge, engineering skill and executive ability of our own countrymen.

Not only that, it is a monument to our ability "to swear to our own hurt and change not," to make an agreement which pinches and yet keep it. I mean, of course, the old Clayton-Bulwer treaty of 1850 and the Hay-Pauncefote treaty of 1901, by which we agreed with England, for a consideration, to make any canal we might dig "neutral" and open to the citizens of both countries on equal terms. Happily we undid our shady Yankee performance of exempting our coastwise shipping from payment of tolls and, as Walter H. Page says in his "Letters," made it possible for self-respecting Americans to hold up their heads once more in Europe.

From deep water in the Atlantic where the Canal begins to deep water in the Pacific where it ends, it is fifty miles long. From shore line to shore line it is forty-two miles.

We move slowly along the Atlantic sea level section for six and two-thirds miles. Then we are lifted through the three Gatun Locks eighty-five feet to the level of Gatun Lake. Over this lovely inland lake we travel under our own steam twenty-four miles to the beginning of the Gaillard or Culebra Cut. In a narrower channel we go for eight miles through the cut, down one lock called "Pedro Miguel" to Miraflores Lake, over this for another mile—perhaps the loveliest mile of all—to the two Miraflores Locks, again down in two jumps and we are at the Pacific level with another eight miles to travel at sea level to the Pacific Ocean.

None of this bald description does justice to the wonders of the great work. They are set forth in

books and magazines without number, and by sending three cents to "The Panama Canal, Washington, D. C.," and asking for a copy of "The Panama Canal, General Information," all interested can get an illustrated booklet which will give an intelligent reader a far better idea of the project than many a careless visitor will get.

As one lady remarked at Colon, "It's dreadful hot here at Ceylon, but I expected it." This shows about where some of us tourists "are at."

To me among the most interesting things of the six or eight hour trip were, first of all, the dense tropical jungle growth of the Atlantic sea level section, which showed the danger and difficulty the builders must have had from a health standpoint; second, the Gatun Dam, hidden under its golf field, which holds back the waters of the Chagres River giving a supply for the huge locks; third, the swiftness and precision of operation, the way the electric engines, or mules as they are called, fastened on, pulled ahead, held back and controlled in the locks a mighty steamer whose momentum, at four miles an hour even, ought to have been enough to smash any barrier; fourth, the lovely views all along the way of the continental divide—the mountains which we know as the Rockies in North America and as the Andes in South America —and especially the lovely views back at these mountains from Lake Miraflores; then the especially impressive thing was that we were making this quick and easy transit through these mountains—the barrier which held men back for four long centuries and to master which so many men of so many races laid down their lives. In the morning we were in the Atlantic. In the afternoon we were resting quietly on the Pacific. What would have taken us six weeks to do going around Cape Horn we did in a little over six hours. It was all well worth while. An increas-

ing number of our fellow citizens will make this journey through the Panama Canal and every one who passes will feel grateful that he is an American.

Panama, Jan. 30, 1923.

IV. BALBOA AND THE PACIFIC

A HUNDRED miles southeast of us as we cross the Isthmus of Panama, Balboa made his famous journey of September, 1513, and discovered the Pacific Ocean. They crowned him with honors to begin with after the great discovery, and shot him on a trumped-up charge to end with, all within a period of four years. He was not the first pioneer to be shot for his pains, nor will he be the last.

Of all the Spanish explorers and discoverers, Balboa had the most romantic career and developed the most brilliant qualities. He hid himself in a cask of provisions from his farm that he might go with an exploring party from San Domingo. When the party failed in its mission the brain of Balboa, the stowaway, suggested a new objective—Darien on the Isthmus. When the second project came to grief through dissensions and Balboa was left in control, he conquered the surrounding country and "by bravery, courtesy, kindness of heart and just dealing gained the friendship of several native chiefs."

These are rather effective qualities in any century. Back there some four hundred years ago they resulted in one of the native chiefs telling Balboa about the ocean on the other side of the mountains and about the gold of Peru. Balboa took a hundred and ninety Spaniards and a thousand natives and climbed to the summit of the range and looked down on the Pacific. A few days later he waded in, took possession for the King of Spain and named it the "Great South Sea." One who reads this fascinating story, even after all these centuries, is thrilled with the joy of his success.

It was short-lived, however. As an impending arrest on a false charge started him off to perform some exploit to save his neck, so an arrest on a charge equally false ended him. The "Admiral of the South Seas," the "Governor of Panama," as the King had named him, was stood up before a firing squad.

I hope he had a sense of humor. It would have helped his Christian faith in that last hour. He goes down in history as "an able general, an excellent colonial administrator and a statesman of mature judgment and brilliant foresight." Better live forty-two years like Balboa than 142 years of the kind of life which would pull such men down.

Now we are ploughing through the Great South Sea of Balboa, somewhere along the coast of Central America, heading west more than north to clear the westward bulging line of this queer shaped North American Continent. Yesterday we had islands off to the starboard. To-day we have not even a sail.

This Pacific is something of an ocean. Balboa never knew what he took possession of. Ten thousand miles wide at the Equator, 29,300 miles from north to south, almost double the area of the Atlantic and with more than double its volume of water, it washes places as far distant as Australia and North America. They tell us that the depth is practically uniform at 2,000 fathoms all the way up the coast of North America along which we are now going. And in a changing world, the Pacific changes the least. It is about as it was in paleozoic times. "There is no reason to suppose that any part of the vast area now covered by the waters of the Pacific has ever been exposed as dry land." It is "a stable and homogeneous geographical unit clearly marked off around nearly all its margin by sharp, steep slopes."

It gives one a pleasant feeling to associate with the Pacific. It is calm and beautiful, its breezes are

soft and delightful and it stays put. We can come back a million years from now probably and find it looking as it looks to-day. No revolution over yonder in Guatemala, no attack off in that other direction by Sun Yat Sen, no Bolshevik or Far Eastern Republic, will make the slightest difference to the Pacific Ocean. Better be buried here than in the cemetery of Havana, with its bone-yard in which are dumped the skeletons of the folk whose grave rent is unpaid. No American tourists can carry off souvenir patellas of the people who lie deep in the unchanging Pacific.

Immense, unchanging, limitless, are the adjectives which fit the Pacific. And we get a better idea of the size when we are told that it has in it at least 2,650 islands, most of them coral or volcanic. They are as big as Australia, as small as the little emerald we are just passing on our starboard side. Some have never been explored. And though keels have ploughed these waters since Balboa, vast areas are not visited at all except through accident. Once get out of the lanes followed by the traders and there is little hope of ever seeing a sail. Mystery, romance, tragedy, lie over such waters. Mystery tales of shipwreck, of pirates, of fugitives and of explorers come out of them.

It is this vast Pacific about which we at home talk a curious jargon. There are queer expressions in American newspapers about "control of the Pacific," about "possession of the lines of trade," about "a vast navy to rule the Pacific." How pitifully small such expressions seem out here on the bosom of the great deep, where we can look at night all the way from the North Star to the Southern Cross, and where we can sail around for a lifetime and not touch it all! How much room there is! There is space enough for everybody. And the nations and people alike who have thought otherwise, who have believed that it was crowded, who have thought they had to push—

generations of them have gone like a gulp, but the old ocean goes on.

The Spain of Balboa once owned everything in sight. It owns nothing any more.

John C. Van Dyke, who has written appreciatively of the sea, says that "if one have any finer feeling in his soul it will come bubbling to the surface when he sees for the first time the Pacific. There is that in immensity which commands respect." With immensity there comes some slight sense of eternity. One begins to realize out here how God works.

The helpful thing about it all is that we are getting more willing to co-operate with a slowly evolving universe. Usually we are obsessed with speed. We want our League of Nations now. We want Russia stabilized, Germany rebuilt, France quieted, and the United States made modest this year. The old Pacific seems to say to us—"The universe will go on even if you take a year or two more for it. Don't stop. But don't despair."

And probably most of us, who stop to think at all about it, find many of our personal worries and troubles settled for us by contact with this mighty sea. They fall into their right perspective. That is, they become very small.

The immensity of the Pacific helps us all.

Pacific Ocean, Feb. 1, 1923.

V. "FOLLOWING THE FORTY-NINERS"

EIGHTY thousand people, mainly Americans, rushed to California in 1849. Most of those who started in the winter took ship to the Isthmus of Panama, crossed with inconceivable difficulty, and embarked again on the other side.

"Uncle John," in my wife's family, was a forty-niner, and lived until a few years ago. We have heard him talk about Darien, Panama, the Chagres fever, which nearly killed him, and the other hardships of the journey. "Uncle George" lies buried in California. The father of a sister-in-law also died there. She never knew her father. Many an American family has such traditions. Some date wealth and power from those days. Many families were wiped out.

If it takes us eight or nine days on a fast steamer to make the journey from Panama to San Francisco what must it have taken the forty-niners? Nor did they have ice water and electric fans on their vessels for the tropical heat, nor two orchestras, nor wide promenade decks, nor attentive stewards, nor trained nurses, nor a gymnasium, nor a swimming pool, nor palatial lounges, drawing rooms and smoking rooms, nor a menu in which appears almost every conceivable article of food from Cape Cod oysters to Cuban pineapples and grapefruit. They had no such mixed grills—those old forty-niners—nor cooling fruits, and by the thousand they died of fever and scurvy. Nor in the long weeks that they were beating up the coast or lumbering along in the slow steamers of those days did they have the facilities of the radio to summon relatives of sick people to San Francisco to meet them,

as I have in two cases this afternoon. Nor did any word of death at home come down out of the sky, as happened to a poor lady yesterday.

At our table to-day we have been talking about these forty-niners and what we owe to them. Many of them, not our relatives of course, were a tough lot. But God makes even the wrath and cupidity and folly of men to praise Him. These tough men built one of the greatest states of the Union.

No American state has had a beginning like California. Texas of course was tied up to Mexico much in the same way, and her secession and application for admission to the United States was the cause of the Mexican War. In the years before that war, California was a territory of Mexico, with a job lot population of Mexicans, Americans, tramps and filibusters. She was annexed occasionally by some ship sailing into one of her harbors, and then given back the next day. The government was first Spanish and later Mexican, when Mexico seceded from Spain, but California was so remote that there was hardly any government at all.

In those early days the missions were the interesting thing, both from the standpoint of religion and the standpoint of agriculture, manufacturing and trade. Junipero Serra, who founded them, was the great power in California in the eighteenth century, and it is a happy thing to remember that, in this rough, lawless century and region, he was as pure as he was able.

Our forty-niners knew nothing about Serra, nothing about the missions, nothing about the little opera bouffe wars staged there in the early part of the nineteenth century. All they knew was that the year before Mexico had ceded California to the United States, and that gold had been discovered. While Congress wrangled over what to do with the territory,

and slavery threw monkey wrenches into all the machinery proposed, the forty-niners started. They got to a land where Spanish law, Mexican law, and the military law of war-time had all ended, where real estate acquired value and lost value in a night, where squatters swarmed and all kinds of conflicting claims were set up.

These eighty thousand who reached California in '49 were all excited, some desperate, and many criminal. Never was there a more interesting experiment in democracy. They were about as individualistic a lot as ever got together, and for their own salvation they had to be socialized.

How anarchy ensued, how crews deserted ships in the harbors and ran to the gold hills, how judges and prisoners, preachers and hearers, all rushed off together to get wealth, and whole settlements were completely deserted—all this is in the record of the forty-niners. And how the strong men gradually came to the front and made a government—all this is in the record too. The worst traits and the best in American character came out in the days of the forty-niner.

While California had been admitted as a free state in 1850 the fight over slavery did not end, and nothing in the story is more surprising than the way this new, half-formed, lawless state took sides for the Union at the outbreak of the Civil War only eleven years after her admission. Pro-slavery Democrats were in control both of San Francisco and the State Government. J. B. Floyd, Secretary for the Confederacy, is supposed to have shipped 75,000 arms to pro-slavery elements in the state. The scheme was to get California to join the Confederacy, or at least secede and organize a Pacific Coast Republic. But there was a dynamic human factor they had not reckoned on. All the pro-Union forces of California suddenly rallied

Volunteers joined the Union armies. The contributions of San Francisco to the Sanitary Commission were greater than of any other city of the country.

No mere denominational pride, but the sober voice of history, declares that this was largely due to the personal magnetism and compelling eloquence of the Universalist-Unitarian preacher, Thomas Starr King, son of that Universalist pioneer, the Rev. Thomas Farrington King. He was "the heroic war-time figure of San Francisco—the leader of her patriotism." How Starr King went to California in pioneer days, how he caught the imagination of the free, untrammeled men who swarmed there, how he led them, molded them, held them by his sermons and his lectures, how he was a voice for Union and Liberty all up and down the Pacific Coast, and how he gave his life for something infinitely bigger than mere denominationalism, is one of the romantic and inspiring stories of the American pulpit. Only forty years old when he died in 1864, what a power he was and still is!

We are following up the coast on the trail of these forty-niners. Canadians and Americans, French and British, Cubans and Assyrians—we are all in the same ship. For days we were going along Central America, and then more days along Mexico, and yesterday and to-day in sight of the rocky, barren, broken coast of the peninsula of Lower California, which some of our geographers, God bless them, think is a part of our country. Dream-like headlands rise out of a misty sea softly lighted by the sun, which seldom hides himself in clouds. Thousands and thousands of square miles in these various countries are barren and other vast areas are unreclaimed jungle. In our own country similar conditions exist. Our Reclamation Service has irrigated great deserts, but vast areas still wait for the brain and the courage of the pioneer.

The world is young. Isn't it lucky for us that we came along just now? Things are not "all over." In physical, mental and moral realms there is any amount of exploration and settling to do. With all of our pride in our various achievements, the bedrock fact is that we are still a young species. Why do we want it all settled? "Why so hot, little man?" The glorious, thrilling, desperate battles did not all get fought before we started, and a lot of us haven't brains enough to realize it or heart enough to glory in it. The going on to greater things depends on the pioneers.

It is a queer thing that some of us in what is called the Liberal Church get so tired of being pioneers. We long for the well-paved streets, the settled conditions, the fixed tenures, of the old places. And yet there is just as much for the innovator, the explorer, the pioneer, to do in morals, sociology and theology as there is for the Coast and Geodetic Survey, the Reclamation Service, the National Geographic Society and the Smithsonian to do in physical things.

It will be a great thing to have the new United Free Church in place of a lot of little dwindling liberal sects. It is bound to come. But it will be important and useful only as it keeps the courageous forward-looking spirit of the pioneers.

VI. IT IS CHANGING

ATTEMPTING to pick out a title for this series of articles, we made out a list of about fifty, ringing the changes on "big world," "the globe," "around the globe," "visiting our kinsfolk," "all nations" and "all brothers." Not until we struck "Cruising Around a Changing World" did I feel satisfied. Now consider how already the choice is vindicated. Since we left New York sixteen days ago, we have had wireless bulletins almost daily—printed and placed on the breakfast or lunch tables.

Under the date of Feb. 4, we got this dispatch: "An earthquake of unusual magnitude was recorded today on the seismograph of Georgetown University, Washington, D. C., described as of tremendous proportions and believed to have occurred in Japan or China."

The "wireless press" has been silent since on earthquakes Nor has it mentioned any results of earthquakes under this great Pacific over which we are sailing. But I happened to be in Mr. Clark's office on the fifth, when the captain of the ship entered and said abruptly, "What are you going to do about Hilo?" Hilo is a port on the island of Hawaii from which one starts to visit the active volcano of Kilauea. "Seven tidal waves in Hilo," he went on, "one after the other. Damage to the extent of $1,500,000."

Hilo and a visit to the volcano are on our itinerary. This explains the captain's next question, "What will we do about it?"

"Why, go on," said Mr. Clark. "If the docks are destroyed we can set the people ashore in lighters."

"Lighters be damned," roared the captain.

"Lighters or no lighters, I *won't* be caught in Hilo with tidal waves around."

"The tidal waves will all be over by the time we get there," laughed Mr. Clark. "They are not apt to come more than once."

"Once is enough," said the captain, half jokingly, half seriously. "To go to hell once is enough for anybody."

So we don't know yet what we will do about Hilo.

The fundamental fact about this physical world of ours is that it is changing. While I was writing the words, "The Pacific is the most unchanging geographical unit on our planet," down deep underneath the bed of the ocean was shaking and rocking from explosions or slides or contractions or what not in great depths below the depths of the ocean bed. And every Red Cross man knows the formidable list of disasters every year from the operation of terrific physical forces always at work on earth. To subdue them or control them or co-operate with them, or at least get our fellow men out of the path of their destructive energy, is one of the fascinating and inspiring problems before the race.

On Monday, Feb. 5, the "Wireless News" had this dispatch about another city on our route: "Canton, China: All business houses here are closed and barricaded. The conditions were described as critical when four thousand troops under General Tsung Chi marched on the city to regain the southern capital for Sun Yat Sen." That is all, but it makes a lot of nice old ladies willing to dispose of their "Canton Overnight Extension" tickets at half price. Others are afraid it will all be over before we arrive.

Perhaps an enterprising tour manager can arrange for an armistice for us so that we can visit "this most Chinese of all Chinese cities," as planned. And as we are Americans, it would seem quite proper

to us for the Chinese to stop their war and let us review the contending armies and have our chop suey with the generals.

But the dispatch is simply one more indication of a rapidly changing world—a world which in the Far East is in for changes colossal and amazing. Can we as a nation help direct them to noble ends? Tuesday, the sixth, this headed the "General News:" "San Francisco: A Central News dispatch from Cairo says the Egyptian premier has resigned." We are due in Cairo a little later.

Why has he resigned? Has a stupid vainglorious king forced him to it? Or has an excited populace brought it about? Or is there a serious break with the British? Or has Islam done it?

Perhaps the dispatch is unimportant, but "changing Egypt" is part of a changing world.

About India we know only a little, but we know that it is not altogether easy for travelers to get passports *vised* for India unless they can be kept under rather careful surveillance.

Some of our people are going to Greece. The wireless quotes Haskell, Red Cross Commissioner, as saying: "Greece presents one of the most tremendous refugee problems the world has ever known. Refugees exceed normal population in many cities." Another line or two says that the Ionia got to the Piraeus (Athens) from Asia Minor with 5,500 refugees on board. The Ionia may be half as big as our ship. We seem full up with seven hundred and thirty. "There were twenty-two deaths from small-pox and typhus during the voyage" the wireless tells us.

There is homesickness on a cruise like this. There is complaint of putting three or four people in staterooms built for four, advertised for four, sold for four. But we are not exiles. We have not left Kansas and Ohio and Massachusetts and Washington knowing

that we will never, never in this world sees our homes again. We know where we are landing, and great lines of touring cars stand waiting on the docks.

These people land in a country which wants to be good to them but is simply distracted to know where to put them and what to do with them, and where only the mercy of God revealed in Red Cross and Near East Relief keeps them from being engulfed in a maelstrom of plague and famine. We all have our own places and our warm blankets, however inferior they may be to room and bath at home. But these refugees on the Ionia, I know without telling, were packed in so thick that with difficulty they had space to lie down.

Meager messages like these and like others from Lausanne tell us of the great changes in Turkey and Greece which must leave ineradicable marks on the people for generations.

And of course we get hints of the chaos in the Ruhr and Saar Valleys, but I had better not start on that.

It would be a stupid old world if it did not change. These Bryan people have absolutely no conception of the beauty, the glory, the religious significance, of evolution. It is a changing world. We are a part of it. We are the forces which help on some of the changes. It is all in our hands whether the changes will be good or bad.

Occasionally there come the waves of energy which spell out words describing significant changes like this, glorious even if garbled: "Schenectady: The Rockefeller Institute of Medical Research announces the discovery and isolation of the influenza germ, permitting antidotes for the prevention and cure of the germ which lodges in the nose and throat and then attacks the lungs. Dr. Simon Walexner (who out of the radio is unquestionably Flexner) attributes the discovery to Dr. Peter Olitsky and Dr. Frederick T.

Gates"—whose correct names if necessary our office staff must supply.

That kind of toiler at work in countless fields, generally in obscurity but for the common welfare, makes the leaven which will leaven the whole lump of "a changing world."

Off San Diego, California, Feb. 7, 1923.

VII. IN AND OUT OF THE GOLDEN GATE

IN the night, suddenly the vibration of the propellers stopped, the swish of waves died down, and raising myself up to the level of the porthole I saw the glow of the lights of San Francisco squarely off to the starboard just abreast, and ahead the flashing lighthouses guarding the Golden Gate. It was a quarter before two on the morning of Thursday, Feb. 8, and we had come 5,294 miles from New York to San Francisco *via* Havana and the Panama Canal.

From the tropics where even a sheet had been a burden at night and where it was hot, genuinely hot, at sea, we had come into a bracing northern cold. When they opened the gangway to put out the gangplank, the wind which swept in penetrated to the marrow of the bone. It was "unusually" cold for San Francisco, so they said, yet roses were in bloom and outside window boxes with all manner of blooming plants made a brave show.

It was trying, though, on people just out of the tropics; it gave many people colds, and this morning we get the news that one fine old gentleman, seventy-five years of age, from Canfield, Ohio, died of pneumonia in the night just three days out of San Francisco. We lost another old gentleman of pneumonia at Havana.

Once before, when in San Francisco on business, I had a leisure afternoon, gave a chauffeur *carte blanche* and he took me practically the same drive which Clark arranged for us the morning of our arrival, and which I reversed and took over again with my wife on our own account the second day.

It started up through modern Chinatown, built since the fire of 1906 "along the notorious old Barbary Coast" where, as Cogan, our chauffeur, said, "in the old days what you didn't spend they took away from you," past "High Binder Alley," the "Sing Kee Co.," the "Sing Fat Co.," the "Chung Foo Co.," on to the hotel and club district. In addition to many little Chinese shops and restaurants, one is struck by the great establishments of Chinese merchants of the better class. In the telephone book there is a special Chinese exchange listed.

As we passed the Emma Spreckles house, the elder Spreckles house and the other magnificent places on the heights overlooking the bay, the Iowa man behind me, by no means a Bolshevist, remarked, "Why should one man have so much more money than he needs?" I have always wondered.

The old Spanish Presidio, or military post, is now again a military reservation, and a beautiful park of 1,542 acres, stretching along the water for several miles, a highly desirable post for army officers. It is associated with many memories of my own family. And as we passed the cemetery of the post with its lovely trees and flowers, we spoke of the first of the little nephews bearing my own name who lies there. The family record says: "We made a dash home from the Philippines to save him. We fought it out hour by hour. But he died at sea only a few days out of San Francisco and is buried in the Presidio." To the doctor it was some one of the many ills of the digestive tract; to the sociologist a trifling addition to the percentages of infant mortality; to the lover of his country another draft on our most valuable national assets which we are so slowly learning to conserve; but to the father and mother, as to so many other fathers and mothers everywhere, it was just "little John," a tender and a beautiful memory.

At the Cliff House on the ocean outside the Golden Gate, we stopped to see sea lions yawning lazily in the sun, and to hear the everlasting roar of the Pacific. The 'ast time we heard it together was at the banquet of the National Geographic Society in Washington some years ago in celebration of the fortieth anniversary of the invention of the telephone. At every plate was a telephone receiver. We heard speeches from Ottawa, from New Orleans, San Francisco and other distant places, and finally we were connected with transmitters at the Cliff House and heard the Pacific three thousand miles away, while moving pictures showed the waves rolling in. That experience in Washington was about as real as the visit to the Cliff House, only at Washington there was nobody selling peanuts and postals.

There was a big freighter on the rocks at the entrance of the Golden Gate. Crowded by another freighter in a fog and beached at high tide, she is far up on the rocks, a total loss.

The great guns of Fort Winfield Scott, in plain sight, are on a height commanding the approach to the bay. On the coast in Lincoln Park near by is the end of the Lincoln Highway, with a sign pointing eastward to New York.

All along this twenty or thirty mile drive we had wonderful sea views, and both days were so clear that we could see the Farallones, rocky islets thirty miles out in the Pacific, belonging to the municipal district of San Francisco, but given over to the seals, the gulls and their kin.

On the beach we spoke to Officer Nolan, well known to Chauffeur Cogan. A few weeks ago Officer Nolan spurred his horse through the surf and swam him out to the rescue of a man and woman who were drowning and whom others had failed to reach. The water was rough at the time and it was a fight, but

Nolan brought them in. I approve of the gold medal for Nolan, and I would give one also to the horse.

Golden Gate Park is like Longfellow's "Hemlock Tree," "green not alone in summertime but in the winter's frost and rime." There was no snow, no frost, no rime, but we did have a pelting hail storm one night in San Francisco ("most extraordinary and unusual"). Still nothing seemed hurt.

In 1870, Golden Gate Park was nothing but a series of barren sand dunes. Knowledge of what could be done with sand has covered the dunes with a beautiful semi-tropical flora. We teachers and preachers and editors can get a lot from the farmer and gardener, both of illustration and of cheer.

In this park we noticed many varieties of acacia, cedar, and pine, eucalyptus, pepper, palms, aloes, century plants, climbing geraniums and many flowering shrubs. The grass was beautifully green.

And so we came to the climax of the drive, the Twin Peaks—*Las Papas,* or the Breasts, the Spaniards called them—rocky heights with an elevation of 925 feet and situated in San Francisco itself. A tunnel carries electric cars under the Twin Peaks to the new city developments beyond, and elevators carry people from various stations in the tunnel to the new suburbs on the slopes of the mountains. Going up we passed one of the most beautifully situated poor farms to be found anywhere. I hope it is as beautiful inside as it is outside. And in available hollows in the mountain are auxiliary reservoirs full of salt water pumped up from the sea, making a high pressure water system independent of the usual supply.

A by-product of all this preparation is a wonderful macadam road to the top of the peak, giving another by-product which bids fair to be one of the greatest assets of the city—"the view from the Twin Peaks." Dr. Frederick C. Jewell, an Episcopal rector in our

party, talked to a charming young lady at the Palace Hotel about the view, and found later that he was talking to a reporter of the *Chronicle*. He said to her: "It is one of the most wonderful views in the world—it is equal to Naples and its bay from the tower back of the city, with Vesuvius left out." He laughed later when he saw that she had left out in the interview what he said was left out in the view.

Still one does not feel like qualifying very much, as he looks down upon San Francisco from this height, over part of the bay with its shore line of 300 miles, down on Alcatraz Island with its prison, and little Goat Island with its Naval School, across the bay to Oakland and to Berkeley—which with its university has always been a kind of Carcassonne to me and which again I saw only from a distance—across the Golden Gate to Mount Tamalpais, 2,600 feet, and its comrades, and off to the westward far out upon the ocean we were to cross—"Far more wonderful scenery," said my wife, "than I had any idea San Francisco had."

Of course there were speeches at the luncheon in the Palace Hotel: the freedom of the city, whatever that may mean in San Francisco, was duly delivered; the Mayor and Chamber of Commerce people and Rotary Club and Chief of Police and other welcoming souls were "right on the job." And what I felt on a previous visit I felt again on the streets and in the shops, a bluff, hearty, open, honest, welcoming spirit.

They all brag about San Francisco, but most Americans brag. It isn't admirable, but some of it is done in fun, and San Francisco has justification if anybody is ever justified in bragging.

From a dirty little place of 34,000 people in 1850, full of shacks and tents, it had become a city of 360,000 in 1906, when an earthquake and a fire almost wiped it out. Two thousand acres, 28,000 buildings, one-

sixth of the city plan, and Market Street, the principal business street, for nearly its whole length, were burned. A single city lost $105,000,000 in buildings and in three years had put back $150,000,000 worth of buildings.

No, dear reader, I have not had hold of a circular of the San Francisco Promotion Committee, but the statistics are from the "Britannica," and I am about done.

The city now has 506,676 people. Los Angeles has 576,673—but don't mention it. And don't call the climate "damp" or "vile" until you get well off the coast. But it is bracing in San Francisco. And it is alive. And with business they have a sense of beauty. Nothing is likely to happen in our day at least to make San Francisco other than the great port of our Pacific Coast. "Great circle sailing," they tell us, makes San Francisco almost the shortest route from Panama to Yokohama and Hong Kong, mysterious as it seems. With such a harbor, and such a country tributary to it, its future is secure.

It is safe to say on the basis of general knowledge that there is plenty of fighting ahead in San Francisco as in New York for the people who want honest government and an equal opportunity for every man. Down on the pier there was a striking contrast both mornings that we lay there, between two lines of people. One was standing, looking at the ship, a hundred or more men and boys, roughly clad, waiting for a job coaling. A draft of men needed had been made when I first saw them, but still the others lingered.

The other line, made up of our party, was moving steadily from the ship to see the city, men and women warmly dressed, in overcoats and furs, all spending this year from two thousand to ten thousand dollars each for a trip around the world.

The trip around the world is all right. It may make some of us a little more intelligent and consequently a little less pretentious. But think of the monstrous necessity of those other people having to beg for a chance to work!

We must muster up brains enough to think out a remedy which is workable. We must muster up grit enough to smash such an evil and smash it hard.

There were happy meetings with relatives whom we had never met before. There were delightful glimpses of homes and business places which brought us closer to the heart of San Francisco.

With the benediction of a brilliant sunrise over the bay, we sailed out of the Golden Gate better acquainted with and consequently more devoted to a city of which the East and West of our country alike may well be proud.

At sea, Feb. 13, 1920.

VIII. A NIGHT TRIP TO A VOLCANO

POOR coal taken on at San Francisco held us up so that we approached Hilo on the island of Hawaii eleven hours late. Instead of landing at eight o'clock in the morning we landed at five in the afternoon. By wireless the executive in charge of our party canceled old arrangements, made new ones, transported eight hundred people at night to the top of a mountain thirty miles from port, fed them at "the volcano house" and delivered them again to the ship between three and five a. m. To do this he divided them into sections of four hundred each, and used a train for one section and automobiles for the other, reversing parties coming back. The executive sat in his office on the ship with telephone connection to all main points, while his efficient sub-chiefs reported to him hour by hour. Spare automobiles trailed the party, picking up casualties—people with tire trouble, people ditched, people out of gas—the last straggler came in out of the dark by five in the morning and the ship left for Honolulu.

As a transportation feat it was magnificent—"never attempted before," "largest party ever on the island," "done at night, too." As a night picnic with all kinds of experiences, it was great fun. As an exploration of a volcano, or even a visit to it, it was a joke.

Don't misunderstand me. Nobody can criticise the manager of this expedition for poor coal; nobody can blame him for taking us up at night instead of by day, for he did the only thing possible, and night, after all, is the time to see fire; nobody can blame him because Pele, the fire god, was sleeping; but it was a

hard thing on old people, frail people, and in fact everybody, and the big travel executive says this morning, "It isn't worth a candle. Never again."

Leaving the dock at 5 p. m., our half of the party took automobiles for Kilauea, the largest active volcano in the world. We had an hour of daylight, a swift passage through the outskirts of Hilo, the port, with children cheering and throwing flowers into the car, and a steady climb on a hard road through a wonderful tropical growth. So much rain falls on the windward side of these islands that the vegetation is magnificent.

We were lucky enough to see the tall ferns, the cocoanut, the guava and, to my delight, the two most famous trees for wood, the *koa*, called Hawaiian mahogany, and the *ohia*, the dark wood which is used for many things from paneling down to fence posts. We saw the famous sugar plantations, the long chutes full of water which carry the cane for miles to the mills, and the fields of pineapples, known the world over. Little villages, smiling people, cheering children, palms, flowers, a good road—then darkness, a bad road, bumps, cold, and at last a sudden stop at a cheerful hotel with great wood fires blazing in the lobby. Between seven and eight we ate, not dog, once so famous on the islands, not *poi*, the sour paste from the pounded *kalo* bulb, not the cocoanuts or guavas the natives love, but pork, that other staple of the old days on the islands, bananas and oranges, also raised in abundance, delicious carrots and potatoes, and a pie made from native berries—a distinctly new taste and a good one. Then until 11 p. m. we sat in huge chairs or on the floor, and read old magazines, waiting for the other section, which had taken train for twenty miles and then used our returning automobiles for the final eleven or twelve miles.

At last they came in, tearing hungry, all cold, some laughing, others angry, and still others dumb with fatigue.

"Take a box of matches with you," said one lady, "and light them freely if you want to see any volcano."

"Not worth doing," said a clergyman. "I wish I had stayed on the ship."

"They didn't give Cornell enough fireworks," said a third, "when they sent him on ahead to go down in that pit and light up."

"I am glad I went," said the oldest and one of the brightest ladies of the party, a Buffalo lady who does not hesitate to tell that she is well past eighty. "I am glad because as I stepped back from that pit I looked up, and I never had such a view of Orion in my life."

We went after a volcano and we found stars. The mountain was dark, the lava fields indistinct, the far-famed fire pit showed us, as we were led to the terrible brink, only a faint rosy glow, far down, and only a little steam blew across the road as we went back, but again we looked all the way from the North Star down almost to the Southern Cross, and the stars on the sky line were as bright as those in the zenith.

As I turned away from the edge of the pit, I looked at my watch and it was just midnight. I laughed aloud as I thought where we were and why.

An Episcopal rector from Brooklyn came up and said, "I'd have carried away a great idea of this volcano if I had been content to take simply your lecture on shipboard Tuesday night and had stayed away from here."

Stumbling over lava blocks, we got into the automobiles, which had brought us six miles from the hotel, and went down another eleven miles to the

train. One of the cars on the train was open, the night was cold, the people crowded into the other cars, and from 1.45 a. m. to 3 a. m. I slept standing braced against a door, when I wasn't laughing to see what the carful looked like.

So we came back to the ship, followed for the next two hours by the motors, took our hot tea, our hot coffee, our hot food, which the stewards had stayed up all night to serve, and went to bed.

A few said: "I wouldn't have missed it. The ferns in the headlights of the motor cars were wonderful. I had such a happy time." Some grumbled, some protested, some joked about the experience, but most of them were stupid and inert from sleepiness and fatigue. To the young folks, crowded together in congenial parties, it was of course a great lark.

I can thank habit or the sub-conscious mind that I awoke a little after six and went out as usual to shave. A chance look through the port-hole on the port side woke me up thoroughly. Even the little bath steward, with nothing to do this morning, was watching. As so often happens, the prepared thing failed and the incidental and the unexpected turned out to be the great experience of the expedition.

Know then that this island of Hawaii is made up of three mountains, the greatest mountains which rise out of the Pacific Ocean—Mauna Kea, 13,825 feet above sea level, Mauna Loa, 13,300, and Mauna Hualali, over eight thousand feet, connected by a high plateau.

Kilauea, the volcano which we visited, four thousand feet high, is on a shoulder of Mauna Loa, a mightier volcano which is alive but quiescent. Darkness had kept us from getting the views of Mauna Loa which we had read about and expected.

But our course northward from the port of Hilo *en route* for Honolulu, two hundred miles away, for

seventy-five miles is along the windward side of Hawaii. When I got up we were just well started. And there before me was the famous line of cliffs on which is the beautiful Hamakua drive we had expected to take, the gorges made by mountain torrents breaking through, the waterfalls, farther back the green slopes, the sugar plantations, the little villages, the plantation houses each with its group of buildings like a village in itself, and the higher grazing fields behind.

But that which crowned all, which gave the background, which made the sight of a life-time, was the early morning sun on the snow peaks of Mauna Kea. A shining sea in the foreground, jagged cliffs and gorges along the coast, gleaming white surf at the base, fields of most beautiful green, and dark forests stretching upward thousands of feet, and above all snow peaks and snow fields of spotless purity against a sky of deep blue —made an impression which will be lasting. And only half a dozen of us were on deck.

As we looked, a bit of fleecy cloud came down upon one of the snow fields, and by breakfast time the mountain tops were wrapped about securely with the black and gray storm clouds which cover them the greater part of the time.

Just as unexpected, almost as beautiful, rather generally disregarded in the expectancy of greater things to come, was the approach to Hawaii yesterday late in the day. We knew that Hilo, the port, had an average rain fall of 150 inches a year. As we approached we saw heavy showers up valleys both to the right and left. But the sun shone on the water between us and the island, and we carried the sunshine into the harbor with us.

The slow approach, the green island, the deep blue water, the crescent-shaped harbor which gives Hilo its name, "new moon," the Hawaiian boys

swimming in the water and diving for pennies, the landing stage crowded with people of all races, the Hawaiian music, the wreaths with which every passenger was decorated by young girls—all ran true to form.

People stood packed in the gangway one hour and twenty minutes waiting to be the first ashore, keenly intent on having a good time later, while their wiser comrades leaned over the rail up above or sat in deck chairs watching something which was really one of the two great things of the visit and which the people in the gangway were missing.

To learn to possess one's soul in patience, to cultivate receptivity, to get rid of straining and hurry, to be ready when the big thing shows up, and above all to be looking out for the other fellow, is the secret of happy traveling. I wish I had learned it better.

Now we must not get from this letter the idea that Hawaii and Kilauea and the Volcano House are not places to visit. Perhaps the executive is right—he had better leave it out for mass traveling, unless he knows that there is picturesque activity at the volcano and unless he can be sure he has time to show some of the lovely drives by day. But note what my friend Wm. R. Castle, Jr., says of Kilauea in his book, "Hawaii Past and Present."

> "Halemaumau, the crater within the crater of Kilauea, is certainly the home of the goddess Pele. By daylight the lake of fire is of greenish yellow, cut with ragged cracks of red that look like streaks of stationary lightning. It is restless, breathing rapidly, bubbling up at one point and sinking down at another; throwing up sudden fountains of scarlet lava that play a few minutes and subside, leaving shimmering mounds which gradually settle to the level surface of the lake, turning brown and yellow as they sink. As daylight fades the fires of the pit shine more brightly. Mauna

> Loa behind becomes a pale grey blue insubstantial dome. . . . As darkness comes on the colors on the lake become so intense they almost hurt. The fire is not only red; it is blue and purple and orange and green. Blue flames shimmer and dart about the edges of the pit. Sudden fountains paint blood red the great flame of sulphur smoke that rises constantly. . . . Sometimes the spurts of lava are so violent, so exaggerated by the night, that one draws back terrified lest some atom of their molten substance should spatter over the edge of the precipice. Sometimes the whole lake is in motion. Waves of fire toss and battle with each other and dash in clouds of bright vermillion spray against the black sides of the pit. Sometimes one of these sides falls in with a roar that echoes back and forth, and mighty rocks are swallowed in the liquid mass which closes over them in the whirlpool."

People who have read descriptions like this, unquestionably accurate for periods when Kilauea is active, ought to read Mrs. Larz Anderson's description in "The Spell of the Hawaiian Islands" to balance it, for her experience was more like ours.

This island of Hawaii, now rapidly sinking behind us, as we head northwest, is the largest of the Hawaiian group and the one which gives its name both to the group and to the territory which the United States made out of them all in 1898. It is the area of the state of Connecticut and larger than all the other islands put together.

On Hawaii are two of the three national parks in the Hawaiian Islands created by Act of Congress in 1915, that on Mauna Loa with 17,380 acres and the one on Kilauea with 79,265 acres. These parks include not only craters but wonderful tropical forests with many rare and beautiful trees. A pamphlet giving an accurate description of these parks, containing the rules of the Interior Department governing them, and well illustrated, may be obtained by writing to

the Hawaii Tourist Bureau, 521 Monadnock Building, San Francisco, Cal., and asking for pamphlet entitled "Rules and Regulations Hawaii National Park."

Probably the government at Washington also furnishes a similar pamphlet at trifling cost.

Hilo, the port of Hawaii, has a population of ten or twelve thousand people. From Hilo the sugar and pineapples of the eastern part of the island are shipped, and at Hilo is the Boys' Boarding School patterned after Hampton Institute, Va.

Oceans are no longer a barrier to the tides of human influence. Back and forth these tides surge. In 1820 the American Christians sent missionaries to the Sandwich Islands, as they were then called. American money was given to help the Hawaiians. In a strange way what was given returned to bless our own country. General Armstrong was a child born of two of these missionaries. After the Civil War when he was put in charge of a district for the Freedman's Bureau and had thrust upon him responsibility for thousands of colored people, he remembered the methods the missionaries had developed so successfully on the islands for the native Hawaiians—a system of moral and manual training to supplement literary training.

General Armstrong's father knew all about it, for he was Superintendent of Education for the King.

At Lahaina Luna Seminary on the island of Maui, founded in 1831, and at the Hilo Boys' School on the island of Hawaii, founded a few years later, successful industrial and manual training work had been done. Young Armstrong learned all about it and in a great emergency after the Civil War put all that learning to use in founding Hampton Institute.

I am watching to-day for Maui, not because of the great volcano with its crater twenty miles around,

or because of the new national park, or even because of its far-famed scenery, but because Armstrong was born there.

Lahaina and Hilo are the parents of Hampton, and the grandparents of Tuskegee and many other children. The education which began as something just for an inferior race has profoundly modified all education. It is just as good for the white man to have an all around education, head, hand and heart, as it is for the negro or the Polynesian. And much of this bread of the new education is bread which was cast on the water in the form of missions returned after many days.

In our stateroom this morning we found a large Hawaiian *papaia* and with it a card reading, "Miss M. C. Hazard, Providence, R. I., Hilo Boarding School, Hilo, Hawaii," and also a bulletin of the Los Angeles Universalist church. Not only the native Hawaiians throw flowers at the cars of strangers and hang wreaths about their necks, but the same spirit of human kindness seems to permeate everybody in these lovely islands.

At sea, February 16, 1923.

IX. THE MILK OF HUMAN KINDNESS

"GENTLENESS," "grace," "courtesy," "hospitality," "kindness"—these are the words one hears on every side this peaceful Sunday morning as the passengers of this ship talk about the experiences of yesterday at Honolulu.

A little group was remarking bitterly upon our failure to reciprocate, so I sat down and drafted this message, which both Episcopal and union church services passed unanimously and which my good friends the Catholic priests endorsed for their people:

> Passengers Steamship Empress of France enthusiastically voted resolutions deep appreciation hospitality and kindness people of Honolulu and Hilo. Citizens of Hawaii have made eight hundred people anxious to visit for longer period "the loveliest islands which ever anchored in an ocean."

The wireless already has carried the message back to the city from which we sailed last night a little before eight.

The delay in reaching Hilo, which gave us such a weird experience at night visiting the volcano, gave us also a cruise by daylight through the islands from Hilo to Honolulu, about 200 miles.

For over two hours we were passing the coast of Maui, so beautiful that the United States Government has put there a national park of 20,000 acres which takes in the volcano of Haleakala, 10,000 feet high and with a crater twenty miles around. Those of us who knew about General Armstrong leaned over the rail and talked about him while we were passing this island on which he was born.

Between Maui and Oahu, on which Honolulu is situated, we passed Molokai, getting fascinating views of its high cliffs and palisades from the time it came over the sky line until we lost it astern. The leper colony was on the other side of the island, but I had my deepest wish about the Hawaiian Islands—I saw Molokai.

Jack London, passing by in his little vessel "The Snark," looked over at the leper settlement at the foot of the cliffs and remarked, "The pit of hell—the most cursed place on earth." In his book, "The Cruise of the Snark," he tells how he visited that "pit of hell" a month later and had "an almost disgracefully good time with 800 lepers who likewise were having a good time."

He declared that if he were compelled to choose between spending the rest of his life in Molokai or in the East End of London or the East Side of New York or the stock yards of Chicago he would "choose Molokai without debate." He describes the comfortable cottages, the well equipped hospitals, the gardens which the lepers themselves cultivate, their bands, their clubs, their ball teams and the happy times they have together.

Not all of this change is due to physical improvement. It is due to a new hope. Once leprosy was believed to be highly contagious and incurable. Now it is known to be only slightly contagious, if at all, and curable. Patients are discharged from Molokai every month. An oil from the nut of a tree which grows in Indo China and Burma has proved to be a cure.

This tree was scarce, and the United States Government sent an expedition into the interior of Siam and Burma, into places where white men had never penetrated, to study the tree in its native environment, get specimens and find out how to propagate it. As

a result these trees are growing in the Hawaiian Islands.*

Not all of the new hope and cheer is among the lepers. We all feel it. That this race of ours wants to do this kind of thing, that there are expeditions involving hardship and danger in order to bless mankind, that the forces of spoliation and greed and conquest about which we read in every dispatch are not the only forces of the world, is inexpressibly cheering to an increasing number.

Of course we have been debating the career of Father Damien, the attack on him so many years ago by Dr. Hyde, and Stevenson's famous philippic against Hyde. "Cruelly unjust," Castle says, but one of the most terrible and crushing combinations of words which ever came off a pen. At least it resulted in the world thinking of Father Damien as a human being and not as a marble statue. And one thing Stevenson said is true always. Referring to the charge that Father Damien was dirty, admitting that "perhaps he was dirty from his dirty work," he says: "There is not a clean cup or towel in the new reformed settlement but dirty Damien washed it, his own act of self-immolation focusing the attention of the world on the island and making reforms possible."

While Father Damien went out to live with the lepers, become a leper and die with them, the modern scientist goes out perfectly competent to save his own life and to save the leper too. That is an altogether higher type of service. It is the commander who

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*Readers interested in this fascinating story may secure a pamphlet about it by writing to the Superintendent of Documents, Government Printing Office, Washington, D. C., enclosing 15 cents, and asking for "The Chaulmoogra Tree and Some Related Species," by Joseph F. Rock, Bulletin No. 1057 of the Department of Agriculture.

keeps his soldiers from getting into a death trap rather than the commander who goes on and bravely dies with them.

But in the day that Damien lived nobody knew anything about leprosy. In loneliness and squalor the lepers of Molokai lived and died. To go there meant exile, hardship, neglect, cruelty and death. Father Damien chose to go and share that lot and to do what he could, and he deserves all the glory that is his.

Far away we saw the misty mountains of Oahu before we came up with the island. This was our destination, the island on which was Honolulu, capital of the territory of Hawaii, perhaps destined to be the state of Hawaii in our Union; the island on which is Pearl Harbor, a coaling and naval station of the United States for twenty years before annexation, and the island which in powerful fortifications is another Gibraltar.

While we were still far out, army planes came out to meet us, circling around close to the ship, the men waving a welcome. An enterprising newspaper sent a plane with bundles of Honolulu papers. A tug came down the lovely bay with the Royal Hawaiian Band, with singers, with the famous swimmers, nearly naked, sitting like bronze figures on the stern of the tug ready to dive as soon as we slowed up.

With the customs officers who leaped one by one for our swaying ladder, while still out at sea, there leaped also a lithe young American officer whom I was delighted to recognize as Lieut. Jas. W. Walters, one of our Washington boys, Tufts College boys and church boys. He took the first leave he has had in the islands to devote himself, his car, and his beautiful home at the Ordnance Depot to us.

The sun dropped down behind the horizon as our lines were made fast to the dock. A large crowd was on hand to meet us, representatives of every

race, of army and navy, with band playing, people cheering and lovely flowers tossed about—one would have thought that we were the first troops coming home from the war.

Due at 6 a. m. and arriving at 6 p. m., we thought that a day had been entirely lost and we had only two for Honolulu. But that first night we had a drive along broad avenues lined with palms, out to Fort Ruger and Diamond Head; a dinner in a roof garden, the best Hawaiian music in Honolulu and pictures showing manners, customs and industries of all the islands, including Kilauea in eruption, marvelous pictures which made some wonder and some jeer. The last edition of the evening papers carried a wireless message from Hilo saying that less than twenty-four hours after we had to light matches to find the volcano at all, a great eruption had begun and two fiery streams of lava were flowing over the roads we had used. It seems incredible to most of us.

As to what we could do in a single day at Honolulu and as to what the people could do for us, no one letter can possibly tell.

With automobiles at our service, with competent guides, and with a whole people willing to help, we accomplished considerable. It would be absurd to claim that we did it well, that we know Honolulu, or that we got to the full the impression which all this picturesque life and natural beauty of sea and sky and mountains and tropical foliage can make. But there are things which will abide.

Though we all did about the same things, my wife and I had a fine sense of freedom in going with Lieutenant Walters in his car.

Honolulu is a beautiful city of 90,000 people made up of almost every race under heaven, situated on a volcanic island at the foot of a range of volcanic mountains up some of which the city has climbed.

We used American money and American stamps and were under the American flag, but architecture, foliage and people made us realize that it was a part of the United States different from any other part. Hawaii, with exactly the government which Arizona and Dakota and Iowa had before admission to statehood, has about it more color, more picturesqueness, more charm than any other part of our United States.

We drove up the Pali—which means cliff. A good road has been run up a narrow cut which leads from Honolulu across to the windward side of these mountains. The gap ends on the other side in a precipice 1,200 feet high. A tablet tells how King Kamehameha I drove the King of Oahu up this gorge step by step until he hurled his army over the precipice, and thus paved the way for his control of all the islands. It is a great view—not one to make you "sob and cry," as some writers assert, but one to make you want to be alone. On each side curve the serrated peaks of the mountains. Down below on the narrow coastal plain one sees the fields of pineapple and sugar-cane, with bright red slashes where the ground has been turned up. Beating on the shore is the surf, and stretching far away is the ocean between Oahu and the United States. A still wider view we gained from Fort Tantalus, 3,000 feet high, which looks back the other way over Honolulu and Diamond Head and off westward to Pearl Harbor.

Up on this second mountain we picked all the guavas we wanted, saw the wild ginger and other flowers, and feasted on a view justly famous among the great views of the world.

Skipping the prepared lunch, we went to the Seaside Hotel at Waikiki Beach, and in a peaceful spot looking through palms to the ocean we tried native foods—a grilled fish and *poi*, the great dish of the common people, digestible, highly nutritious and

delicious if you have no food prejudices. As I claim to have none I ate it all and pronounced it good. It is the bulb or root of a plant which looks like a calla lily, boiled, pounded up, mixed with water, made into a paste, and then allowed to ferment slightly. It seemed like a cross between oatmeal and sour apple sauce. *Papaia,* a fruit like a melon, came on for lunch—I again being the only one at our table to eat it and pronounce it good. And as for apricot pie, neither Europe, Asia, Africa, nor America ever produced anything half as good as what they served us here. It is an abiding gastronomic memory, like oysters of Norfolk, trout of the Maine woods or Deerfoot sausages cooked by myself outdoors up the Potomac.

Refreshed in body and soul we went out for a more intensive study of a few things. In Honolulu there are two collections of significance to scientists as well as tourists: the Aquarium and the Bishop Museum. We saw both. One has in it the fish caught in the ocean near by, pink, green, yellow, red and shades of blue which make artists cry out in delight. At the Bishop Museum there is a collection to illustrate the geology, ethnology, zoology, botany and history, not only of the Hawaiian Islands, but of all the islands of the Pacific.

In the old days they made some royal cloaks of the feathers of mountain birds, each bird yielding only a feather or two, the work of collection and making taking, in the case of the famous orange cloak, one hundred years. I was glad to see the beautiful thing, especially brought out for us. The statement was made that it was worth a million dollars. One of our party, regarding this famous art treasure with critical eye, remarked: "What a nest for moths." She probably is one who "looketh well to the ways of her household and eateth not the bread of idleness."

As I looked at the paintings of the kings I thought, "There were giants in those days." Princess Ruth weighed over 300. Others reached 400. Saki's surfboard standing on end at the entrance made us wonder how a human being could ever handle such a huge thing.

The kings and chiefs all attained greater stature than the common people, and three interesting observations which I do not attempt to explain or defend are that "intermarriage did not weaken them," that "their huge bulk was due to diet largely vegetable," and that "their stature and development came from a wonderful system of massage!"

The early missionaries agreed that they were the best race in the Pacific, although allied to the others. Now they are dying out as a pure race, intermarrying with Chinese, Japanese, other orientals and the whites.

And with the fact that they are dying out as a pure race, about which the common people do not worry, is the further depressing fact for the old aristocracy that their status has changed. A new power is in control. A new society with its "country club" and "army and navy club" and "commercial clubs" and social register has grown up.

One may not want to change it, but one can be considerate and tactful and kind to those who received the white man with such kindness and gave him freely such opportunities for wealth and power.

Far more interesting even than the Bishop Museum is the story of its founding. Bernice Pauahi, a lady of culture and refinement, last of the line of Kamehameha I, refused the throne and married the Hon. Wm. R. Bishop, an official in the islands. When she died she gave her large fortune to education, founding the Kamehameha schools for Hawaiians. Her husband sympathized with her ideals and gave

part of his fortune to establish this museum as a memorial to her.

The Hawaiian princess and the American business man, ideally happy together, regarded life as a gift of God, and property as held in trust for the common good. How she got that conception and how I spent a fascinating afternoon, I shall tell in a third and last letter on these islands.

At sea, Feb. 18, 1923.

X. A NATION CHANGED BY MISSIONARIES

ONE of my first efforts as an editor was to clip from *Zion's Herald* a sermon upon "Peacemaking as a Daily Job," by Albert W. Palmer of Honolulu, write an editorial on the same subject, put Albert W. Palmer's "Creed" on the front page of the *Leader* and send him a copy.

Correspondence followed. When he discovered that I was to touch at Honolulu, he wrote that he would meet the ship, and could be identified by a blue suit with a red hibiscus in his buttonhole; that he wanted to show me how significant Hawaii was as an "Inter-racial Experiment Station."

One of my friends thought it a waste of precious hours at Honolulu to take any of them away from surf, sky, mountains and palms to devote them to sociology, slums or missionaries. She was a cultured lady but she was as uninformed as I have been up to this time of one of the most thrilling missionary adventures in history and of the significant things coming from it.

I found that everybody knew Dr. Palmer, that he was pastor of Central Union Church—Congregational by inheritance and community in fact, and with forty-eight denominations represented in its membership—and that he was one more of the California and Yale men who have found great opportunities in these islands.

In his car we visited Buddhist temples, Shinto shrines, a Chinese Congregational church on the "Every Day Plan," social settlements, congested quarters called slums but far from it, as fine a public school system as I have ever seen, with white, yellow,

and brown teachers, a normal training school, a university, a Mid-Pacific Institute under the Hawaiian Missionary Board for the training of Oriental and Hawaiian leaders, the Kamehameha Schools founded by Mrs. Bishop, the Hawaiian princess, last of the royal line of Kamehameha, who married an American, and the Punahoe School, or college, in a lovely park of ninety acres—a kind of Hawaiian Exeter or Andover—which fits for American colleges. In studying this system, all the way from kindergarten up to state university, with teacher training, industrial training and Christian training all provided for, with special race needs met in special ways, with rural schools which experts from the U. S. Bureau of Education declared to be among the best in the world, one realized quickly that here was a community into which somebody had put deep and strong a love of learning.

When the American Legion offered a prize of $250 for the best essay on "How to Best Serve America," the first prize was won by a Japanese boy of thirteen, from one of the schools on a sugar plantation near Honolulu, in competition with all the public school children of the United States. The whole territory of Hawaii took interest and pride in this victory.

We saw the oldest frame building on the islands, brought around Cape Horn for the use of the missionaries in the early days, the old Kawaiahao Church, once a royal chapel, built of blocks of coral in 1842, all of which were handed from man to man the entire distance from the seashore to the site; the present Central Union Church with room for 1,500, built in mainland style, and its half-finished successor, "The Church in the Garden," which Cram of Boston is setting in a park of eight acres. It is built in Georgian style, something like our new church in Washington, and adapted to the climate by putting in huge French

windows which open up and give the worshiper the impression of sitting in a lovely garden full of all manner of tropical trees and flowers. The organ is set on the side of the chancel so that it can be made to sound either out of doors, for an open air service, or in the church. "Beauty," said Dr. Palmer, "is a handmaid of religion. An unlovely church is an anomaly on this lovely island."

Back and forth as we drove through the beautiful streets of Honolulu, I felt that I was getting that exquisite beauty for which the islands are so famous, and with it clear cut interpretations which really let me see. No more interesting, congenial, magnetic man has come over my horizon on this trip than this able young Congregationalist with a world spirit who took me about. And a final service for which I can not be too grateful was a gift of chapters from his book, "East and West in Hawaii," which Doran has in press, based on his lectures at Oberlin and at Union Theological Seminary last year, one or two of which I hope to print in the *Leader* and all of which of course we will review.

With his own book I got hold of one of the few remaining copies of a missionary classic, the "Life of Lucy G. Thurston, Pioneer Missionary," letters and articles running from 1820 to 1876, which are so clear that they need no comment, so interesting one can hardly lay them down, so heroic one can hardly keep back the tears, so inspiring that one wants to keep the book at close hand to read in temptation or trial.

On October 12, 1819, in Marlboro, "West Parish," Massachusetts, Lucy Goodale, daughter of Deacon Abner Goodale of the Congregational Church, married the Rev. Asa Thurston of Fitchburg, a graduate of Yale and of Andover, who was about to go to the Sandwich Islands as a missionary. Asa Thurston's

colleague was Hiram Bingham, who also became famous as a missionary. On Oct. 23 they sailed from Boston on the brig Thaddeus—two preachers, two teachers, a doctor, a printer, a farmer, and their wives, the five children of the farmer and three converted native youth, "partially educated." The whole thing had been put up to Lucy by a cousin, an Andover man, and her marriage was undertaken more as a religious duty than as the result of a usual courtship. No happier marriage ever took place.

What it meant to go out into the Pacific in those days, we can hardly realize. It was a real no-man's-land. Government did not exist in its vast expanse. There was no settled American community west of the Missouri. Japan was still a hermit nation. China was little better. Not even whalers were operating in the Pacific. It was the period of explorers and lawless traders. They had a mail in the Sandwich Islands only once a year.

Packed in a little sailing vessel, beating its way around Cape Horn, taking five long months for the passage, seasick, cold and uncomfortable, the voyage alone took heroism. And over their destination lay the darkness of savagery, and the apprehension of the unexplored and the unknown.

They reached the Hawaiian Islands, as we now call them, in 1820. It was a lucky or a providential moment. The natives themselves had just overthrown their idols, abolished a rigid taboo system connected with their idolatry and, religiously, were groping.

Slowly and tactfully the missionaries made their way, got the confidence of the king and chiefs, obtained permission to land temporarily, to stay, to move to new places, to build other than straw houses, and eventually to help king and people, not as outsiders but as friends.

One of the first things done was to reduce the

Hawaiian language to written form, publish primers and teach the people to read. How the king started to learn to read himself, how he got tired but ordered his queens all to study, and flogged his little brother when he did not do his lessons—all is set down in the early annals. In a space of twenty years these missionaries established learning on a sound basis, started a church which spread over all the islands and took in a majority of the natives, and got a bill of rights for the common people. The Governor of Maui made a law that nobody could hold office or marry who could not read. Such laws were hardly necessary, as most of the natives took to reading as to a new game.

The opposition they faced was not from savages but from the lowest specimens of their own race, sailors who resented laws against immorality and traders who resented restrictions upon the rum trade. Children of missionaries had as playthings cannon-balls which had been fired from ships at the homes of their parents.

The charge is often made that these missionaries took advantage of their position to become wealthy. It has been told again and again on this voyage by people who pretend to have all the facts. I asked Dr. Palmer about it and he said that the children of the missionaries loved the islands and stayed there, that, like boys and girls born in the United States, they had their own careers to make, that they were of virile and able stock, grew up when opportunities were opening on every side, and that it was quite true that many had grown to be rich and powerful, but that most of them were useful citizens and fine men. Of the early missionaries, with possibly one exception, none attained wealth.

Castle, in "Hawaii Past and Present," says: "That the children and grandchildren of the mis-

sionaries chose, most of them, to remain in the land of their birth and to enter secular life, that they have largely guided politics and business, has been a lasting blessing to the Islands." Tales of the self-seeking of the missionaries he characterizes as absurd.

The little band which sailed on the Thaddeus in 1820 had remarkable success, but not without pain, toil and sacrifice. It is a moving story. The doctor went back and the women faced child birth without medical assistance—once in the dark crowded cabin of a little inter-island ship, in the night, during a storm, when the lamp went out, when with difficulty they got at their baggage to find things indispensable—under such unspeakable conditions Lucy Goodale Thurston brought one of her babies into the world.

The training of a family of children surrounded by thousands of naked and half naked savages, given to practises abhorrent to western minds, intensely curious always to get as close to the white visitors as they could, made a problem the solution of which, apart from anything else, shows the kind of ability these people had. The rule of non-intercourse of natives with the children was rigidly enforced all through the impressionable years, and without giving offense.

Only once in the history of the islands did a dark-skinned man attack a missionary woman, and he was a priest of the old order, half intoxicated, and was successfully eluded. The king would have put him to death if the missionaries had not begged for his life.

Our loathesome western diseases which these natives knew nothing about, our small-pox, grippe, and tuberculosis, our distilled spirits, our drugs, have all cursed these gentle, graceful, kindly people. But the missionaries steadily and consistently fought the battles of the natives.

Quite true it is that the white man's civilization is crowding the old civilization out. But is there any human right to the status of barbarism? Not for one instant is this question intended as a defense of exploitation. It merely indicates my own conviction that progress is inevitable and right. The missionaries helped set it in right directions. They went out in early days because they thought that the heathen were perishing. Immortal souls were going to hell. In the missionary revival of 1820 in New England the cry was "hasten." Students left the seminary before graduation to go to snatch souls as brands from the burning. We find little of that old thought in the missionary history of Hawaii: "Bring men to Christ"—to be sure that is the motive of all the work, but in that process reading, writing, manual training, scientific agriculture, modern medicine and sanitation played their part with the ten commandments, the beatitudes and the golden rule.

A broadening thing is a missionary experience. It puts men and women up against elemental facts of life and death. On the mission field, intelligent people quickly discard the mint and cummin of theology and nail to the masthead Christ's gospel of faith in God and service of man.

The Catholic, Church of England, and other Protestant Churches, also have established missions in these islands.

As might be expected, the successors of the early missionaries grapple with the race problem of to-day in the right spirit. They are without prejudice. "My neighbor is a Chinaman," said one. "Nobody thinks of that. They think of him as a cultured gentleman and as a kind friend." "I take off my hat to the Japanese," said another. "They have a thousand years of culture back of them, which we haven't got. I've found them square and fine. Our Japanese

ministers are among the ablest and most devoted we have."

It was refreshing to hear this kind of talk after the usual smoking room tales of an impending descent upon these islands by Japanese invaders. "And remember," said Dr. Palmer, "all these races which we have here in such numbers were brought here after the reciprocity treaty of 1875 with the United States to help raise sugar. They did not invade the islands.

"The rising generation of Japanese in Hawaii seem to be almost as completely Americanized and just as eager for education as the Chinese. It was a Japanese school boy who won the public speaking contest at the McKinley High School this year with an essay on 'My Ideal of Character,' and that ideal was Jesus Christ. Alleged oriental inscrutability disappears completely in these eager, responsive young people trained in American schools and thinking American thoughts."

The great task of the Church in Hawaii to-day on the ethical side is to get Hawaiians, Americans, Europeans, Porto Ricans, Koreans, Chinese, Japanese and all the mixtures of every breed to live together, exhibit co-operation and practise morality and the square deal. They believe that they are succeeding. If they do, it will be an example for the world.

At sea, Feb. 23, 1922.

XI. THE APPROACH TO JAPAN

NOT one vessel have we sighted on the high seas in all this long journey of 5,500 miles from San Francisco to Yokohama, by way of the Hawaiian Islands. There would appear to be room enough on the ocean at least for both Japan and the United States. Only one storm have we had without and only one storm within the ship.

Those "gentle northeast trade winds" seem to have gone out of business this month. Last Thursday and Friday we had a fierce northwest gale, and the Pacific responded to it nobly with waves if not "mountain high" at least creditable. Besides, we had thrown out water ballast at Honolulu to increase our speed, and were so high in the water that we were tossed about considerably for so large a vessel. Last night again we pitched enough to lift the screw out of water.

A gentleman who called his wife to get down from her "top shelf" to see a whale got the reply: "Don't talk whale to me. When you have anything to say about chrysanthemums or cherry blossoms, I'll come."

With a bitter wind squarely in our faces, and with snowflakes in the air, it doesn't look as if we would see many blossoms when we land at Yokohama some time this afternoon. Said Burbank of Worcester, laughing, as we raced around the deserted deck, "I've come ten thousand miles to get Boston winter weather."

The storm inside came over the Japanese question.

Here we are, from thirty-four states of our

Union, with sixty-seven Californians, and one hundred and seventy-four New Yorkers, with every section represented, and all shades of opinion. Into this heterogeneous company, the Rev. O. F. Bartholow, D. D., pastor of a huge Methodist Episcopal Church of Mt. Vernon, N. Y., projected his lecture on "Japan," and yesterday he presided at a "Discussion" of the lecture.

The propositions which Dr. Bartholow laid down in substance are these:

1. That the white race has no right to take an attitude of superiority or patronage toward the yellow race.

2. That, especially in dealing with Japan, the white man has no right to take a "holier than thou" attitude, for his own record won't stand investigation.

3. That the white race has been extending itself in the world, had reached China, and would have swallowed up Japan just as it has the Philippines, India, Indo-China and Africa if Japan had not roused herself, armed and prepared to defend herself.

4. That if Japan is militaristic she learned it from the western world.

5. That if she is dishonest commercially, she learned international trade from the lowest specimens of the white man, who "cheated the eye teeth out of her."

6. That when our forefathers were "eating raw meat off of a bone" Japan had a highly cultured civilization.

7. That the Four Power Treaty has paved the way for a better understanding.

8. That tourists going to Japan ought to go with an open mind to learn what they can, not expect things to be as they are at home, and take with them a spirit of good will.

9. That whatever other people may do, those

who call themselves Christians ought to practise the Golden Rule with Japan as well as with other people.

These propositions won the enthusiastic applause of large numbers of passengers, but when carried out on deck were somewhat garbled.

For example, it was said that the speaker had asserted that dishonest Japanese commercial methods were simply a copy of American commercial methods. In fact, the assertion was that they were a copy of the methods of the lowest and basest traders, and especially those of early days. Probably the most ultra-patriotic American will have to admit that.

Then of course the California question came up. There are as many kinds of Californians as there are states in our Union. And what fine fellows most of them are! That they do not all agree, however, is indicated by the fact that in the recent vote on the Alien Land Act excluding Japanese from the right to own or lease land in California, 222,086 voted against the Amendment, some 400,000 did not take interest enough to vote, and 668,483 voted for it, making it the law of California.

One can not help sympathizing with these Californians as they describe how the Japanese multiply, and underbid and crowd out the white settlers of some of the loveliest valleys of the state. One can not help admiring the Japanese for their energy, ability, self-control and attention to business. One can not escape the conviction that, in the present stage of development of humanity, it is both wise and kind to keep different parts of the earth's surface for different kinds of people. But it seems equally clear that no law can long stand the test of American opinion which forbids American-born and American-educated citizens of any race from owning their own homes in our country.

In his "Asia at the Cross Roads," Powell asserts

that to-day the Japanese of California own and lease but 1.8 per cent of her soil and form but 2 per cent of her population. That does not seem like a great menace. And if the "Gentlemen's Agreement" by which Oriental laborers are kept out of the United States is right, it is right also to apply it as intended, and not to harass, delay and humiliate cultured Orientals coming to study and travel in the United States.

Dr. Bartholow also quoted Alexander Powell to the effect that the question of Japanese exclusion is not a California question alone, for in the event of war between Japan and the United States, the entire nation would have to bear the burden of the war.

Certainly census figures showing only 111,000 Japanese in a nation of 110,000,000 people do not indicate that the Japanese are "swallowing us up."

One man honestly admitted that the reason he liked the Chinese and hated the Japanese was that the Chinese treated him like a superior and the Japanese as an equal. That is white racial consciousness at its worst.

Another story quoted on deck from "Asia at the Cross Roads" was this: "On a homeward bound liner, I met an educated and charming American woman who had been traveling in Japan. 'How did you like the Japanese?' I asked her. 'I didn't like them,' she replied. 'Were you ill treated in Japan? Did you meet with any discourtesy or injustice?' 'No,' she admitted with some embarrassment, 'I have no complaints whatever to make of the treatment I received. I found them universally courteous.' 'Then why didn't you like them?' I persisted. 'Well,' she explained, 'I just made up my mind before I went to Japan that I wasn't going to like the Japanese, and I didn't.' "

When the question of Korea was brought up at our "Discussion," by Dr. Lorenz, managing director of the cruise, to illustrate Japan at her worst, in the interest of naked truth I read this quotation from Harry Emerson Fosdick which I happened to have in my pocket:

> Will you have one example of the thing I mean? We have looked with agony and horror upon Japan's seizure and mistreatment of Korea. Consider, then, the history of the affair. Korea, as another has put it, is like a dagger pointed from the Asiatic continent at the heart of Japan, and the point is only one hundred and twenty miles away. In 1894-5 such was the chaos in Korea that it was a question whether China or Japan would take control. They fought a war over it and Japan won. And Japan, as other nations have been known to do, proceeded to consolidate her gains. She took the Liaotung Peninsula with Port Arthur. Then three Western nations moved. Germany, France and Russia sent a note to Japan to this general effect: "You may not seize the Liaotung Peninsula. Go home from the continent of Asia to your own islands." Japan, unable to resist that combination, withdrew from her new gains with bitterness of heart. Then the three nations who had forced Japan from Asia began to move on Asia. Germany took Kiaochow in Shantung; France demanded new rights in southern China and got them, and the paw of the Russian Bear reached out for the very peninsula of Liaotung which she had refused to Japan—reached farther yet across the Yalu River into Korea. Then Japan struck. You remember, our sympathies at that time were all with her. She struck for what she thought was her existence. And when Russia was laid low she listened to the Western nations no more. She thought that they were arrant hypocrites. She took Korea, and kept her, and she treated Korea rough!

I likewise cited a letter from Sherwood Eddy, who is now making a tour of the world and who was in Japan and Korea in the fall. In substance he said

that when he came out to Korea in 1896 it was a corrupt and degenerate nation with a fickle, incapable emperor who had plotted to give Russia a port which would have insured her military control of the country and made a "spear point aimed at the heart of Japan;" that nobody can excuse the cruel rule of Korea by the militaristic party of Japan; that everybody must praise the present liberal rule; that Korea is far and away better off now than she has ever been, "with a new security she never knew under her own corrupt and grafting emperor and officials."

The discussion ended with good spirit all around, and in a few hours we will go ashore to see whether we have learned anything from our books or our friends about Japan, and whether we can learn anything ourselves.

We are a heterogeneous crowd—some of us drinking our way around the world, some dancing or card playing over every degree of latitude, some reading, some sleeping, some gossiping, and some mixing things up in due proportion through thirty thousand miles.

Some won't learn anything in Japan because they won't look, and some won't learn anything because they can't see. And we who think ourselves superior may see just what we think is there instead of the thing as it is. One thing is certain, that none of us will be there long enough to even scratch the surface of a great subject.

Mississippi Bay, approaching Yokohama, Feb. 27, 1923.

XII. THE CAPITAL OF JAPAN

SOON after the electric train drew away from the dock at Yokohama bound for Tokyo, there was a shout and a cry of "Fuji!" There, off to the left, many miles away, stood the glorious snow-covered mountain which dominates everything in Japan. This indicates what clear, beautiful weather we had for Tokyo.

"No need of lingering in Tokyo," said one authority. "It is comparatively modern." But Terry, the Baedeker of Japan, said: "the largest, finest, wealthiest and most prosperous city of New Japan," "the social, commercial, intellectual and financial center of the islands."

In the fifteenth century it was a fishing village named Yedo or Edo. To-day over three million people inhabit Greater Tokyo, and over two million Tokyo proper.

The interesting story of this development is available in every encyclopedia and history of Japan. Even more interesting are the changes going on before our eyes in this great city.

I find this note in my journal written on that first day in Tokyo:

"As I stand with my back against the electric heater and look down to the street, I have before me a panorama new and varied. Here are the vehicles I see pass in endless succession: Trolley cars, automobiles, men leading horses hitched single drawing loads, men leading bulls hitched ditto, men themselves hitched single to carts drawing loads which look as huge, but of course are not, as those of horse and bull, and *rickishas,* which of course every one knows are two-

wheeled, rubber-tired, one-passenger open carriages pulled by one man who stands in tiny shafts. These are what give color, picturesqueness and interest to vehicular traffic. Strong, lithe, shod in sandals, trotting on the level, straining well forward on the upgrades, running with long easy stride down hill, to me, as an old runner, they are of deep interest.

"And with all these are every kind of pedestrian passing and repassing—'three little maids from school' looking just like the picture books, boy students in European costume, mothers with babies on their backs, army officers in smart uniform, members of parliament looking like well-dressed gentlemen anywhere, and tradesmen and laborers appearing as their forefathers did a thousand years ago.

"I did not pity the rickisha men as some of our Americans did. I envied them. I wanted to get down and take the shafts and put my man up in the seat. Blood coursing, heart beating, lungs expanding, everything in a fine glow—why pity him? Pity me shivering in grandeur under two rugs when I wanted to pull.

"As to why one man should pull another—there is this to say: It is a cursed thing when it consigns one human being to a coolie job forever. It is the best thing in life itself, this pulling one another about—the strong carrying the weak, the well the sick."

Yesterday at the meeting of our Travel Club, on board, Prof. Bruce Baxter of Ohio read an unusually clear, clean cut statement of the contrast between the old and the new in Tokyo which I have his permission to quote:

> Tokyo is a city of striking contrasts, the old and the new are forever running into each other until it is almost impossible to determine whether one is living in the sixteenth or in the twentieth century. Broad-hatted, blue-coated coolies pull rickishas down the main thor-

oughfares just as their ancestors did centuries ago, only now they are on the alert to keep out of the way of high-powered automobiles. Other coolies draw creaking high two-wheeled carts heaped with loads of incredible weight, while Packard auto-trucks rumble past. An old peasant woman poles a sampan down a canal built fourteen hundred years ago, while overhead an elevated railway train thunders by. Oxen, goaded on by sharp sticks, drag heavy, wooden wagons, as above them an aeroplane swoops and glides. A tiny room filled with a dozen wood carvers is around the corner from a modern factory which is belching out clouds of black smoke from a tall brick stack. A fragile, red Japanese lantern, with a bit of a candle inside, hangs at a street corner, vainly trying to compete with the brilliant arc light on the next corner. On one side of a broad street glitters the green, tiled roof of the Imperial Palace just as it has glittered since the Middle Ages; on the other side towers the fourteen story office building of the Capital City. In a vacant lot, a group of Japanese laborers are digging a cellar with the most primitive of tools, while in the center of the street another group is repairing a broken trolley rail by the use of a sputtering electric drill.

The same contrasts are to be found in the social life and usages of Japan. One woman follows meekly behind her husband on the street, while at the curb a Japanese gentleman is assisting his wife into an automobile and then takes his place beside her. One wife leads a secluded, shut-in life, seeing only the members of her immediate family, while another accompanies her husband to the movies. A small shopkeeper squatting down on the floor behind his pile of silks, haggling over prices after the ancient Oriental custom of trading, excuses himself to answer the telephone bell. An aged fire guard with a swinging lantern and a long clanking piece of iron to be used in making the alarm, nimbly hops out of the path of a bright red motor fire engine. A tiny lunch room where the patrons eat their rice with chopsticks adjoins a modern European restaurant. The most up-to-date hotels have the Japanese annex where

the guests sleep on the straw matting. A kimono-clad Japanese, clattering along in his wooden shoes, holds animated conversation with his next door neighbor, who is dressed in the height of European fashion.

Fortunate the tourist who can visit Japan in these days of transition and see the new and the old at one and the same time.

Our first transportation in Japan was a fast electric train which ran up to Tokyo from Yokohama in less than an hour. Our second was the rickisha man. Slowly we made our way around the city for two days through the parks, past the royal palace, past the detached palace where the Prince of Wales was entertained, the parliament buildings and various departments, to temples, to tombs, to shops, to museums, to private houses, to our own embassy, and back to the new Imperial Hotel.

Mr. Asano, the head of the Toyo Kisen Kaisha line of steamers which have sailings from San Francisco and Vancouver to the Orient, entertains all persons on the passenger list of his steamers which arrive at Yokohama. He extended the same courtesy to us, and we saw one of the finest homes in Tokyo, were given ceremonial tea by his charming wife and granddaughters, and had an opportunity to see his priceless collection of art treasures which represent every period of Japanese history.

The Okura Fine Arts Museum, housed in the large, beautiful dwelling of the owner, Mr. Okura, is also open to the public by card. Back in 1868, before the collectors began to ship so many Japanese art treasures out of the country, Mr. Okura began a collection of Japanese, Chinese and Korean antiquities, which to-day is the largest and finest in the Far East. Bronzes, lacquers, fabrics, jade, porcelains, wood carvings, screens, images of Buddha and other gods, furniture of almost priceless value, art objects of which

I do not know even the name, make up this remarkable collection. The taste of the owner, his patriotic desire to save to Japan some of her treasures, his public spirit in letting foreigners study his collection, are as impressive as the collection itself.

Some of the shrines we visited were dedicated to the early shoguns or conquering generals of the Middle Ages. One of the Buddhist temples was a strange combination of Coney Island, a country fair, and an Easter egg rolling in the White House grounds. The idea which I am trying to convey is that here was the one and only place of a religious nature so packed with people that we could hardly get about.

This temple is dedicated to Kwannon Bosatsu, the incarnation of love or human kindness, the most popular and most devoutly worshiped god in Japan. "His merciful heart," says the circular the priest handed me, "overflows with the feeling of loving kindness for all sentient beings, and it is for this reason he has everlasting life and incarnates himself in infinite forms in order to make mankind live in righteousness and perfect happiness."

The hall is erected in a park of considerable size, with little lakes, fountains and walks bordered by beautiful shrubbery. There are fifty other buildings in the grounds, a free dispensary, a library, a Young Men's Association, a priest quarter, a school for priests, etc. One section is given over to shops and amusements. There are wax works, movies, little restaurants, lemonade and peanut stands, lollypops, doll shops, lurid books, and a multitude of other booths containing gaudy baubles I can not name. Paper lanterns, flags, pennants, fishes and other decorations were suspended and pasted and pinned everywhere. There was weird music, "barkers" advertising various things, and a multitude of happy families, from the aged grandsire to the tinest baby

strapped to the mother's back. Great flocks of pigeons and gaudy roosters were over everything.

It was two days before the annual Dolls' Festival, and I thought that this might account for the crowd, but I was told that it was a usual thing. It was a bright, happy, orderly crowd. Not a thing was offered for sale which a few coppers could not buy. And the sight of the people detaching themselves to go up into the temple, make their offerings and toss in their prayers to the God of Loving-kindness was beautiful.

The sacred image enshrined here is only one and three-quarters of an inch high. It was caught up in the net of three brother fishermen back in the seventh century while they were fishing in the river, and their descendants still serve in the temple.

"The principal affairs of the Kwannon Hall," says my official circular, "are the daily and monthly services and prayers which are all undertaken to realize in ourselves the love and truth of Kwannon; for when this is manifested in all its purity and sincerity, the world where we live will be a kingdom of Kwannon Bosatsu. The Japanese Buddhists pray for this kingdom to come not only to this country of ours but to the entire world, where no petty quarrels, whether political or racial or social or religious, ought to reign under any pretext whatever."

Except for the name of the god, strange to our western ears, this message sounds familiar to people trained in the teachings of Christ.

The general aspect of the place was joyous, but to the right of the entrance of the temple was a pathetic figure of a subordinate god called the "benevolent Jizo," wrapped about with the garments of dead children. No country or religion is free from this kind of sorrow. There is the same voice heard in Japan that our Bible tells about in Rama—"Rachel weeping for her children." If there is comfort in Jizo,

is there one of us, no matter of how rigid a faith, who would deny it to a mother wrapping the little empty garments about the figure of something she thinks knows and cares?

A modern structure in Tokyo which was the subject of considerable debate was the Imperial Hotel where we stayed.

An American, Wright of Chicago, designed it in a semi-Aztec style which some call "original" and others a "hodge-podge." It spreads out over the ground instead of going up into the air. There are three hundred rooms "all with private baths," the same sign I have read in Washington all through the past year. It has many beautiful banquet rooms, and even those who denounce the architecture admit that the decorations are in exquisite taste.

I like it. I see no reason why we should have to feel exactly the same in Los Angeles or Denver that we do in Chicago or New York. If there is anybody trying for a little variety in this age of chain hotels, give him a cheer. They handled our huge crowd most efficiently. In fact I have not seen the Japanese do anything in a careless or slovenly way. Nor have I seen violence or discourtesy.

They are characterized, as all the authorities agree, by frugality, endurance, obedience to law, marked capacity for detail, altruism which puts family or state above the individual, politeness and cheerfulness. I see no reason to dislike them. I see every reason to encourage and help them. That does not mean, however, that I favor unrestricted immigration of Japanese laborers to the United States.

Never have I seen the crass materialism of a materialistic age raised to a higher power than in a statement by a Pittsburgh man in a public meeting on board that in a few years the world situation was bound to be "America versus Japan." Why? Be-

cause Japan is learning. Japan is building steel plants. In a few years Japan with her cheap labor can run us out of the markets of South America. The inference was that we would have to buy steel for a big navy and buy steel for a big army, crush Japan and get rid of a competitor.

It is the old exploded economics that the prosperity of one inevitably means lack of prosperity in the other. It ignores changes going on in Japan which are raising the standards of living—growth of liberalism in government, increase of education among the people.

To be sure, bloody wars have been fought for trade. But is it conceivable that, in the twentieth century, Christian America would deliberately go out to "get" a competitor in that way?

I know my country as well as the Pittsburgh man does, I know governments, both Republican and Democratic, at Washington, and I am certain that this is not the direction in which America is heading.

At sea, March 14, 1923.

XIII. A JAPANESE MOUNT VERNON

WITH forty precious minutes at my disposal before another summons to eat, with a beautiful glass-topped table before me which shows white and pink peonies smiling up through the glass, with ink, and pens in an attractive red box, there is no excuse for me not to write.

I am seated comfortably by a long window exactly over the main entrance of the Kanaya Hotel in Nikko, Japan. The yard is almost full of rickishas. Others are toiling up the long hill, the coolies bending to their task.

Evergreens shut us in on each side. Directly in front, to the east, they open up, and we look across a narrow gorge to a range of ragged mountains, a mile or so away, the brown sides of which are sprinkled and patched with snow and covered here and there with evergreens. The gorge is deep enough to hide the river and the village from the hotel, so we seem quite alone up here. It is high noon, with a blue sky, a dazzling sun—melting a little in the sun, but still frozen hard in the shade. Behind us just floating up in the blue are three of the loveliest peaks of all, almost as white and majestic as Fuji, and our hotel is clinging to the slope of one of them. They are between eight and nine thousand feet in altitude.

This is what we see of Nikko—a little city of ten thousand people, up in the mountains ninety-one miles north of Tokyo, 1,745 feet above sea level, in the gorge of the Daiya River, a rushing, foaming, mountain stream. In the literature issued for tourist consumption, it calls itself "the most famous place in Japan," and quotes in proof the old Japanese

proverb: "Do not say magnificent until you have seen Nikko."

A little section of our big party was brought up here last night by special train with dining cars attached, leaving Tokyo at 4.30 and getting here at 8.40 p. m. Theoretically we arrived long after dark, but marvelous moonlight lighted up the dark forests and snow-clad mountains. A warm, light hotel with European beds took us in. We have had the night and the day in Nikko and another special train is waiting to carry us back to Tokyo late this afternoon.

Nikko, the little city, appears like a long line of tourist shops—the owner of one of them calling himself the king.

Getting away from kimonos, houri coats, kodak places, picture cards, lacquer boxes, carved ivory ornaments, dragons, Buddhas, and screens—one of which was marked 15,000 yen, or about $7,500—we find Nikko has truly what it claims, "a double glory" —a glory of nature and a glory of art. "The most beautiful mountain scenery," and "groves of stately cryptomeria trees," "temples comprising the mausolea of the illustrious Shogun Iyeyasu, who founded the Tokugawa dynasty three hundred years ago—a worthy memorial to the most celebrated man Japan has produced," "temples which far surpass in magnificence and beauty any others in Japan, perhaps in the world," "a beauty immensely enhanced by the grandeur and beauty of the natural setting."

Out here in the East one is daily and hourly impressed with the fact that he is surrounded by a body of learning—in religion, archeology, history, philosophy, literature and art—of which he is almost entirely ignorant, of which he hardly knows the vocabulary. Partly balancing this ignorance is the feeling that we do understand something on the human side—that the fundamental human processes

are much the same, and that these people suffer under contempt and respond to kindness much as people do at home.

And with all the ignorance we recognize in ourselves in matters of detail, one with just a little imagination can realize what the Japanese people feel in coming to Nikko, for remember Nikko is a place of sacred pilgrimage as well as a place for excursions.

We have only to think about how we have felt ourselves when we have gone to Mount Vernon to visit the home and the tomb of Washington. That too has a natural setting of great beauty. As the first great shogun loved these mountains, Washington loved the view up and down the Potomac. The spirit of Washington seems to hover about Mount Vernon, in the room where he died, by the trees which he planted, in the garden as one gets the scent of the boxwood which he set out, and down at the tomb where his body is buried.

At Mount Vernon his virtues stand out so distinctly and one realizes them so vividly, that one worships instinctively. A bit of divinity was incarnated there. We don't worship him, but the God who made him, but his spirit helps us worship.

In the same way these pilgrims to Nikko write their prayers, and toss their coins, and bow before priests who represent something of that Divine Presence which no eye has ever seen in Japan or America, but which all devout souls can feel.

This first Tokugawa was not emperor. He was shogun, or "barbarian subduing generalissimo." This was a title which had originated in the twelfth century when a feudal chieftain got supreme power but did not displace the emperor—just as for a few hundred years before that time a "regent" had supreme power although the emperor kept the throne.

This George Washington of Japan was buried at

Nikko by his own order. His grandson built the Shinto Temple in his honor.

It consists of a series of pagodas, stables, warehouses, fountains and shrines, set on a mountain side, in a great forest, connected by long flights of stairs. As we go on into this temple, most of which is out of doors, we rise higher and higher until we come to the tomb which crowns the summit. The buildings are one story, made of wood, and are ornamented with brass, lacquer, pottery and all manner of carvings and images.

The stupendous work took twelve years to build, cost ten million dollars, and an average of 6,642 men were employed upon it for the entire time. The most celebrated artists and craftsmen were brought from all over Japan, competing with one another in the work.

The best known carving is that over the stable, "The Three Monkeys," one with his paws over his eyes, "see no evil," another with his paws stopping his ears, "hear no evil," and a third with a paw on his mouth, "speak no evil."

Such a little image set up in every home and every church in America could impress upon us a needed lesson. And, like every other truth in existence, if seen out of perspective it becomes a falsehood. As one member of our party interpreted it, it would permit every crooked politician in the United States to pursue his own malodorous way undetected, and unresisted. There is something more to Christian virtue than sitting like the three monkeys. See the evil, hear the evil, cry aloud the evil, and cast it out.

But eight hundred people shut up together in a ship might profitably meditate before the three monkeys every morning.

More impressive than this temple at Nikko is the setting. The mountains round about, the forest of

giant cedars or cryptomeria trees, the road leading to Nikko bordered by the same magnificent trees, the sky, the far off views, combine to make a temple which is the finest I have ever seen. "Nothing finer in Japan," said a friend, who has been here before. One could stay and study the detailed work on and in each building for months. Art critics and students of religion write books upon just this one place. And lest I appear to have been unduly enthusiastic over the trees I cite these words from Prof. Charles Sprague Sargent's "Forest Flora of Japan:" "Japan owes much of the beauty of its groves and gardens to the cryptomeria. Nowhere is there a more solemn and impressive group of trees than that which surrounds the temples and tombs at Nikko, where they rise to a height of 100 to 125 feet; it is a stately tree with no rival except the sequoias of California."

The sacred Red Bridge is another art object of Nikko well known to the Western world. It is of red lacquer, eighty-three feet long and eighteen feet wide, "sacred" to all but the small boys who, monkey-like, scoot over it at night when no one is there to see. Only the Emperor or his messenger *en route* to the temple may use it.

It is the bridge which General U. S. Grant was invited to walk over when he was in Nikko in 1879. His delicacy in refusing quite won the Japanese.

Although one account says that nobody has seen Nikko who has not been there when the flowers are out in the spring, and another says that the time to go is in the autumn when the flaming red maples make the mountains gorgeous, I am happy to take away with me the memory of the dazzling mountains, snow clad, rising up against a sky of perfect blue, and clothed here and there with the dark evergreens whose message of fidelity is the same in the Orient as it is at home.

XIV. AT TOKYO WITH OUR MISSIONARIES

AS we came up alongside the dock at Yokohama in the gathering darkness, I leaned over the rail to see if perchance a missionary friend had come down to meet us. There were five: Mrs. Samuel G. Ayres, Mrs. Alice G. Rowe, Mr. and Mrs. Stetson, and Miss Bernice Kent. They had got up at 5 a. m., had stayed around all day waiting for the ship, had faced the coldest weather of the winter, had been refused permission to come aboard (through an inadvertence we are told), and were smiling when I got to them on the dock. Dr. Ayres had been down but had been compelled to go back for an evening meeting. Miss Hathaway sent a warm welcome. Stetson picked me out of the crowd on deck by climbing up a flight of stairs next to a warehouse and establishing communication. Our five minutes together on the dock made it possible to plan everything we had not arranged by wireless. Our friends went off in the dark and the cold, and barely missed getting wrecked going home, but they left us full of gratitude for their patience and consideration.

When we got back to Tokyo from the Nikko trip on Friday, March 2, we put ourselves in the hands of the missionaries and remained with them until after dinner Sunday night.

We stayed with Dr. and Mrs. Ayres out in a suburb of Tokyo, called Higashi Nakano, an hour by the "fast" electric train from Tokyo station, in the "American" house which my readers know about, as many of them helped build and furnish it. Mrs. Cooper of New York furnished the dining room, J. L. Sweet the living room, Elizabeth Bacon the kitchen,

the Woonsocket parish the study, the Wausau, Wis., parish a guest room, and other individuals the piano, clocks, rugs, etc. It is a beautiful home, furnished with good taste, and stands in a large yard. It gave us a fine home feeling to go from an electric car packed with Japanese, over a crossing with a crowd of Japanese, up a street lined with little Japanese shops, and suddenly land in the midst of folks and physical furnishings which spoke of places and people dear to us at home.

Here, in outline, is what we did with the Ayres family. We called on the Rev. Sempo Ito in his new residence near the Ayres' home, which is the beginning of the Perin-Cate Dormitory for boy students of Tokyo. It is a house for which the Mission pays a rent of 110 yen, or $55, a month. It gave us a better understanding of the project and a desire to see it pushed. Two students board there already.

Ito is a faithful, quiet, scholarly type of man, who takes his work seriously and who is the embodiment of thoughtful kindness. I saw a little Shinto shrine in the room of one of the students dedicated to the student's mother, who was dead. It wasn't a foot square. It was on the top shelf of a tiny book case. There was a tablet with a bit of food and glass of water before it. It stood in the room of a lonely student and represented faith in Shinto. But it was most touching, especially to those of us who have such shrines to our fathers and mothers tucked away in our hearts. The Shinto students and the Christian Ito at the breakfast table each morning all pray together to the one God and Father of all.

We had a bountiful luncheon in our honor at the Ayres' home with all the Tokyo missionaries present, a dinner with the Stetsons in an altogether delightful little one-story house set in a lovely garden, with a wonderful pine out in front towering over all the other

trees, and, on the night of our visit, with a full moon shining down through the branches of the pine. At both places the food tasted like home.

I spoke on Saturday at the American Embassy to the Tokyo Woman's Club, with twelve nationalities present and a few of our ship people rolling up in rickishas to see what it was all about, as the paper had given the meeting much publicity.

I preached on Sunday at the little Tokyo church, the Rev. Dr. Kawabata, pastor, conducting the service in Japanese and translating my address almost sentence by sentence as I went along. Kawabata is an able, energetic, likable fellow.

Then we had a Japanese tiffin or luncheon at the church, at which my wife and I were served Japanese food, raw fish, seaweed, bamboo, with a native pear included. To be sure I ate raw fish not once, but many times, in Japan, for I am both a Universalist and a member of the National Geographic Society, and "have no food prejudices." Japanese and Americans at this luncheon made "table talks," as they were called, and the visitors responded.

Then we went off by trolley and rickishas for another hour in this huge Tokyo, and spent our last few hours among the missionaries at the Blackmer Home. Much as I am for raw fish, I must admit that the delicious creamed chicken and mashed potatoes which Miss Hathaway served us tasted very good.

We talked with Mrs. Cate, who has lived in Japan for many years as a teacher of English, with Althea Bridges, who came out with the International Sunday School Association and is also doing fine work as an English teacher, with Charlotte Ayres, who came from St. Lawrence University last summer and is teaching French in the American school, and with Mrs. Helen Sheldon of North Adams, Mass., a veteran teacher at home, who came with the Stetsons in

October and who also is already at English work. The demand for English teaching is enormous.

Gilbert Ayres, fourteen years old, Dr. Ayres' son, is an interesting product of Eastern and Western education, who is coming home soon for final preparatory work and college.

This, in outline, is what we did with the missionaries. To fill in this outline one must imagine meeting many people, Japanese and European—for the Ayreses seem to have made many friends in their four years in Japan—walking many streets, asking many questions and having heart-searching conversations by the fire.

Just what are we doing as a Church? Is our presence in Japan an impertinence? Do the missionaries do more harm than good? Are we such a pitifully small outfit that we had better not be? Is the work done?

It seems clear that Buddhism and Shintoism have lost much of the power they formerly exercised. It seems equally clear that European and American schools, hospitals, homes and other social service contributions are welcomed and needed in Japan. It seems clearest of all that Japan is not going to accept any dogmatic form of Christianity which fights modern science or divorces religion from life.

The Universalist form of Christianity, which is the Christianity of the modernists in all the Churches, ought to sweep Japan—one God, the leadership of Christ, truth as authoritative from every religion and every other source, life as the test of a man's faith, the Universal Fatherhood of God and the Universal Brotherhood of man.

Why then have we not swept Japan? In my opinion it has been partly because we have been small and poor, with much of our work out of sight. If we had a white marble church on the plaza opposite the

Tokyo station, some cabinet ministers and senators among our members, or a considerable proportion of university professors backing us up, we might have grown. I can't be too positive, and my soul rebels at a possible implication in the words I have penned, that Christianity is intended for the great and powerful and not for the humble. The disciples of Jesus were humble people.

But just why we should go among a people sensitive to beauty, and build such an unworthy little structure as our Tokyo church building,* passes my comprehension. Do not misunderstand this either. It is on a street of considerable importance. Some of its ugliness comes from widening the street and taking the yard. I have seldom seen a better lot of people than those I met there, students at the university, girls from our Blackmer Home, and teachers in the public schools, seventy or eighty in all. And I detest churches which seek only the wealthy and powerful. But I do believe we ought to have put a better foot forward when we first stepped out. The quality and caliber of a project in its initial stages often determine its quality throughout its entire career. And my criticism is directed wholly to the money we have spent or failed to spend, and not to the men we have sent out. We are never going to sweep Japan now, but we are going to make a worthy contribution to a common Christian task.

Wherein missionaries of all the Churches have succeeded has been in an indomitable faith in the "way" of Jesus. A few still call it the "blood of Jesus," but the thing that has swung all the work has been the "way" of Jesus both preached and lived. Wherein many missionaries of all the Churches have failed has been in failure to put themselves in the

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*Destroyed in the earthquake of Sept. 1, 1923.

other fellow's place. They have failed in imagination at times where they have been magnificent in self-sacrifice and zeal.

In all the missions now, so far as I can find out, there is less of the evangelistic appeal. There is an approach to the Japanese through social service, or "the deeds of Christ," through education, or "loving with the mind" as well as the heart, and through modern care of the sick, which likewise is pre-eminently Christlike.

One thing Dr. Ayres emphasized over and over again is the fact that the Japanese are comparatively indifferent to theology and especially to sectarian distinctions. "They take our view of things," he added, "when they take any."

Our own educational work is simple but effective. Dr. Ayres lectures at the church Tuesday and Thursday nights at seven, and with the lecture is a discussion and question box. At six o'clock on the same nights there is an English class, Mrs. Ayres teaching it on Tuesday and Mr. Fugito, a Japanese, on Thursday. In addition, Mrs. Ayres has an English conversation class at her home at seven o'clock Wednesday nights and Dr. Ayres gives a religious address at eight. Mr. Stetson has a Bible class Sunday mornings for men at the church and Mrs. Ayres another class for young women of the university at her home.

For our social service work in Tokyo we must turn to the Blackmer Home, full of memories of Catherine Osborn, who was an ideal missionary because she was a sympathetic friend to the Japanese people, both high and low, and full also of the heroic and unselfish spirit of Agnes Hathaway.

The girls sang and played for us, gave us a tableau representing the Emperor and Empress of the Doll Festival of the day before, showed us their well kept rooms and served us dinner.

Here is a home which takes girls out of an environment often unfavorable and brings them up "in the way they should go"—the way of efficiency, idealism and happiness. What Christianity has done for women should make all women strong partisans of Christianity. What Universalists have done for women through the Blackmer Home should make all Universalists partisans of that institution.

Here, too, was the kindergarten, and the little children playing about the yard. It was a large yard and both Japanese and American kindergarten teachers were well trained and effective, and in the background stood Matsu, or Matsu Koyama, or Omatsu San, the Blackmer Home girl whom Massachusetts brought to America for two years work at Smith College and in a Boston Social Settlement. She is ready now to do social work at the Blackmer Home, but the kindergarten building which she must use is old, leaky, dangerous and unattractive.

Quite true, I don't hold to the theory that buildings are the greatest things. The teachers and workers come first. But this building has served its purpose. It is a disgrace. It reflects upon all of us responsible for the institution. It ought to be called in and reduced to kindling wood this year. And that means that the $12,000 or $15,000 for the new Social Service or Kindergarten Building ought to be made available at once. There ought not to be any more waiting on slow paying subscribers to the million dollar drive. Put up the building and send them the bills. Better still, let us all pay up. From a religious, an ethical, a social service and an international standpoint the Blackmer Home is a good piece of business. But we must make it what it ought to be or turn it over to a better crowd than we are.

It was cheery. It was comfortable. It was beautiful. It was useful. But it was pitiably close to the

poverty line. Some one who likes to do the concrete, specific thing involving health and comfort had better ask Miss Hathaway for the privilege of putting new toilets and baths in the main Home building.

In my enthusiasm for education and social service I may have appeared to slight the first business of a Christian mission, which is to make people Christian.

Tasuka Harada once said something like this (I am not quoting his language, only his thought): "The East needs the positive, optimistic view of life taught by Christianity in place of the negative, pessimistic view often taught by various Buddhist and Shinto sects. It needs belief in personal immortality. It needs the exalted personality of Jesus. It needs the idea of God as a personal Father who is able to satisfy the deepest longings of the soul."

Education, social service, Christian hospitals, and the exalted character of the best missionaries pave the way for acceptance of Christianity. "He that doeth the will shall know of the doctrine," and he that doeth the will shall compel by that very doing acceptance of the doctrine.

And there is no question but what the simplest form of Christianity is the adequate, compelling, satisfying form for both East and West.

Here is a practical way for Christian America to help the Christian missions, schools, colleges, settlements and hospitals of Japan, as well as the entire nation, and without sending money over seas: Bring the most promising individual students of Japan to the United States, educate them thoroughly and send them back to teach and help their people. When equipped they may take positions in government schools or even Buddhist schools. It makes no difference. They will leaven the nation. I could personally pick out a hundred in two days who want to

study in the United States and who are fitted for the training. There are literally thousands anxious to come.

Is there no one ready to take such a boy or girl in his home?

Is there no one prepared to send such a boy or girl to Dean or Westbrook or Andover?

Is there not an alumnus of Harvard, Yale, Tufts, Lombard, St. Lawrence or of our other colleges, anxious to see the ideals of those colleges put into a nation which is to-day leading the Orient?

We were sorry and our missionaries were sorry that we were obliged to miss seeing the Rev. Hazel Kirk, sent out by our Sunday School Association, who teaches in a semi-government school at Shizuoka and who is doing effective work with cooking, sewing and kindergarten as avenues of approach, our minister at Shizuoka, Rev. A. Terasawa, a Congregationalist originally and a graduate of Doshisha College, and Rev. N. Nagano, our minister at Nagoya who is doing a work almost exclusively "social service."

To find people to take the places soon to be made vacant by the return of the Ayres family and Miss Hathaway is a serious and important matter about which we must get busy at once. There is no more interesting part of the globe just now than the Far East. Japan is the most important country out here. Christian missions in the modern sense is the most important work in Japan. Somebody of the right brain and heart who will tackle this job is in for some hard work, but also will have what Roosevelt would call a "bully time."

Nara, Japan, March 6, 1923.

XV. DOSHISHA, OR THE ONE ENDEAVOR COMPANY

TO-DAY I have been out to Doshisha University, in Kyoto. Doshisha means the one endeavor company, or a company of the like-minded.

Because I had breakfast early I secured a quiet hour this morning here at the hotel with Danjo Ebina, president of Doshisha, who came to call on Dr. and Mrs. Edwin G. Warner of New York. And because I prefer universities to pottery shops and kimono stores, I have had this inspiring afternoon.

The partitions in the hotel were thin and even a tired voice forced its way through. I have no idea who said it, but these are the words my friend took down: "I've done my last temple. I'm tired of Buddhas. I came to shop and shop I shall." Bless her dear old heart! She shall if she wants to, but, thank God, I don't have to—at least all the time.

Doshisha is the school started by Joseph Hardy Neesima. Neesima is the Japanese boy of the nobility who left his country in 1864 when it meant sure death if he had been caught. The story of his life as told by Dr. Jerome Dean Davis in a little paper-covered volume of 164 pages is thrilling.

Why he wanted to go to America in itself is a marvelous story. How he succeeded in the face of almost sure defeat; how Mr. and Mrs. Alpheus Hardy of Boston put their names high in Japanese history by discovering him and helping him; how he went through Phillips Andover and Amherst College and back to Japan; how with Davis and Learned of the American Board Mission he started Doshisha, is all set down in this little book.

In itself it is argument enough for my growing conviction that the missions had better begin to concentrate on taking promising boys and girls from the foreign field to the United States and educating them for work, theological, educational, medical, and social, in their own countries. Especially is there need just now of kindergartners, nurses, music teachers, and public health workers. And the demand for instruction in English, as I have said before, is almost incredible. It makes one wonder if Japan is to become an English-speaking nation.

This school, which began in 1875 in Mr. Neesima's home with seven boarding pupils and one day pupil, to-day has 130 instructors, 2,000 boys and 1,000 girls. The feeling of Kyoto itself toward the school, which was so bitter in 1875 that even Neesima's highly placed friends in the ministry at Tokyo could hardly secure the necessary permissions, passes and other papers necessary in those days, has changed so that the demand for entrance is far beyond the capacity of the school.

Professor Lombard called my attention to a new science building and said: "It cost $35,000 gold. Every penny was subscribed by Japanese parents of pupils now in school." Even Buddhist families are sending their children to Doshisha. Some girls, day pupils, come from a distance and arise at 4 a. m. every day to get there in time.

Doshisha has an endowment of only $300,000, and a yearly budget of $175,000. Tuition fees amount to $100,000 a year, interest income to $15,000, and $60,000 has "to be raised." The Japanese give a third of this themselves. The board of trustees is Japanese, the American Board wisely having given up long ago any control they had. All they do now is to pay the salaries of two or three teachers.

We met Miss Helen Seymour of the Church of the

Covenant, Washington, D. C., a gifted artist and cultured lady, now serving the university as a volunteer teacher of English, and also painting beautiful things which she sells for the school. I should not mention her name if I did not believe that it is a public service to call attention to the kind of thing she is doing in the world. She could sell her services in the United States, where they are not so much needed, but she prefers to give them where there is enormous need for them. It is the kind of thing Grenfell did in Labrador. It is making life count for a lot. It is a form of service open to other qualified people. And it is the most practical kind of missionary work I know.

"What do you need the most?" I said to the president, as we were walking about the campus. "More and better teachers," he replied instantly, and then I knew he was a real educator.

Just what this institution has meant to Japan I do not know, but I have an idea that it is a power for liberalism in politics and religion as well as in the building of a Christian type of character.

I picked up a comparatively recent book on Ayres' study table in Tokyo. It was by Tasuka Harada, late president of Doshisha University, on "The Faith of Japan." I visited "Plum Blossom" Girls' School in Osaka and I found the principal was graduated at Doshisha. I stepped in a book store and bought a Japanese novel to read on the train. It was "Nami-ko," by Kenjiro Tokutomi, and the introduction said he was educated at Doshisha. And at least one of our Japanese Universalist ministers was prepared for his work at this institution. All of these instances occurred without any attempt to make out a case for the school or my asking a question on this phase of the subject.

Anybody in the United States who knows about

Doshisha knows about Mary Florence Denton of the faculty. From Los Angeles last, from New York first, from Boston as permanent headquarters if she has any such in the States, here is a real person. She came out early enough to have seen Neesima. She has stayed through hard days and bright days. She believes in the institution and its work with every fiber of a strong and tender nature. And she knows the whole story. Such a mother to successive generations of Japanese girls that their children call her grandmother, such a friend to struggling boys that they take hold again when about to give up, such a trusted adviser to philanthropists back home that they give her buildings, such a wise, good, practical, efficient soul—what has America ever given to anybody half as good as such a life?

Talk about the defects and delinquencies of missionaries—unquestionably they exist. Mary Florence Denton would claim her share. But we Christians back in the States will have to hustle ever to do as much or be as happy as this woman. She has taken her share of hardship like a good soldier of Jesus Christ.

I suspect that she is most Orthodox, but praised be God for such Orthodoxy. It is Orthodoxy plus sense. She knows that nothing can be done with the Japanese without understanding their history, studying their religion and gratefully accepting every word of truth and beauty which Shintoism with its thirteen sects and Buddhism with its forty-nine sub-divisions have to give.

She knows that if she goes back to the United States to make a missionary address what the people expect to hear and want to hear is how heathenish the people are in Japan, and yet she will tell them how honest, and upright, and admirable she has found the Japanese, tradesmen and all, to be.

"I lock up nothing and I lose nothing," she de-

clared. She knows that she can serve Christ best just now by securing scholarships at Barnard College, New York, for half a dozen Japanese girls to take the complete Domestic Science course and come home to be teachers, and she is working for it, and also for scholarships at Bryn Mawr and Vassar and Smith and Wellesley and Mt. Holyoke and other high grade colleges.

Blessed be the old New England Congregationalism which raised up this kind of woman.

Professor Learned is still there and we met him at lunch, a venerable and venerated figure. Professor Fox of New Haven, who was at Doshisha with us, renewed an acquaintance with Learned of over forty years ago.

Dr. and Mrs. Warner, who entertained President Ebina many years ago in the States, Professor Fox, Mrs. van Schaick, Mr. Romaine and I all briefly addressed several hundred girls drawn up on the campus to meet us. Professor Fox said that he had been a teacher for over fifty years and never had seen such interest and attention in the class room as at Doshisha.

Two or three sentences from the last report of President Ebina are suggestive:

"Again this year's graduating class is the largest in the history of the institution. Of the university graduates, 220 out of 270 were from the economic department—an indication of the present trend. We regret to report that the condition of the theological department compares poorly with that of former days."

"In the girls' school we are met by the astonishing fact that the number of pupils has suddenly leaped from 389 to 680 . . . prophetic of still greater changes to come."

"Among other things worthy of our gratitude and

consideration may be mentioned the demand for English teachers on the part of outside schools. This year's graduates were immediately snapped up and our utter inability to meet the need emphasizes the necessity of making the training of a large number of English teachers a specialty of our institution. On the other hand the deterioration in English among our students, due, we believe, to the comparatively small number of American teachers, calls for decisive action on our part if we would preserve the good name of the institution."

One of the strongest, ablest men in our party, a successful high school man just retired, a man of winning personality and physical and mental vigor, said to me: "It makes me consider seriously whether I ought not to come out here and give my services to Doshisha as long as I am good for anything. I am inclined to think they might be the most useful years of my life."

Until three years ago, President Ebina, a Japanese himself, was a Congregational minister in Japan. Like all others with whom I talked, he told me that the pressure for higher education in Japan is great. There is compulsory education and fairly adequate provision up to twelve years of age. After that there is intense competition to get in. In Tokyo I found Mr. Ito and all his circle of friends rejoicing because his twelve-year-old boy had won admission to the next grade of school, which fits for the university—one of eighty chosen out of 1,300. Where boys fail, they are subjected to the censure of parents, the ridicule of society, and a reaction from severe strain which often plunges them into deep gloom. Occasionally they go all to pieces and commit suicide.

Fully half of the income of the Japanese nation has gone to the army and navy. Comparatively little has gone for higher education. "But," said

Dr. Ebina, "the tide is changing. The Disarmament Conference at Washington was a fortunate thing for Japan. It strengthens those who stand for the ideals of Doshisha. Some Japanese are not satisfied with that treaty. In the name of patriotism they would increase their own prospects. Unconsciously self-interest moves them. They draw their largest support from military life."

"Real conditions are coming out. Our large army in Siberia was really to increase the power of the military party. The common soldiers have found that out and have made their views understood." "Great changes are coming," President Ebina added. "After Versailles," said President Ebina, "the Japanese were skeptical. They found all the Christian nations grasping. After the Washington Conference, the Japanese came back believing that America did not want war but peace. If we can have one more world conference like Washington, Japan will be a changed nation." Then in a semi-joking way which could not conceal his deep feeling, he remarked: "When we see our older brothers and sisters among the nations united, Japan will follow along with them. Especially we are watching Great Britain and America. We have found out that America is almighty. If we find out that America is for peace, Japan will not be otherwise."

"And finally, Mr. President," I said to him, "what is the coming religion of Japan? Will the old Christianity sweep the country, or will there be a combination of the old religions with Christianity, making a new faith, or will there be a Christianity which recognizes the divinity of modern science?" "Not a combination of religions," he replied, "not a dogmatic Christianity at war with modern scholarship, but the simple Christianity of Jesus which believes that the Holy Spirit will guide us into all truth—that is the future religion for Japan and the whole world."

That seemed to be the spirit of Doshisha in every department. "We are trying to educate good citizens, both men and women," said a professor. "We are trying to put into them the Christian spirit and make them live the Christian life."

All who read these words will agree that just such work as is being done by Doshisha, "a one endeavor company," is the most important thing in the world.

Kyoto, Japan, March 7, 1923.

XVI. AN OVERLAND TRIP IN JAPAN

SOME people take delight in asking travelers what points they have visited and then remarking, "Oh, but you ought to have seen so and so. It was worth all the rest put together." In striking contrast, a Japanese viscount when he heard the itinerary of our overland trip remarked, "You are seeing the best we have to offer in Japan."

It would be ridiculous for us to pretend that we have seen Japan or to claim authority "because we have been there." The oracular among us will do it and the modest will not, and that is all there is to it. Discerning people will be able to tell who knows the most.

I am, however, very happy over our overland trip. Our section left Yokohama, taking train to Odawara and motors up a beautiful gorge to the summit of a mountain pass. We had a day at a mountain resort called Miyanoshita, descended after dark, took sleepers to Nagoya, visited an ancient shogun castle, resumed our journey by rail, traveling for four hours to Nara, had five or six hours in that wonderful old capital of Japan, and made a whirlwind finish with another hour to Kyoto, where we turned into a comfortable hotel "for rest and repairs." It was strenuous. It was hitting only the high spots, but it was fascinating, instructive, stimulating, delightful. Then with a day in Kyoto, a day in Osaka, a short run to Kobe, where we rejoined the ship, Japan overland came to an end. We had two days at the foot of the rugged semi-barren mountains of Kobe and then sailed for Nagasaki, our last stop in the country.

Mountain scenery is mountain scenery whether in Vermont or Japan, and I could write volumes upon it, for I love it intensely. No verse in the Psalms is more beautiful than "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help." I must acknowledge, however, that I have never realized that Japan had such wonderful mountain scenery. About all I had seen concerning it had been Fuji on plates and screens. But there are many worthy companions of Fuji and lofty ranges and noble peaks.

Those who traveled overland all the way by rail, circled around Fuji on a day which was remarkably clear. Those of us who went by Miyanoshita had opportunities to see Fuji we will never forget—whole views, half views, the tip, all of it, under perfect conditions of light and atmosphere.

As we came up Tokyo Bay on arrival we saw Fuji. Every day as we traveled by train from Yokohama to Tokyo we saw Fuji. As I went to church in Tokyo there it was again. From the upper windows of the house where I stayed we looked off at it. And the first part of our overland trip was to the Fuji region, where of course it dominated everything. The Japanese call it "the peerless mountain." Our travelers agreed that its symmetry, the gracefulness of its curve, the way it stands by itself with the other lovely mountains keeping a respectful distance, and the conditions under which we saw it of blue sky, sunshine and snow-covered slopes, in contrast with its dark forests, made it the spectacle of the trip. It goes up from nearly sea level to a height of 12,395 feet. To a height of 1,500 feet the slopes are cultivated, for another 2,500 feet there is grass, dark pine forests for 4,000 feet more, and then lava beds in summer and unbroken snow fields in winter. Probably no mountain in the world has been used as much in the decorative art of the country to which it belongs as

Fuji has been used in the art of Japan. My day in Miyanoshita had much quiet sitting in the warm sunshine, much loafing and inviting my soul, for I had spoken three times the day before.

At Nagoya we found ourselves in a town of 176,000, the center of pottery manufacture and the birthplace of the exquisite enameling called cloisonne. We were mainly concerned in getting warm for the first hour or two. There was unanimous crowding up and backing up to the little fires at the hotel. I had no enthusiasm that morning for even a castle of a shogun, but I would be very sorry to have missed it. Built in 1610, never under fire, walled in, surrounded by a moat, it had a central "keep" which was a remarkable structure. It covered half an acre, but rapidly diminished in each of its five stories until its top room was only twelve yards square. One thousand of the faithful retainers could sleep on the lower floor, 800 on the next, 600 on the third, 400 on the fourth and 200, the guide said, on the fifth, but I would have hated to be one of them. The view over the low gray roofs and over the military parade ground off to the mountains was worth climbing for. And the mural decorations in the lower rooms even got hold of me, untrained in art as I am. They are among the finest in Japan.

I had had given me a little bunch of keys to help me unlock the treasures of Japanese art in a series of brief statements about it. After I learned them, I looked at things with new eyes:

1. "The artist, as a rule, does not depict emotion; he depicts the subjects which produce emotion. He takes his motives from nature rather than from history."

2. "He never exhausts his subject, but leaves a wide margin for the imagination of the spectator." This rule put me on my mettle. It involves of course

doing things which to us at first seem trivial but which are full of significance.

3. "Japanese symmetry, so different from ours, comes from a study of the infinite variety of nature." No two leaves are the same. Nor are the two halves of an animal marked like the tiger exactly the same. Therefore the fourth statement follows.

4. "Repetition without any variations is abhorrent to the Japanese." Hence the repetition of two objects exactly alike or the division of space into two equal parts is avoided. They get symmetry not by dividing into two equal parts, but by balancing corresponding parts, making every division different and the numbers uneven.

But I must not pursue a subject in which I am such a tyro. Enough to add that it is all drudgery if one has no key or no desire to learn. The burden is light if we begin to open our eyes.

Still pulling back on the halter, I was led on to Nara. I soon stopped my resisting. Nara is one of the best things to do in Japan. Once it had a population of a quarter of a million. Now it has 47,000. The days of its glory were twelve hundred years ago. Before 709 A. D. the capital of Japan had been moved at each accession. But at that time Nara was made the first permanent capital of Japan and remained so during seven consecutive reigns. That is the time that the temples and shrines and palaces were built, and the park laid out. What impresses the weary traveler is that the city lies on the slope of a range of picturesque hills beautifully wooded with cryptomeria or Japanese cedar and evergreen oaks. From a fine hotel one looks off at other ranges. "Far views and much sky," said the lady who served me refreshing tea.

The temples and shrines at Nara are striking and artistic. The central feature is the colossal figure of Buddha, fifty-three feet high, the largest in Japan.

It is called Dai Butsu. The casting of this huge figure was accomplished after eight failures by a Korean artist. Twice the temple has burned and the head has been melted off. For over a hundred years it stood exposed to the weather without any temple. Restorations have marred the original perfection of the work. But it is stupendous. It is amazing. It is worth traveling to see. It isn't Buddha, but it is Buddhism. As I looked at it, I felt that I wanted to learn more about Buddha the man, who lived almost six hundred years before Christ, who is known by all historians to have been a singularly pure and noble character, and who has exerted such a tremendous influence on history. A deep-toned bell made of the metal left over after casting the figure of Buddha added solemnity to the hour we spent there.

One of the most interesting things about Nara is that here the deer is a sacred animal. They are protected by law. They have never known a blow or kick or unkind word even, and they are all over the place. We had to push them out of our way wherever we went. And at one point when we had all assembled, a keeper blew a bugle and 700 of them at once came running to be fed. Blessed be the little girl from New Jersey who gave me rice cakes to feed them. Fill your pockets when you to go Nara or have change ready for the hucksters, who sell food for the deer as they sell peanuts for the squirrels in Washington and grain for the pigeons in Boston. In the old days even a priest who killed a deer in Nara by accident was put to death with horrible torture.

Up in the woods near the edifice called the Kasuga-No-Miya, part of the Shinto shrine, we passed the stable of the sacred white horse, who stuck out his head and whinnied at us. He at least has no illusions. "Soft job here," he remarked to me. "One parade a year through the streets. Nothing but

tourists and peddlers and priests and those greedy deer the rest of the time. I'd like to cut and run." I felt sorry for the sacred horse, for, like everybody doomed to a soft job, he has a hard time.

The lanterns in this park are unusually striking and beautiful.

Before we left the Nara Hotel two plays were rendered, including what is called a Kyogen and a No Dance, most interesting and well understood, as we had the stories in English.

It was restful to get to Kyoto and to find a room with an open fire. Local color is all right and I admire the heroes in our party who went off to sleep on the floor now and then, but my final beatitude is "Blessed be beds," especially after a weary day.

If I could go back to but one city in Japan for a year of study I would take Kyoto—not simply because of its attractive situation but because for eleven centuries it was the capital, the imperial, artistic, intellectual and political metropolis of Japan. Ancient traditions, memorials of Japanese history, wonderful temples and shrines and palaces, are cherished here side by side with plants representative of modern commercial and manufacturing energy. We went to a shogun palace, bought our kimonos and then went to Doshisha, about which I have written already.

We had slowed up considerably by the time we got to Osaka, the largest commercial city of Japan, with 1,250,000 people in 1920, and the old castle of Hideyoshi, the old sixteenth century shogun whose name is flung at one everywhere. We saw the castle, saw the main streets, and then went out to another school of the American Board for girls called the "Plum Blossom" school, forty-five years old, forty teachers, 800 girls getting an education. One realized here especially the pressure on such institutions. Six hundred are applying for the high school department

in April. They can take only 280. I had no chance to study this school as I did some others, but I was impressed with the nobility of its spirit and the need it is filling.

The big comfortable ship seemed like home when we rolled into Kobe, and we slept deep and long that night.

Unquestionably travel involves labor, pain and sacrifice, with many keen pleasures. But it enlarges the horizon. It lifts us out of our provincialism. It stimulates study. It brings us dear friends. It fills us with memories of places, people, incidents, which are bound to enrich our lives for all time.

In the East China Sea, March 12, 1923.

XVII. THE EVOLUTION OF A MISSIONARY

THIS is the story of how a young man went out to Japan as an apostle of Christianity, began by attacking the Japanese, their manners, customs and religion, and ended by loving and trusting them, giving his best and accepting their best and becoming their honored friend.

"The Evolution of a Missionary" is the story of the life of John Hyde De Forest, for thirty-seven years a missionary of the American Board in Japan, as told by his daughter, Charlotte B. De Forest, president of the Kobe College for Girls. I was lucky enough to get in Kobe one of the few remaining copies of this biography, which was published by Revell in 1914, three years after De Forest's death.

Some of the principles illustrated by his life are so interesting and of such far-reaching importance for everybody that I must include a brief statement of them in this series.

In the last few years of his life, while walking with his daughter over the hills, he intimated that the time had come to set down "the mature conclusions of his missionary experience," and he said that the environment of the mission field "had opened his eyes to God's working in all the world," and had been the means of development for him far more than if he had stayed in a pastorate in America.

He did not get time to do the work, but his daughter has done it, with remarkable frankness and honesty as well as with filial love, in this interesting book.

De Forest was a Connecticut boy, born Hyde and taking the name of De Forest in order to comply with the terms of the De Forest fellowship at Yale,

which had been offered him. He was a country teacher, a student at Andover, a soldier in the Civil War, a Yale man in both college and Divinity School, and a Congregational clergyman.

The death of his wife, a revival in his parish, and a growing religious conviction sent him to the mission field in Japan. This was in 1874, when conditions were much more primitive and sentiment against Christians much more hostile than to-day.

In the usual labors of language study, teaching and preaching in Japan, writing books for mission classes in America, making missionary tours in America to arouse interest in the work, he passed his life. But he was an unusually strong, intelligent type of man. In time of fire, flood or famine, he threw himself with marked ability into relief work in the country he was trying to convert.

Back home, four years before he died, he made a great campaign "for American friendship with Japan." The Mikado decorated him with the "Fourth Order of the Rising Sun," ostensibly because of his services to soldiers in the Russo-Japanese War and for his labor in the famine of 1906, but really, every one believed, because of what he did to promote understanding of Japan in the United States.

Never having seen him or heard him, I realize that I am of no value as a witness to testify to those subtle things of personality and character which more than anything else make the man. And I should not take time on this great journey to read or write about De Forest if I did not have before me the original documents which his daughter wisely has incorporated in his biography—letters, journals and sermon extracts which are most illuminating.

In his earlier years he attacked the Japanese religions without any mercy. He took such subjects as "The Evils of Worshiping Dried Wood," "Medi-

cine for Thieves," "The Funeral of the Seven Gods of Good Luck." He had many fierce debates with Buddhist priests.

Years later he wrote in his journal in Tokyo: "Mrs. De Forest and I went to hear Mr. Ebina (a native Japanese preacher). What a fine audience of six hundred, mainly university professors and students! And what a splendid unfolding of the text, 'I am,' making the deepest Buddhist truth of the 'Great Self' and the 'Minor Self' fairly shine with the Christian light of personality in God, the God of Love. Oh, if we missionaries knew this royal road of fulfilling rather than destroying, we should have ten times the power we now have. It makes me feel how small I was twenty-five years ago when I wrote that tract 'The Evils of Worshiping Dried Wood.' "

Previous to this time he had told his son-in-law, just entering the missionary field, that he had come to realize that the critical attitude of his early years was wrong, that he could not win people in that way to a Master who came "not to criticise the world but to save it," that the only way to get people was by sympathy, and that this point of view could be cultivated. "Evil was evil, but it need not be dwelt on to the exclusion of those good qualities that must be discoverable still in man made in the image of God." "He would seek for good in the Japanese character, find it, dwell on it in his own thought and in conversation with others, and use it as a seed from which to develop greater good. Not that he had not already loved the Japanese, but it had not been the love of insight and understanding."

And later he added this striking testimony to one of the profound laws of life, "that his new attitude and new practise had deepened and quickened his insight." He saw more because he trusted more.

I am not citing these things simply for future

missionaries or ministers at home, but for hard-headed business men, lawyers, doctors, teachers, and in fact everybody.

During a period of anti-foreign reaction he once wrote to his Board at home and told this story: "The great Japanese general Hideyoshi was once cautioned not to trust a certain person who was suspected of being an enemy. Hideyoshi therefore took the first opportunity of handing his own sword over to this suspected person and asking him to hold it for a little while, thus putting his life absolutely in the hands of the suspected man. Hideyoshi was a brick; he knew men. By his very trusting them, he saved them to truest friendship. Japanese, while they make mistakes, are to be trusted as friends trust friends."

Speaking of some Japanese Christian ministers under suspicion of heresy, he wrote: "I believe these men are loyal to Christ even if they absolutely refuse to accept the doctrine of the divinity of Christ as we have shaped it. And I don't want our mission even to seem to prefer a straight 'Lord, Lord,' to the doing of His will."

He wrote vigorously against the tendency to attribute to the whole nation the faults of some classes or some individuals, and urged avoiding sweeping generalizations about bad Japanese characteristics. He pointed out that we ought "to distinguish between human weaknesses which are common everywhere and those which seem emphasized locally." More timely words could not be imagined—both for all of us on this cruise and for people back home.

His fine sense of humor came out when the question arose about the views of some candidates for the mission field on the subject of future probation. He regretted that earnest men might be prevented from

joining the field forces "owing to the unfounded assertions of prominent men, that it is necessary to a true missionary spirit that missionaries should have positive views as to the condition of dead men. If any one finds a powerful motive to missionary work in the condition of living men, he ought not to be pushed too hard on the state of the dead."

Among the best tributes that I have seen paid to the great religions of the East are those of this Christian missionary. They are of keen interest to us just now, visiting as we are these ancient shrines and temples and seeing the worshipers.

"I should like to impress upon your minds," he told an American audience, "that so-called ancestor worship (Shintoism) is one of the moral forces that has built up these strong family lines. Missionaries of the nineteenth century, as a rule, were thoroughly opposed to ancestor worship as a violation of God's commandments, and as the greatest obstacle to the acceptance of Christianity. But a great change is taking place in our thoughts about it. We see that worship does not always have the high meaning we give it in the Christian religion. We have hero worship and it is one of the best forces that build up character and patriotism. Moreover, we tend to a kind of worship of all whom we love. For myself I have long believed that ancestor worship is one of the best of preparations for the worship of the one great Ancestor of all men, and one of the strongest moral bonds in the life and progress of non-Christian peoples."

He then went on to declare that when he began he "was ignorant of Buddhism and the life of its great founder, of Confucianism and the mighty moral work it has done through long millenniums in the most populous empire on earth. I had to study and learn with open mind all the good I could discover in those systems; and this is one of the greatest bless-

ings my life in the East has brought me. I had to see what my own Bible has always taught, but what I had failed to discover, the universality of the Light that lighteth every man coming into the world, east or west, and the universality of the Fatherhood of God. Just in proportion as I saw those greatest of blessed doctrines, I rejoiced to find lofty moral and spiritual truths in these religions; for then I began to know that God has always been there, lighting them as He does us, but giving them a different moral and religious education that in the fulness of time He might use us who have learned His name of Father to carry the glad news to His children of the East, and thus make us co-laborers with Him in binding into one blessed brotherhood the great East and the great West."

Such clear statement of the deepest convictions which more and more are binding modern Christians together, such testimony from one who lived thirty-seven years in Japan, is instructive and inspiring to many of us making our first pilgrimage.

In my humble opinion there is an evolution of all the work of the mission field as well as in the life of this missionary. That is one of the most cheering things with which we meet.

At Kobe where I got hold of the life of De Forest, we rejoined the ship after our overland trip—Kobe a port of six or seven hundred thousand people, on the inland sea of Japan at the foot of the rugged Rokko Mountains.

I have but little time or space to use for Kobe. As always what we got there depended largely on what we took there. The people who are up on all kinds of wares and garments saw interesting shops. The people who are making a study of temples and shrines went off apparently with the same zest they had the day they landed. Business men looked up

business men. Preachers hunted up preachers. Men of the world, good livers, looked up the high grade restaurants and the interesting dances. Disciples of Charles Dickens prowled through the little streets and haunted the markets to see the children of men go by.

We visited the Kobe Boys' College, run by the Southern Methodists in conjunction with the Canadians, of which a Canadian, C. J. L. Bates, is the president. They have a far better plant than most of these institutions, one thousand boy students, and a president with a magnetic, winning personality.

The American Board (Congregational) is back of the Kobe College for Girls. Forty-eight years old, with 800 pupils, situated, like the Kobe College for Boys, high up overlooking the lovely harbor, it made a deep impression on us.

The college motto literally translated from the Japanese is:

"Thou, exhausting thy heart,
"Thou, exhausting thy mind,
"Thou, exhausting thy soul,
"The Lord thy God shalt love,
"Like unto thyself thy neighbor shalt love."

This is the school to which Dr. De Forest's daughter, a Smith College graduate, has dedicated her life.

I wish I could put into words my admiration of the work of these Kobe colleges and my sense of the obligation under which they are placing all of us who want peace and progress.

The Japanese alumnae of the Kobe College for Girls have bought several acres of land a little out of town to which the college department is to be moved when buildings can be secured. The city site is overcrowded. When the land was taken over exercises were held in a public building near by, the students gave a play, "From the Age of the Gods," and

Miss De Forest said this to the large native audience: "This college exists because a group of women in America have formed themselves into a Christian Missionary Society. They are very happy to have received the message of Christ from their ancestors; and they believe that this message was not meant to be limited to any one country but is for all the world—that Christianity is a universal religion and that it is their responsibility and *privilege* to share it."

The privilege of doing this kind of work, the happiness of service in Japan, the beauty of the surroundings, the promise in the intelligent faces of growing boys and girls—all these ideas sink deep in us as we sail away from Kobe.

XVIII. THE DRAMA OF NAGASAKI

NOTHING to see in Nagasaki," we were told, "hardly worth going ashore," "it doesn't matter even if we do lose a day there." But Nagasaki has been one of the loveliest harbors we have been in, the little run ashore and through the town in rickishas was interesting, and the afternoon on deck watching the coaling, basking in the warm sun, looking off on the mountains and catching up with ourselves, has been one of the best things we have done.

In the night we reached here from Kobe and made our way up a three mile inlet shut in by mountains, into a harbor which affords an ideal anchorage and many beautiful views. Of course "the mountains don't compare with the Sierra Nevadas," as one lady said this afternoon, but they are set in here in curving ranges and well defined peaks which make the approach to the harbor most impressive. In some of the mountains eight or ten miles from Nagasaki are coal mines, and the port has long been a favorite place for coaling and as a shelter for war ships.

The town itself has about 200,000 people. On one side of the harbor are shipyards, iron works, cotton mills, tortoise-shell works and other industries. On the other side, to the east, lies the picturesque old city with its little shops, its government buildings and its roads and stairs leading up to tombs and temples without number. Colleges, schools and mission compounds of both Catholic and Protestant churches may be found, and a large sign at the boat landing tells what they are and with whom they are affiliated.

The imports into Nagasaki in years past have

frequently run up to ten or twelve million dollars annually, and the exports, although less, have been important.

The coaling here has been described by many writers. It is done in the old-fashioned way. Thirty or forty coal barges crowd up to the bunker ports, long lines of men and women shovel the coal into half-bushel baskets weighing forty pounds each, and these are sent along a human line with incredible speed. The men do the shoveling and dumping; the women do most of the passing. I counted the work of different lines repeatedly and the baskets came into the bunkers at a rate of from thirty-seven to forty-six a minute. Huge lumps came along the line just as fast without baskets. The coaling gave us one more picturesque illustration of the toil, the endurance, the speed, and the cheerfulness of the Japanese people.

The barges, the sampans, the little launches, and the other harbor craft crowding about our gigantic steamer or making their way over the beautiful harbor, the cheerful farewells waved by the humble toilers who had made it possible for us to go on our way, the sail down the harbor just after sunset—all combined to send us away from Japan with a happy feeling.

The orchestra played Madame Butterfly at dinner and we thought about the pathetic story, the scene of which is laid here. Unhappily such things happen in all parts of the world.

For sheer tragedy, however, I doubt if any other section of the Far East has had more of it than happened in the drama played out here 300 to 380 years ago, with the Jesuits, the Dominicans, the Franciscans, the Japanese Emperor and Shoguns, the Portuguese, Spanish and Dutch traders and the common people of this section as the actors. I could fill pages with what I have read about it, but I hardly know enough to tell it briefly.

How Japan for seven centuries before Europeans discovered her was nothing at all of a recluse nation but in constant touch with Asia; how Portuguese were blown ashore there in 1542 and the Japanese, always hospitable and inquisitive, welcomed them; how trade began; how a feudal chieftain of Japan at the instigation of the traders invited Francis Xavier to come, "as all Japanese were entirely without bigotry;" how this devoted Catholic missionary landed in 1549; how the Buddhists welcomed him, but how he denounced the Buddhists; how trade with the Portuguese was built up and how Xaxier made 760 converts in twenty-seven months; how a part of the religious interest was due to the desire of rival Japanese chiefs to share in the rich trade of the westerners; how other Jesuits after him had even greater success than Xavier; how a feudal sub-chief was converted and began a campaign of violence, throwing down idols and destroying temples; how various other chiefs embraced Christianity and ordered their people to do so, and how 200,000 converts were made in thirty-two years, nearly all on the island of Kiushiu which we have just left; how those wonderful Jesuit missionaries, "whose courage, zeal and devotion are beyond all eulogy," toiled on resolutely, even recklessly; how the Jesuits began to disobey the laws of Japan when these laws conflicted with Divine Law as they conceived it; how Hideyoshi, the Great Shogun, began to get afraid of them; how the Spanish in Manila, jealous of the success of the Portuguese in Japan, sent Dominicans and Franciscans to wrest some of the religious honors away from the Jesuits and some of the trade away from Portugal, and how the drama moved quickly into one of the worst tragedies in Christian history—is all set down in the record I have with me in the Britannica.

The explosion came from the wreck of a Spanish

vessel on the coast of Japan and from some stupid boasting and threatening on the part of the pilot. A brick laden vessel, the San Felipe, bound from Manila to Acapulco, Mexico, went ashore. The officers of Hideyoshi, the shogun, urged him to confiscate her, giving him at the same time a detailed account of the doings of the Franciscans in the country and their disobedience of his orders. Hideyoshi was enraged and sent officers to arrest the Franciscans and to confiscate the San Filipe.

The pilot tried to intimidate the officers by showing them a map of the world and the extent of Spain's dominions. The Japanese asked him how one country ever got such power. This was his answer: "Our kings begin by sending into the countries they wish to conquer missionaries who induce the people to embrace our religion, and when they have made considerable progress, troops are sent who combine with the new Christians and then our kings have not much trouble accomplishing the rest."

When this speech was carried back to Hideyoshi he was, of course, furious. He ordered the noses and ears to be cut from the faces of the Franciscans, that they be paraded through the streets of Kiota and Osaka, and that they be crucified at Nagasaki. Twenty-six were executed together, six Franciscans, three Japanese Jesuits and seventeen native Christians all meeting their fate, as the record says, "with noble fortitude." Then he ordered all other priests out of the country. They sailed only out of sight of land, secretly made their way back and soon were at work openly.

Hideyoshi died, and the first great Tokugawa shogun, whose tomb we visited at Nikko, took his place. At first he seemed willing to get along with the Christians as best he could, but the story was revived that they were conspiring a revolution. Again in 1614

came a terrible edict against the Christians—just after the English had landed in Virginia, just when the Dutch were coming to Manhattan, just when our Pilgrim fathers were thinking about a new world. Still the Christians held on until Tokugawa shogun died. Then there was a civil rebellion, mainly of native Christians. It was put down and the edict of 1638 was promulgated, forbidding not only the priests, but even the Portuguese vessels of commerce.

Unwilling to give up their lucrative trade, the Portuguese, who had a settlement at Macao, near Canton, in China, sent an embassy to Nagasaki in 1640, of four of the oldest residents of their town, with many attendants and rich presents. They carried a petition saying that for a long time they had not been responsible for missionaries entering Japan, that they had not been concerned in the recent rebellion and that loss of trade would hurt Japan as well as Portugal.

The Japanese answer was short and stern. The government at Yeddo ordered the execution of the envoys. They could not flee because rudder and sails, guns and ammunition, had been taken from their ship and they themselves had been put under guard. Offered their lives if they would give up their religion, they refused. The aged envoys and fifty-seven comrades were beheaded. Thirteen were saved to take the news back to Macao. They were led to the governor and given this message:

"Do not fail to inform the inhabitants of Macao that the Japanese wish to receive from them neither gold nor silver nor any kind of presents or merchandise, in a word, absolutely nothing which comes from them. Ye are witnesses that I have caused even the clothes of those who were executed yesterday to be burned. Let them do the same with respect to us, if they find occasion to do so; we consent to it without

difficulty. Let them think no more of us, just as if we were no longer in the world."

Then the thirteen were taken up to "the martyrs mount" where a tablet had been set up above the heads of the victims telling of the embassy and closing with these terrible words:

"So long as the sun warms the earth let no Christians be so bold as to come to Japan, and let all know that if King Philip himself or the very God of the Christians or the great Shaka contravene this prohibition they shall pay for it with their heads."

Probably in all 280,000 Christians were executed in Japan between 1600 and 1640.

And the result of all these acts was that Japan was shut up for two hundred years, from the middle of the seventeenth to the middle of the nineteenth century. Only the Dutch were allowed to trade and they were held down by rigid conditions and limited to the port of Nagasaki.

As we looked off at the rugged mountains terraced with fruitful gardens wherever there was a chance, as we mingled with this kind and courteous people, it was difficult to realize that we were looking at such dark and bloody ground—where such a mighty contest had taken place and where such martyrs lie buried.

If we feel horror at the deeds of these men of the yellow race, we must remember the provocation. If we feel vastly superior, we must turn to the story of Europe as it was in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, with its wars, its inquisitions, its proscriptions and executions, and the bloody acts of Christians against Christians. We can't throw many stones.

We can all rejoice that the Japanese period of isolation ended about the middle of the nineteenth century. Russians, British, French and, especially the Dutch, all together brought it about, and Perry in 1853 clinched it.

On this island of Kiushu, which we are just leaving to-night, the southernmost of the main islands of Japan, is a colony of Japanese artists and writers called "The New Village," something like our Brook Farm of a century ago. It was organized by a young nobleman, Mushakoji, as a protest against immoral naturalism on one side and "warlike and capitalistic imperialism" on the other side. Nobody but an author or artist of ability can join. Every member must work seven hours a day in the work shops or in the fields of the community. The holidays observed are the birthdays of Jesus, Buddha, Tolstoi, and the sculptor Rodin.

The writings of Mushakoji, mostly dramas, are full of hatred for war. Arishima, the celebrated novelist, who is there, preaches sacrifice for society, and not long ago gave his estate to the peasants who had created its value.

I cite this experience not because I want society organized in that way, but because it is an illustration of the bubbling, seething, changing Japan we are leaving rapidly behind. In our study of history we have often looked back with longing eyes to the period of "the renaissance." Well, we have seen a country in the midst of a renaissance and it is a moving spectacle.

Off Kiushu, the night of March 12, 1923.

XIX. A UNANIMOUS VERDICT FOR HONG KONG

ON the fifteenth of March, 1923, my journal said: "Darkness slowly coming down over the East China Sea, the cold and the rough weather of two days ago gone, a lighthouse flashing up far ahead, islands off on our starboard bow, the big ship hurrying for the port of Hong Kong. Over to the westward just beyond the sky line is China. It hardly seems possible that we are off the coast of that mystery which looms so big in the councils of nations and means so much for the weal or woe of mankind."

On the sixteenth of March the faithful journal caught this note: "To-night there is spread out before us one of the most beautiful night views I have ever had. We are in the harbor of Hong Kong, tied up on the Kowloon side, and we can sit comfortably in steamer chairs or walk around the deck and get the view of Hong Kong, all lighted up, stretched along her waterfront and up the side of her mountain ridge. It is a vision of loveliness. Even a master of words, which I am not, must feel humble as he tries to tell his friends what it looks like.

"There are lights—up high, down low and all along between—thousands of them, decorating a mountain ridge, and reflected in the waters of the harbor. Off to the right the lights disappear around a curve of the island. Off to the left, they extend in a broad band for three or four miles, and then along the waterfront for miles further.

"In the center low down are the blazing fronts and tops of huge department stores. There has been

nothing of night illumination approaching it since we left New York, and even the towering buildings of Manhattan, all lighted up, have to take second place for night beauty to the lights of Hong Kong.

"To all this which comes to us through the eye we must add what comes through the ear—the night cries, the weird voices of boatmen in the dark, the sounds from junk or sampan slipping by, the chug-chug of motors, the softened sounds of the city, the nearby voices on our own dock."

Now, three days later, we have just left it all. At eight o'clock we backed out and went through the slow process of turning in mid stream, and then started out of the harbor. About 8.30 p. m. we stopped and then learned that the last party to visit Canton that day had left two people behind. These belated passengers had taken the next train, got in about 8.20, and were met by a Clark man with a fast tug, which rushed them out to the waiting steamer. The delay gave us just a little longer view of a scene we were reluctant to leave, for this "outfit" gives a unanimous verdict in favor of Hong Kong.

Back in the good old days when Louis Brownlow, Oliver Newman and Col. C. W. Kutz were commissioners of the District of Columbia, we had a lunch club which talked over the affairs of the universe. I have often thought of the day that we discussed the great cities of the world and Brownlow said that he would put the cities in which he would like to live in this order: Washington, London and Hong Kong. I have forgotten the fourth, but I have always wondered why he said Hong Kong. Now I know. I will put it on my list also. But I must add, "It is magnificent but it is not Chinese." It is British. There is the Chinese foundation. There is picturesque Chinese life everywhere. The Chinese make up over 300,000 of the 320,000 people. But the government is British.

British capital is back of the commerce. British engineering skill has laid out the wonderful roads. Still, Chinese labor of both men and women has executed the task. One of the interesting things was to see hardy women breaking stone on the roads.

Our section of the party had Thursday afternoon and evening in Hong Kong, Friday and Saturday on a river boat to Canton and in Canton, and Sunday again in Hong Kong. To that must be added for everybody the coming in and the going out of the harbor. We are getting more remarkable views and experiences with picturesque harbors on this one trip than most men accumulate in their whole lives.

Hong Kong of course is not a city but an irregular shaped island of twenty-nine and one-half square miles. The city is, strictly speaking, "Victoria," but no one says Victoria. It is always Hong Kong, the reverse of the situation in the capital of our country, where practically no one says "District of Columbia" but every one says "Washington."

Hong Kong was ceded to Great Britain in 1841; Kowloon Peninsula with about five square miles was added in 1881, and over three hundred square miles additional back of Kowloon was leased in 1898.

All of us in this party, with slight additions and omissions as the case may be, were taken ashore to eat at the Hong Kong hotel, given a chance to go to the banks and shops, transported in motors over the twenty-two mile road around the island, stopping for tea at Repulse Bay, and carried to the Peak, 1,825 feet above the town, going one way by motor and the other by funicular railway. One man went to church I hear, "and stayed half way through." His case was exceptional.

The scenery on the island of Hong Kong is wild and rugged. One friend called Repulse Bay "Villefranche." Another named a point farther on "Sor-

rento." A third said that the whole thing made her think of a combination of Gibraltar, the Riviera and the high part of the coast of Italy.

When you get British brains and executive control, British law and order, the English language understood almost everywhere, with ideal Chinese service and servants, picturesque Chinese life all about on the water, on the streets, in the shops and amusement places—it is easy to see why tourists like it. They were well taken care of, well fed, quickly transported, and had no end of interesting things to see and do.

There are three levels of the city proper: The first is the praya or esplanade, from fifty to two hundred feet wide along the water, given to shipping. A second stratum is a few minutes climb up the side hill, where there are the government house, public buildings, villas and gardens both public and private. Solidly built roads bordered by bamboos and other tropical plants take one along this level and curve up and down. The third level is the "Peak." Here on many "peaks" and along the higher levels of the mountains are the summer villas where the well-to-do people go to escape the heat of summer. From many of these one can look out to sea in various directions, off at other rugged islands, down into charming little bays and almost straight down upon the city itself. The Chinese sections of the city are at either end of the esplanade, totally different of course from the other parts of the city, full of color and full of Chinese of all ages and conditions, closely packed together.

After Canton particularly one felt very safe in Hong Kong, with British and American war ships in the harbor, with tall picturesque Indian traffic officers at every street corner, with friendly British Tommies strolling about everywhere ready to give a bit of information or to talk about home.

I can not give tonnage figures, but the commerce is said to be second only to that of London and more than that of New York. With a new railroad eighty miles to Canton, with railway connections from there to Singapore, Calcutta, Mandalay, and Bankok by way of Yunnan, with the Pearl River navigable to Canton and 300 miles beyond, there are no limits to the commercial future of Hong Kong. And here is a banking corporation, the "Hong Kong and Shanghai Banking Corporation," which is financing mines, railroads and industries all over China, and whose bank notes are all the money you need either in Hong Kong or in the interior.

As John Stuart Thompson says in his book "The Chinese," "The name most prominent with the Chinese in the history of this bank is Sir Thomas Jackson, a tall Irishman whose motto writ large was: 'Never break your word with a Chinese for he will never break his with you.' "

In the streets of Hong Kong there are from twenty to thirty thousand laborers who have nowhere to sleep, but who curl up in corners or wrap themselves in mats and lie on the pavement. "All they want," said a British police officer, "is thirty cents a day to get their chow, a glass of cheap spirits stronger than whiskey and their pipe of opium, or opium refuse which these men smoke."

Along the water front of Hong Kong fifty thousand Chinese live in their boats. At Canton two hundred thousand live in the same way. They are born, grow up, marry, raise children and die on the boats.

It is an adventure to work through the sampan fleet to the shore even on a river steamer. As one looked at the lines of boats, packed in on each side of the river like barges in a canal basin at home, one could understand the terrible destruction of

property and loss of life from a typhoon or tidal wave.*

We saw in the ferry houses bulletin boards for typhoon warnings. Word is quickly passed. The boat city flees before the approaching storm. Quoting Thompson again: "Sails are hoisted, sculls and oars put to work, and a dozen times a year a vast armada sweeps like the scuds of clouds along the harbor to another place of safety beneath a great mountain peak."

In the great typhoon of 1906, ten thousand people lost their lives at Hong Kong. In the famous typhoon of 1874, fifty thousand were drowned at Macao, Hong Kong, Canton, and up the Canton and West Rivers.

Apparently nobody gives up living on boats because of typhoons, although they do accept gratefully

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*On Aug. 18, 1923, a typhoon and tidal wave did enormous damage in Korea, at Hong Kong and Macao. Not only junks and sampans, but good-sized steamers were sunk. Chinese tenements in Hong Kong and Kowloon collapsed. Practically every house on the "Peak" was damaged and the Peak Hotel was wrecked. Many hundred lives were lost. Said the Associated Press: "Steamers which according to custom when typhoon warnings are issued sought shelter in Kowloon Bay broke their moorings and were driven helplessly across the harbor over two miles. The Japanese Steamer Ginyo Maru provided the stage for a wonderful deed of life saving when a British merchant marine sailor named Twitegers boarded her and then was lowered from her bow with lifeline attached and swam through the raging sea 500 feet and saved Lieutenant Wickson, commanding the British submarine L9, whose vessel had sunk under him. Fortunately no others of the crew were aboard the submarine. Hundreds ashore and aboard the gunboat Bluebell witnessed the gallant deed and rousingly cheered the hero. Although the typhoon was more severe, the damage to shipping and the loss of life is not comparable to the disaster of September, 1906, thanks to the more efficient warning service, making it possible to trace the movement of the typhoon for a week ahead.

the two or three hours warning which modern science generally makes possible.

The flower boats are where the girls live who sell themselves. As everywhere else in the world, the trade is adorned with flowers and perfumes for the wealthy and revealed in more of its sordidness and ugliness where Chinese sailors and coolies go. "He runs after leprosy who seeks a public woman" is an old Chinese proverb. One of my friends, a physician, who dined where the Sing Song girls were in attendance, said that the only feeling which came to him was of deep pity "for the poor beautiful little things" who study so long and hard to learn to sing and play just to adorn such feasts.

Hong Kong is beautiful at night, but it is just as beautiful by day. Then one sees the mountains, towering above the harbor, all the harbor life, all the variety of human nature and all the color in the streets.

To my friend, the Hon. Thomas C. Munger of Nebraska, Judge of the United States Circuit Court, with whom I "did" Canton, I am indebted for this bit of description of the "color" of Hong Kong as Thompson saw it: "Native youths in long gowns of blue, buff and purple, Chinese women in tunics and trousers of yellow, red, black and gold, Hindu women in the flimsiest pink silk from the bazars of Calcutta and the downiest shawls from Cabul, make a joyous scene on the wide praya and hillside roads of the oddest tilted-up colony in the world. Occasionally a Eurasian, stouter than either European or Chinese, with hair hanging loose, passes, to the unheeded shame of the foreigner."

An even better description of the Chinese in the streets of Hong Kong as we saw them I quote from "The Journal of My Wife:" "A crowd of human beings in straight long garments, over trousers, the women in shorter coats and black satin trousers, black

hair slicked back tight, knotted low, with earrings, mostly jade. I saw only a few older women with bound feet. The coolies were mostly barefoot—hundreds of them carrying people in sedan chairs, a few rickishas, but not as many as in Japan."

Among the governors of Hong Kong in years past was Sir John Bowring, the celebrated linguist, economist and writer. In Hong Kong he wrote two famous Christian hymns: "In the Cross of Christ I Glory" and "Watchman Tell Us of the Night."

A few miles away, over the water at the old Portuguese settlement of Macao, Camoens, the Homer of Portugal, wrote his epic, "The Lusiad." There is a beautiful memorial to him erected in the hills near by.

Christ Episcopal Cathedral and the Catholic Cathedral, 1,200 feet above the water, seem to dominate the town. Over the entrance to the nave of the Catholic Cathedral there is a beautiful stone canopy. All of this stone carving, we were told, was done by Christian Chinese.

I have not gone into the subject of how England got Hong Kong, or the question as to whether she ought to have given it back to China when the Japanese gave back Shantung. Those things are no longer issues. She is in Hong Kong and her presence there has been full of blessing for China and for the world.

Out of seeming evil God still educeth good.

Sunday, March 18, 1923.

XX. THE LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF CANTON

THE title which I have taken for this chapter of our story is not my own. It is the title of a book which has not been written, but which George E. Lerrigo, secretary for South China of the International Committee of the Y. M. C. A., would like to write. It is unfortunate that the men who are most fitted to tell a story so often do not have the time to do it.

That is the case with Lerrigo. He was for many years a Y. M. C. A. secretary in Topeka, Kansas, but for thirteen years has been in China, adviser of the Canton Y. M. C. A. which is run largely by the Chinese themselves, and a kind of general Y. M. C. A. missionary for a vast area.

He is full of this book. It pops out with every man he meets. What we have been seeing for a few hours he has been seeing and grappling with for years. Instead of being the amazed or nauseated or heartsick person that half of our company is to-day, he is the most hopeful man for Canton and for China that you can imagine. Let me tell you what we have done and perhaps explain a little why some of our folks could neither eat, nor sleep, nor shop in Canton nor plan any intelligent thing except how best to get away at once.

First of all we must remember that these islands, of which Hong Kong is one, were once called the Ladrones or robbers' islands, and the evil name sticks to many of them still. Just as China to-day is the abode of bandits of all degrees of military respectability, the coast is the haunt of pirates.

Several things made us talk pirates on our river

trip. The Hong Kong morning paper was full of the story of the sacking of the "Wing Ping," a small cargo steamer running between Hong Kong and Canton. Near Whampoa, a place we passed on the river, at 8.30 Tuesday morning, her propellor fouled a cable laid between two boats full of pirates. Trying vainly to extricate herself, the steamer broke her shaft. The pirates then fired two volleys into her to warn the crew that resistance was useless, and wounded several men. From 8.30 a. m. until 5 p. m. the pirates calmly unloaded the vessel, took 2000 bags of rice, several hundred dollars cash, everything of value owned by the crew, in all a loot of the value of $20,000. No help came to the unfortunate steamboat either from the shore or from passing craft.

With their minds on this story of the pirates our passengers noticed that the river boat they were on was guarded by a strong force of the native Indian police, tall bearded men in picturesque turbans and armed with rifles. Chinese passengers were separated from European by strong iron bars, and a similar barricade separated part of the guard forward from us. The iron door of the pilot house in addition had small openings for rifle barrels which could command the deck. Soon the captain was telling how one of these river boats between Macao and Canton, a few months ago, was rushed by pirates who came on disguised as passengers, killed two of the Indian guard, wounded several passengers and robbed everybody.

Later we found that armed guards had gone on the trains by which some of our party traveled to Canton and that a short time ago a thousand bandits tried to capture one of these trains, but were foiled by news of their presence leaking out.

On the boat the Clark man made little speeches telling the passengers not to leave the main party in

Canton, above all not to go into the little side streets and not to go out after dark.

When we arrived we found "confusion worse confounded." No wire communication between Hong Kong and Canton, not enough sedan chairs, as men were in the army or on strike, not enough motor cars, as the military authorities had seized half of those we needed that morning, and no rooms ready at the hotel. The hotel proprietor seemed to be commission merchant, shop keeper, police chief, head rickisha man, contractor for sedan chairs and various other kinds of a useful fellow. He was in the streets chasing up chairs, leaving nobody around his hotel office, and few servants for a time except a chief brute (Chinese) who cruelly kicked another lower servant who asked him a question. Table-cloths were dirty, food was poor, and beds were hard, but I would not have traded the experience for anything else the trip has offered. And the proprietor seemed like a good fellow hard pressed.

While the Y. W. C. A. girls laughed when they heard the directions we had received, and went blithely around by day and by night in all kinds of places, and while much of the talk of danger was amusing, we were in Canton in a very uncertain period with rival armies occupying the city at the same time. There was fighting there a few weeks ago and will be fighting there a few weeks hence, unless Dr. Sun Yat Sen raises more money to pay these mercenaries who have poured in.

It was interesting to talk to the travelers who preceded us. Dr. Fox, of New Haven, was sitting in the lobby. "Sir Frederick Treves was right," he said. "It is a nightmare city. If this is human life, if this is the way human beings have to live, what is human life worth? I've had enough."

Dr. Harden, who has spent his life in Palestine,

in reply to my question said: "Canton is worse than any part of Constantinople or the slums of any other city of Turkey with which I am familiar." But a young musician pushed through the crowd all radiant: "I wouldn't have missed it for anything. I'd like to come back. It is the most interesting thing I've done."

There were plenty of faithful Chinese servants about the hotel at bedtime, and a mosquito bar had been draped over the bed, and the bed was soft enough for my purposes, for I had a long deep sleep.

Those who were awake told of the Chinese gongs they heard now and then in the night, the firecrackers at daylight and the songs of birds in the beautiful trees by the hotel.

We made a special plea that we be given a native guide who would not start directly for a shop. To get any service at all one has to go to the shops part of the time, as the guides have their commissions to make. We were lucky in getting an intelligent fellow, who took us through the old part of the city, the narrow streets, the Temple of the Doctor, the Temple of the Five Hundred Buddhas, with a bust of Marco Polo among them, the lovely little ancestral shrine of the Tsang family, through the city walls to one of the cities of the dead, then to the Flowery Pagoda, and back across broad avenues and through more narrow streets to the shops—a tour by sedan chair of nearly four hours.

The authorities say that the population is from 1,500,000 to 2,000,000, but that nobody knows. One of the resident bishops put it over three million. The streets are said to be upward of 600, "long, straight and very narrow." And this statement of Sir Robert K. Douglas in the Britannica surprised many of our people: "The streets are mostly paved and not as dirty as those of some of the other cities of the empire. In fact, considering the habits of the people and the

inattention of the government to these matters, Canton may be said to be a well governed and a comparatively cleanly city." Thompson calls the streets "zigzag, made so for defense against pirates and also against devils, who can not turn a corner."

Opinions may differ as to how straight they are, but not as to how narrow or dark or crowded. No rickishas even can go through the old streets, nothing but sedan chairs, although motor cars roll up the new broad streets in new Canton.

Imagine yourself carried in a narrow sedan chair suspended from long bamboo poles and borne on the shoulders of three coolies through a street so narrow that pedestrians can just squeeze by. Imagine that street bordered by shops without fronts—so open that the shop across the street seems only the next room, and the street itself teeming with porters, pedestrians, children, dogs, and other sedan chairs.

Imagine half of these shops factories as well as shops, and the product in evidence at every stage of production. One after another in bewildering succession, we passed places for fans, toothbrushes, screens, shoes, silks, electric fixtures, groceries, socks, jewelry, live birds, perfumery, fire wood, crockery, live chickens, fish, meats—in which pigs roasted whole took the place we always in imagination gave to dog—plants, furniture, iron work, bread stuffs, leather work, souvenirs, printing and books.

In the midst of all these were set tea rooms and restaurants of various grades, and we passed so close to restaurant tables and family parties that it seemed as if we were a part of it. As to flies,no swatting would ever have made any impression on the swarms which settled over everything. Occasionally we passed the stall of a scribe writing letters in the old way for those unable to write themselves.

Two husky porters bearing heavy live pigs in a basket turned in from a side street into the midst of our procession of sedan chairs. As they trotted along they chanted the most stirring of all the chants we heard—antiphonally I was going to say—one answering the other continually on a lower key and never losing time.

We could not read the street signs but they were there in all their glory: Heavenly Peace Street, New Green Pea Street, Medicine Street, Golden Flower Street, Plum Lane and Pearl Street. One of the city gates is Entrance of Bright Amiability. The business signs give the name of the proprietor, his birthplace and his motto. Thus one was: Fung Shan, born Sam Shui City. "This is the abode of generosity and light."

One of the shops to which all tourists are carried is where kingfishers' feathers are being mounted on silver. Here for 50 cents or $1 each, beautiful little ornaments may be purchased.

The stone most highly prized in China is jade. It is believed to have medicinal value and it is a symbol of virtue. Professor Giles says that in China it is "the quintessence of heaven and earth." It is very tough, tenacious, fibrous stone, but the Chinese carve it beautifully. Tourists purchase thousands of dollars worth every year in China. Whenever our ship or party reached a place in any country prices were doubled for the time being. One of the finest collections of jade in America, Thompson tells us, is in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.

All the craftsmen of the various trades of Canton are organized into guilds, of which there are over two hundred. I met the head of the printers' guild, an exceedingly intelligent fellow. The ancient guilds have recently been subdivided. In Canton, more than anywhere else, there is a rapid development of

labor organization. Recently they held a huge parade demanding woman suffrage. Just what is going to happen, nobody knows. Some think that trades unionism as we know it in America is getting a tremendous start. Others see signs pointing to socialism and even communism.

Rodney Gilbert in a recent Shanghai paper says that a third of the people of Canton participate in such demonstrations; the other two thirds "look on either with indifference or with an uncomfortable sense of something unpleasant impending."

With the cigarmakers, the carpenters, the butchers, the boatmen, the boat women are organized demanding their rights, those who handle the sweeps of the sampan with babies strapped to their backs.

Another significant statement is this: "A glimpse of the soldiers and police in the streets saluting the workmen's patrols makes us pause to think."

Disorganized conditions were brought home to us by a strike of telegraphers which stopped communication between Hong Kong and Canton and nearly put the Clark men out of business. The fine young assistant conductors, earning a world trip by helping, rallied and put over their job against great odds.

It is a changing world, and the South China Republic is the center of change in China, and Canton is the capital of that republic.

After we came back to the hotel, Judge Munger and I started off alone to find Lerrigo, the Y. M. C. A. man we were to have met an hour before. In a dense crowd, he leaped from a rickisha and took charge of us. It was a lucky stroke for us.

In the first place, on the roof of a huge department store we had real Chinese food: Bamboo shoots and eggs cooked together and called *foo hung tam*, tender and good, almonds and chicken cooked together

and called *hop to kiting*, equally good; meat pies made of no man knows what—best of all—and unlimited tea.

Then with our host we made a quick survey of some of the agencies attempting to steer the changing Chinese and leaven them with some of our ideals.

There was a Y. M. C. A. building in a central place on the congested water front which would be a credit to any American city—beautiful, modern and a memorial to Robert Morrison. It stands in startling contrast to the street which runs along its side yard, the narrowest and darkest in Canton, too narrow for a sedan chair and yet full of factories, homes and shops.

Over two thousand Chinese belong to the Y. M. C. A. in Canton. There are thirteen Chinese secretaries. Sherwood Eddy, recently there, drew crowds that packed the auditorium. Over the door in sight of all the world are the Chinese characters which mean: "Not to be ministered unto but to minister." Trades unionists and rich merchants alike need that.

Job Fong, a member of the Board of the Y. M. C. A., educated in the United States, sent his car and we took a quick turn out to New Canton, along broad boulevards, by the new park, the first breathing spot in Canton, by the proposed park, to the Kung Yee Hospital and Medical School. "It is more influential," says my friend, "than any other missionary."

There was the Anglican Boys' School, the Anglican Girls' School, the Provincial Assembly Building, a Catholic school, and other things I can not remember. It made us see that much was being done in Canton. It stood in mighty contrast to the tour of the morning. As Judge Munger said, "They are beginning to make a real city." As we drove back

traffic was cleared from the main streets we followed and a line of troops stood on each side for miles. The President, Sun Yat Sen, was coming in from his temporary headquarters at the Agricultural College. He is the storm center of Canton and of South China. Just what a little of it means, I will try to tell in a final article on China.

Enough to say here that Lerrigo is right, "there is light for the darkest corner of Canton."

The mere presence of a man like Lerrigo working with the best of the Chinese against stagnation on the one side and against anarchy on the other side is in itself a factor of significance. The Youngstown, Ohio, woman who has supported Lerrigo out here entirely for some years has a part in the building of a new China which she may not fully realize herself.

At sea, March 19, 1923.

XXI. CONFUSION IN CHINA AND IN US

THAT there is confusion in China goes without saying. For nine years there has been revolution. There is the government at Peking for North China, although it pretends to be for all. There is the government at Canton for South China, or the South China Republic. There are military chieftains in supreme control in almost every province, grouped into at least two military parties for the country. In the Peking government there has been a change of premier seven times in the last year. In the Canton government there has been a turning and an overturning and a returning as well.

We have had a little direct touch with the situation. As we visited some of the old temples of Canton we found soldiers using them as barracks, horses stabled within the sacred precincts, and sentinels at the corners of the narrow streets.

Dr. Sun Yat Sen, who fled a few months ago, came back to Canton just before our visit and had a great reception; but rival generals hurried troops in so as to be in better position to negotiate for money, the one object of their organizations. There was fighting in Canton a few weeks ago. There may be fighting in Canton a few weeks hence. But it won't be like the fighting of the Great War.

There is difference of opinion about Dr. Sun. "Soon he will be assassinated," said a Catholic sister on the boat. "His main support is a mob of ignorant coolies." "He is a real patriot," said the Y. M. C. A. man. "Not only the laboring classes but all the students are for him. Dr. Sun believes that he knows what is best for China. He is interested in having a

modern constitution adopted. He feels that foreign governments ought to withdraw recognition from Peking. All the old grafting officials oppose him. He has no army of his own and has to negotiate with the different generals. I believe that Sun is a real Christian in his ideals although not Christian in name."

"Canton," said another man, "is almost unanimously for Sun. The British at Hong Kong are against him because he had ambitious plans to make Whampoa (half way up the river from Hong Kong to Canton) the great port of South China instead of Hong Kong." Two or three of our people went to see Dr. Sun and were pleasantly received.

In my opinion Sun stands a fair chance to be President of a reunited China, a fair chance to hold his place as President of the South China Republic and a good chance to be a refugee, or a martyr. As a prophet, I insist on plenty of room.

Another element adding to the uncertainty is the growth of friendly feeling for Russia. "The Soviet government has completely changed in the past two years," says Dr. Sun. Those, however, who believe that China will become Bolshevik, in my opinion do not consider enough the fundamentals of Chinese character.

Dr. Jacob Gould Schurman, American Minister to China, made a startling address in Peking on Washington's Birthday, about which everybody was talking when we reached Tokyo. Japanese papers gave columns to it. It seemed to vindicate all the Japanese had been saying about anarchy in China. It was interpreted as a change of attitude by Hughes and Harding toward China. What it amounted to was a clear cut statement of what China said at the Washington Conference, of what everybody hoped for China then, and how nothing had been accomplished since the conference closed. The Peking government

could not collect the taxes laid in the provinces. None of the commissions provided for under the "Nine Power Treaty" had been called together. And the huge armies were all in the field. "It is reliably estimated," said the Minister, "that there are some 900,000 to 1,200,000 men in the armed forces of China. Less than ten per cent are under the control of Peking. The other ninety per cent depend for their support upon various military leaders or *tuchuns*. In addition there are several hundred thousand armed bandits . . . and the soldier of to-day may be the bandit of to-morrow." "When a military chieftain is overthrown his followers will not go back to the coolie class from which soldiering redeemed them, but form new bands and rob, burn, loot and squeeze for themselves."

There have been at least four civil wars since the Washington Conference, causing untold suffering for the people in the districts where they have occurred. No debts have been paid. Interest has mounted up. Creditors are clamoring. Yet, says Dr. Schurman, the condition of China is not bad if there could be order. Her resources in crops, mines, and manufactured goods are enormous. Her national debt is only $4.75 per capita, while that of Japan is $50, of France $1,310, of Great Britain, $1,440, and even the United States, counting only the Federal debt, $433.

Sherwood Eddy, the Y. M. C. A. man, just ahead of us on this tour of the world, points to another phase of the confusion. He writes back that where he has been "students are unable to return to their homes during vacation lest they be captured," and that "two missionaries have been seized by bandits in Honan and held for ransom." Better than anybody I have read he describes "the rottenness of the rottenest government on earth"—how, from the Dowager Empress who stole the money raised by popular

subscription for a new navy, down to the lowest station master or household servant, nearly all "took their squeeze."

In the street next to where Eddy was writing lived an official who had stolen $15,000,000 in two years. Near by were factories which declared annual dividends of 100 per cent and paid children under twelve five cents a day, women twenty cents and men thirty or forty cents. At Tientsin he found 15,000 boys working eighteen hours a day for no pay but their food. In silk factories he found 26,000 boys and young men working thirteen hours a day for an average daily wage of six cents.

It is not difficult to describe the confusion in China. It is obvious. It is a harder task to put into words the confusion in us who visit China and study about China, and to suggest some helps to clear thinking.

My own judgment as to the wisdom or unwisdom of concrete propositions is determined by these principles, which I believe to be sound for China and for every other country:

We should recognize clearly the valuable things in the philosophy, the religion and the life of the country.

We should have an ever broadening conception of what constitutes human good.

We should recognize that there are some things that every country has to work out for itself.

We should be willing to let the Chinese Christian Church go it alone as soon as it is strong enough.

We should give them a helping hand, be patient and never despair.

Of course I have been reading Bertrand Russell. He tells us that the virtues of the Chinese are: 1. Their ability to secure the affection of foreigners. 2. A capacity for civilized enjoyment, for leisure, for

laughter, for pleasure in sunshine and for philosophical discourse. 3. An imperturbable quiet dignity, a pride too deep for self-assertion. 4. A great patience and a pacific temper.

Their great defects, he asserts, are physical cowardice, callousness to suffering and, above all, avarice. They want enjoyment. Money promotes enjoyment. They will do anything for money.

I quote these things fully realizing that all generalizations are dangerous, and particularly dangerous about 400,000,000 of people living in a vast area, speaking different dialects, and held together, if at all, by a habit of mind rather than by any political or military bond.

The Chinese are different. The great difference is not in their dress. They are adopting Eastern dress. It is not in their food. Rice is rice and macaroni is macaroni and fish is fish, in Boston or Canton. The mere detail of how they stir it up is unimportant. It is not in business customs. Wares are wares and money is money and trade is trade, East or West.

The difference is, as I have said, in an attitude of mind. They are happy. The humblest bearer of a sedan chair is happier than most people on our ship. Rickisha driver No. 3 laughs more than nine out of ten who do business in down town New York.

In a recent issue of the *North China Standard*, a Peking English language daily, Ku H. Ming, a distinguished author, wrote "The Peace of Cathay," an article reprinted in the *Living Age* of Boston. With all its defects, he asserts that Chinese civilization has in it the secret of perpetuity. The Great War has dealt almost deadly blows at European civilization. It may go down. If it does, there will be nothing upon which to rebuild the world but Chinese civilization. If, in the meantime, Europe has succeeded in changing China, nothing will be left but chaos.

This seems laughable to us, but examine his contention more closely.

What the religion of China puts into a man is some respect for authority. In Europe and in America there is little of this left.

"Christianity teaches a man how to be a good man." Confucianism teaches a man not only to be a good man but to be a good citizen.

Christianity is personal and individualistic. Confucianism is devoted to the common good. As authorities he quotes the brilliant Italian scholar Ferrero, who says, "The supreme object in life according to Christianity is the moral and religious perfection of the individual," and Yu-tzu, a disciple of Confucius, who says, "The supreme object of life is to live as a dutiful son and as a good citizen."

Honor and loyalty are the great words of citizenship and these are the words which Confucianism has put deep into the hearts of the Chinese.

It would be easy to fill several pages showing that Ming has pointed out only one aspect of Christianity. Christ proclaimed a kingdom of Heaven as well as purity of heart. His great prayer says "we" and "us" instead of "I" and "my." His ideal was a perfected society as well as a redeemed individual. But my object now is simply to show that there are scholars like Ming in China, that they have reason to be proud of certain great basic teachings, that they have an emphasis we need, and that our attitude of pity or patronage in the presence of such men is simply funny.

I am treading on delicate ground when I speak of a broadening conception of what constitutes human good. A mandarin of the old school is happy. He never frets. He takes time for contemplation. He talks long of the past. He reads the classics. Our tendency is to condemn him because he is not organiz-

ing an associated charities or conducting a Bethany chapel or leading a good government club.

China unquestionably would be further along if such men gave more time to public service. But we would be further along ourselves if we gave more time to contemplation.

Russell gives us a concrete illustration in these words: "One comes across white men occasionally who suffer under the delusion that China is not a civilized country. Such men have quite forgotten what constitutes civilization. It is true that there are no trams in Peking and the electric light is poor. It is true that there are places full of beauty which Europeans itch to make hideous by digging up coal. It is true that the educated Chinaman is better at writing poetry than at remembering the sort of facts which can be looked up in Whittaker's Almanac. A European in recommending a place of residence will tell you that it has a good train service; the best quality he can conceive in any place is that it should be easy to get away from. But a Chinaman will tell you nothing about the trains; if you ask he will tell you wrong. What he tells you is that there is a palace built by an ancient emperor and a retreat at a lake for scholars weary of the world founded by a famous poet of the Tang dynasty. It is this outlook which strikes a Westerner as barbaric."

A broadening conception of what constitutes human good is dawning upon some of us on this trip around the world. The strenuous life is not the only life. Progress accompanied with dyspepsia is not the only progress. Hurry and worry are neither Buddhist nor Christian. The coolie who sits down and smokes under his cart lives up to Christ's "Take no anxious thought" better than half the preachers of America.

And with all our intense belief in our own ideals

of sex morality we are learning that a Chinese with a different standard may have elevated conceptions of gentleness, courtesy, honor and loyalty, which we may well emulate.

A broadening conception of human good makes us prefer the company of a drunkard to that of a selfish man or a hypocrite.

In my humble opinion Dr. Sun is right. We had better keep hands off and let China go it alone. That she has native leaders who do not despair, that she has 400,000 native Protestant Christians and 2,000,000 Catholics with Christian ideals is a factor to be considered.

What Dr. Walter R. Ferris of Park Street Presbyterian Church, Syracuse, wrote back to his church paper is not too strong: "I went through the worst part of Canton and then took a sampan across to the Presbyterian Compound, a school, a blind hospital presided over by the famous Dr. Mary Niles, a general hospital, a theological seminary, a university with 8,000 to 10,000 young men in training for to-morrow. No wonder that Franklin Chase wrote back to the *Journal* that here was the hope for China and the promise of the settlement of the Eastern question without a world wreck."

Finally there is the other delicate question about how soon the Chinese Church should be made fully independent. I venture no opinion. I simply say the quicker it can be done without sacrifice of any vital interest the better. It is growing rapidly in that direction. Some people believe that if the foreign label could be taken off, Christianity would sweep the country. Here and there are revivals of the old religions, but by and large they have lost their hold.

Paul Hutchinson, a careful student of Chinese religion, says: "So long as foreign influence is apparent, the masses of Chinese will hold off."

Fourteen years ago, a hundred years after the landing of Robert Morrison, a National Missionary Conference was held in China with not a single Chinese delegate. The Conference of 1921 contained Chinese delegates equal in number to foreigners.

To those who see the beauty of the ethics of Confucius or the faith of Buddha, let me say that those fundamentals of truth and beauty are being incorporated in Chinese Christianity.

The missionaries no longer stumble over ancestor worship. They see that it is not far removed from the adoration of the saints or the spirit which puts up memorial tablets in churches at home, and that worship means many different things. "It is a restricted vision," sayd Dr. Hutchinson, "which does not see in ancestor worship, with all its abuses, a feature of Chinese life which has contributed mightily to the stability of the centuries."

The medical science, the hygiene, the nursing, the teaching, the modern agriculture, of the missionaries have demonstrated the value of the best features of Christian civilization and have paved the way for the acceptance of the best features of the Christian faith.

I agree with Dr. Schurman: "The supreme hope of China is in her sturdy, patient, honest, industrious, toiling, thrifty population," and "in the leadership of her educated classes." But I believe it is also in this rapidly evolving Christianity which is slowly leavening the huge lump of Chinese life.

At sea, Father Neptune's Day, March 24, 1923.

XXII. WITH "ONE OF OUR WARDS OVERSEAS"

FOR an afternoon and a night and another day we have been in the Philippine Islands—or rather in Manila Bay and at Manila.

For most of our great company it has been a sad experience, for they ate tainted crab or sweetbread or ice cream at a dinner on shore the night that we landed, and from midnight on there was acute suffering. For some hours, literally hundreds lay around in all stages of cramps while the ship's doctor in his pyjamas went from case to case without stopping to dress. Luckily no one died. Nature mobilized her powers of elimination in a grand mass attack on the poison which soon got it out of our systems and overboard.

At any rate we can't blame it on the "dishonesty of the Japanese" or on the "filth of the Chinese" or on the general wickedness of a British ship. And we have learned that when eight hundred of us are expected to lunch, and we do not arrive until dinner and it is an exceedingly hot day, it is better to side-step the more perishable kinds of food.

With a real sense of exhilaration and satisfaction, I think of our trip to the Philippines.

In the first place we followed the course Dewey took the last of April, 1898, from Hong Kong down. We passed Corregidor Island which he passed without considering possible mine fields, and crossed the broad beautiful bay that he crossed on that historic May 1.

We were on the spot where he delivered his short, sharp, quick and crushing blow, did what he had to do in the simple unostentatious way that characterized him, and without the loss of a man. "You may fire

when you are ready, Gridley," has become a classic. And the order to stop for breakfast in the midst of the fight showed how utterly one-sided it was. We saw where some of the hulks of the Spanish ships still lie submerged and, so quickly do things change, we heard not a single expression of hatred for Spain with whom we were then at deadly war. Even our one hundred per cent Americans, as they loudly call themselves, had nothing to say and it is doubtful if some of them knew anything about it.

In the second place I am unusually interested in the Philippine Islands because for years I had a brother there in the army and in the service of the civil government, and long years of correspondence made strong ties with the various places where he lived. And even in this short visit a thousand things brought back that correspondence. Every nipa hut, every game rooster tethered by his hind leg or held lovingly under some Filipino arm, every huge carabao, or water buffalo, drawing a cart or submerging himself in a stream, every delicious ripe mango properly chilled and served, every faithful Chinese servant, every little two-wheeled shaggy pony and pony cart, and every khaki-clad American soldier, brought back incidents of that long correspondence.

To be sure we didn't have a chance to see the islands but we drove about Manila, saw the public buildings and old and new streets, the famous luneta, or water drive, in the cool of the day, the polo club just at sunset with all its yellow hibiscus aflame with light, Fort McKinley and the officers' club, the veranda which looks off to the distant mountains and a lovely lake, Cavite and its old Spanish commandancia and the huge Spanish mansion which my brother occupied as governor of Cavite.

We had a motor trip back of twenty-two miles through several villages of Luzon to Manila.

Much of this was possible because Col. Archibald Sunderland of the General Staff of the Army and Col. and Mrs. Ellis B. Miller of the Marine Corps and Knowlton Mixer of the Red Cross were at the dock to meet us and arrange our schedule immediately. Sunderland took us by motor through the old walled city of Manila, out to the "Fort" and for other lovely drives, Miller took us nine miles over the water to Cavite and back by motor, Mixer showed us the Red Cross, and we were entertained in Colonel and Mrs. Sunderland's beautiful home on the military plaza during our stop, missing the unfortunate banquet ashore, although it made us feel selfish to have been out of it. Few travelers ever did more or did it more comfortably than we did at Manila.

One thing I was glad to see was the head of the wild caraboa which my brother shot while governor of Mindoro, had mounted, and presented to the Army and Navy Club.

We didn't see General Leonard Wood, who was away, but Mrs. Wood and their daughter were driving about and we saw them several times.

The old Spanish custom of starting the day early, resting at mid-day, going out again at four and dining at 7.30 has been adopted by the Americans. The Sunderland children went off to school at seven. The Red Cross was in full operation when I got there at 8 a. m. and the 7.30 dinner let us see the way Manila people, especially the old Spanish families, call on one another while their cars or carriages are parked on the luneta during a band concert. "With the old Spanish families," said Sunderland, "a man's house was his castle. It was a considerable ceremony to take a man into the home, but here on the drive one could see one's friends every day." Something of that same kind was begun in Washington a few years ago down on Potomac

Park, but a loud howl went up that it was undemocratic to have the Marine Band play just for motor cars.

In the house which my brother occupied at Cavite, in Colonel Miller's quarters and in the old Spanish headquarters which Admiral Geo. R. Marvell showed us, I was struck with the beautiful woodwork and especially the floors of *narra*.

My brother's house is now used as a public high school for 500 Filipino boys and girls. Mr. Wittman, the principal, an American, said that every class was carried on in English. I was also told that the Spanish-speaking Filipinos are dying out, that there exist forty-one native dialects on the islands, that American Red Cross nurses from the United States have been called on to interpret between two Filipinos of different provinces, and that the coming language of the islands is English.

Coming back from Cavite Colonel Miller showed me Aguinaldo's country place, where young Kermit Roosevelt, now in the shipping business, has recently been on a visit and for a hunt.

At Las Pinas, also coming back from Cavite, we stopped at old St. Joseph's Church, built in 1762, with walls thick enough for a fortress, to see the famous old bamboo organ. It has 954 pipes, all of bamboo, and twenty-five stops, of which ten work. Father Victor De Klerck, the priest in charge, is from Bruges, Belgium. To our great delight we found we had mutual friends in that country. The reason that this organ of frail bamboo has lasted since 1818 is that the old priest of that day had a way of testing bamboo no one else ever employed or knew about. He picked it all out himself and buried it in the sand for two years to test it. As the gentle-voiced young Fleming played the old organ for us, it brought back the presence of the wise old priest "who knew how to do it." As nothing else the old church at Las Pinas, and the

bamboo organ, called up a period of history hard for us to visualize in these days. While it is true that there have been bitter controversies over the friars of the Philippines and the friars' lands, and while Catholics themselves strongly opposed some of the acts of friars in modern times, all historians recognize the noble service of the priests of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. They exiled themselves in little native villages far from civilization. They taught the people. They cultivated their taste for music. They introduced real agriculture. They lifted the Filipinos from savagery. "The Filipinos are the only large mass of Asiatics converted to Christianity in modern times," and these friars did it. Instead of having one tribe of Mohammedans to deal with as we have to-day, we would have had all the tribes Mohammedan if it had not been for the friars.

In *Discovery*, a British scientific monthly, there was printed last October an article on "The First Voyage Around the World," by R. T. Clark, which Victor Clark reprinted later in the *Living Age*. It gives one a new idea of the man whose "constancy in the most adverse fortune" enabled his little fleet to be the first to circumnavigate the globe, although he himself lost his life in the Philippines. What an epitaph for Magellan we find in the letter of one of his comrades to his Grand Patron: "He died: but I hope that your illustrious Highness will not allow his memory to be lost. . . . In the midst of the sea he was able to endure hunger better than we. More versed in nautical charts, he knew better than any other the art of navigation, of which it is a certain proof that he knew by his genius and his intrepidity without any one having given him the example how to attempt the circuit of the globe which he had almost completed."

In another letter, I will tell of the work of the

Red Cross in the Philippines, which made me proud of my birthright as an American and of my connection with an organization which in a work of mercy knows neither race nor creed nor social status nor condition.

Many Americans have memorials in the names of streets or bridges or buildings of Manila. There are, for example, Dewey Boulevard and Taft Avenue, and the Sternberg General Hospital, a memorial to a dear old friend, General Geo. M. Sternberg of Washington. Not all the changes make for euphony. I submit with all respect to Congressman Jones that the "Bridge of Spain" was a more beautiful name than "Jones Bridge." Still the men who have labored unselfishly for these islands deserve all the little honor they get out of it.

Whatever our political convictions, we have a right to be proud of a clean army, navy and marine corps and clean honest civil administrators, none of whom got anything out of it but a simple living and a consciousness of duty well done.

Even in our brief visit we were caught up in the maelstrom of argument over Philippine independence. The Filipinos are practically unanimous for immediate independence, although Colonel Miller told me of meeting a wise old Filipino in a northern province who said to him: "I am for independence when it will mean real independence for the Filipino people and not simply independence for the politicians to exploit them." The facts seem to be these:

Under Luke Wright, Dean Worcester and the early Commissioners and Governors, great progress was made in school, sanitation, public health, and general prosperity. In those days, all the talk that I heard was to the effect that we ought to clean things up, teach the Filipinos and help them take over the government for themselves.

Under the Wilson administration they were given practical home rule. They have their own parliament and, subject to the veto of the American Governor-General, make all the laws.

One group of people asserts that this is practical independence and that they ought to be satisfied with it. Another group says that it is too much independence, that it arrests progress, that it raises up a crop of Filipino politicians who simply play politics, and that the organic act should be amended. A few people assert emphatically that the Filipinos are incapable of self-government, and that the whole thing should be put back under military rule.

I talked with Dr. Jose Fabella, Public Welfare Commissioner for the Islands, a graduate of Rush Medical School, Chicago, a fair and thoughtful man. He said: "We believe that we ought not be left in swaddling clothes too long. Nations like people get strength by trying. The United States promised us our independence and we believe that your people who have never broken an international promise will not break this promise. As for Japan swallowing us up, I think the people who say that do Japan a grave injustice. Japan is proud of her good name and would not outrage world sentiment in that way. As to our having too many politicians, that is a part of the process of free government, isn't it?" He laughed, and added jokingly, "You have your share in the States."

Dr. G. R. Cruickshank of Windsor, Ontario, who is in our party, had an interview with one of the native governors of the islands, Ventura. He asked Governor Ventura what he thought about independence. His reply was: "No doubt our association with the United States is economically to our advantage, but naturally we desire independence and the sooner the better for our national development."

Asked about the prospects for independence he replied. "Not good at present, but when the United States establishes, as it will, an enormous China trade, our chances will be better." Asked whether a union with the United States like Canada and Great Britain might not be better, he answered: "You are of the same race. I am afraid with different races it would not work out this way."

I am frank to say that I do not know just when Filipino independence ought to come, but most Americans will agree with me in these propositions:

1. Whatever we have promised, we ought to fulfil.

2. Filipino independence should be an ideal toward which we should work unless the time comes when the Filipinos themselves prefer the kind of relationship to us which Canada bears to Great Britain.

3. We should not desert the Filipinos, no matter how ungrateful some elements of the people may seem to be and no matter what form of government they have.

4. The one kind of thing which above all else we can not afford to do as a free republic or as individual citizens or as Christians is to exploit them for our own benefit.

That tempting path is before us. In these 7,000 islands are resources hardly touched as yet. Whoever takes the risk and shows the brain and will power necessary to develop fields and mines and forests and produce sugar and hemp and lumber ought to be paid and well paid. But to treat the Filipinos simply as "cheap labor" and their country simply as a lemon to be sucked, to get in American capital and protect that capital by laws which ignore common decency and outrage elemental principles of justice, is not a thing which knowingly we will ever do. Much of

what we think ought to be done or not done comes back to the simple question as to whether we like the Filipinos or dislike them, want them to grow in power or not grow, regard them as a people to be helped or just to be used. "Get rid of contempt and we can accomplish anything," said a friend.

The Filipinos and the Americans on the islands alike agree that General Leonard Wood sincerely wants the welfare of the Filipino people and is working with great ability to promote it. Some would like to make him a Czar with absolute power. Some argue that at least he ought to have more power than he now possesses. Some would prefer that there be no Governor General, not even Wood. And some would like things to go on for a while just as they are with Wood and the Filipino legislature working together for the common good.

In all the swirling currents of differing opinion we can cling to these principles:

Hatred and contempt do not get us anywhere. We ought to have faith in the Filipinos. Their fine brain power abundantly justifies that faith. And, above all, the kindness that begets kindness, the good will which creates good will, the sense of brotherhood which leaps race chasms like moral sunlight, will help us through our first job with these "wards over seas."

At sea, the day after Manila, March 22, 1923.

XXIII. THE RED CROSS IN THE FAR EAST

IT brought war days back to meet Col. Knowlton Mixer, once Deputy Commissioner and later Commissioner for France for the American Red Cross, on the dock in Manila.

I had left Mixer running the job in Paris when I sailed home in May, 1919. Since then he has finished up his work in Europe, taken the Associated Charities for a year in Baltimore, strengthened Red Cross work in Porto Rico, and now is manager of the Philippines Chapter. This is moving rapidly for a staid, middle-aged, successful, Buffalo business man.

Imagine a huge old-fashioned Spanish residence in the heart of Manila, with thick walls, large rooms, high ceilings, broad stairs, and the usual courtyard inside. Imagine an almost endless line of Filipino mothers with little babies and half grown children filing into one of the large reception rooms of this old Spanish house, and going one by one into the presence of a little, bright-eyed, soft-handed, soft-voiced Filipino woman doctor of the finest scientific training and the deepest human sympathies, to be looked over and instructed and helped up the hill of manhood and womanhood.

Mothers are mothers and babies are babies the world over and it is a tough old specimen of mankind which is not touched by anything calculated to help a mother and her child. What I am describing is the children's clinic of the American Red Cross in Manila. It is intended fundamentally to keep well children well. It does this by detecting infant ills in their incipiency and teaching mothers and children the beauty of strength and the way to get it. This noble young

Filipino doctor conducts a pre-natal clinic for expectant mothers which is rapidly gaining the confidence of the people whom it is intended to reach.

No argument is necessary as to why babies ought to be saved. Low birth rate and high infant mortality spell downfall for any country quicker than the invasion of a conquering army or a visitation of plague. The American Red Cross has taken the position that its job is to prevent disaster as well as to rush in when it comes.

That the death rate among Filipino babies approaches the dimensions of a disaster we see from one of the posters issued by the Public Welfare Commissioner of the Islands, Dr. Fabella. In New Zealand only five babies per hundred die before reaching one year of age; in the United States ten, in Japan seventeen and in the Philippine Islands thirty-two per hundred. Assisted by one or two experts of the Rockefeller Foundation, in co-operation with the government as represented by Dr. Fabella and the university, and led by Miss Virginia Mason Gibbs, an expert public health nurse sent out from Washington, the Red Cross is helping the Filipinos deal with the great problem.

Already eighty native nurses have been trained for this work and sent out through the islands. Many have gone to remote places and faced primitive and dangerous conditions. They have been homesick at first, but such has been the pathetic need and the even more pathetic eagerness of the people to learn that most of them have stuck by their jobs. These rural nurses go into the schools, help find all manner of child defects and work out the plan to correct them. In a recent month's work these nurses saw 5,400 school children, met 3,800 people at clinics, and called on 11,000 families at home. What this work is going to do both mentally and morally for the Fili-

pinos anybody with even a little imagination can see.

Even more significant is the statement that one million Filipino school children belong to the Junior Red Cross, learning early to think of the "other fellow," to be on the spot in any emergency and to grow up to support the Senior Red Cross.

Fifty-two thousand dollars were raised by the Juniors last year, and it was spent in dental clinics, first aid medicine cabinets, and to buy cloth for garments to enable needy children to attend school. "Good teeth for the Philippines" may seem like an unworthy slogan for the Juniors, but good teeth are related to morality and efficiency in a way which people are just finding out.

On the ground floor of the Red Cross building in Manila I ran upon another office which had a familiar look. On the door was the sign "Associated Charities." Inside was another keen, alert little Filipino woman, Mrs. Martinez, a graduate of the New York School of Social Service, who is starting out to do a new thing in the Philippine Islands. Instead of swallowing the statement, "There is no poverty in the islands," instead of accepting a loin cloth and a banana tree as a family standard of living, instead of giving indiscriminately to beggars—the Red Cross takes the position that if people apply for help they ought to be encouraged, trained and helped to help themselves. If the poverty is from sickness, cure them; if it is from lack of work, find work; if it is from general shiftlessness, stir them up. As there is no separate Associated Charities, the Red Cross is fostering the organization in self-defense until it can go alone. The bureau deals with three to four hundred families a year. It found work last year for seventy-six persons. It sent 138 to hospitals. It gave food and clothing to 214. It spent some $4,000, all Filipino money. But, far more important than anything else,

it spreads the idea among these teachable people that thrift and self support are fundamental human virtues and that if a man has to be helped he ought not to be treated as tourists treat beggars.

In the big building I found also a "production room" where Filipino women whom the Red Cross had to pension were earning their pensions making garments needed in other directions. While they sewed their children were looked after intelligently and kindly in a day nursery.

The Home Service Department under Miss Mabel B. Smith of Kansas City, as in the United States, looks after disabled veterans of the Great War, of whom the Philippine Islands have their share.

The Military Relief Department deals with soldiers now in the United States Service in the islands, some four or five thousand American soldiers and six or seven thousand native Filipino troops. The Red Cross agents visit the sick, distribute literature and advise the troubled or lonely.

And what Americans ought to realize clearly is that practically all this work of the Philippines Chapter of the Red Cross is supported by the Philippines. There are, as I have said, over a million juniors and 122,660 senior members. What Washington does is to furnish some expert guidance, send over roll call literature when it is issued in the States, and turn back to the chapter that part of the dues which naturally would go to the National Headquarters in Washington.

"Since the need of the islands is so great," said the manager, "the executive committee has adopted the policy of restricting all expenditures to the islands themselves. It is not difficult, however, to envisage a time in the not far distant future, when it will be the privilege of the chapter to assume its part of the world's work."

Just how far the influence of the chapter already extends it is hard to estimate. A representative of the Royal Siamese Red Cross, Miss Wan Piroshaw, of Bankok, has been in the Manila office for three months making a study of the methods used to take back to her own country. I found her a capable and delightful person.

Disaster relief, of course, is also a fundamental activity. Two bad fires in Manila and one in Zambales were dealt with in recent months.

And then a few weeks ago there came down upon the Red Cross one of those totally unlooked for things that it has to be ready to meet. Admiral Stark and his White "Fleet," if it can be called that any longer, limped feebly into port with a crowd of refugees. They were the last of the White sailors and soldiers who had fallen back on Vladivostok with some of the members of their families.

Recently the Japanese withdrew their army from Vladivostok and the Red Army came in. In order to save their lives people hastily manned eight or ten old hulks, all that was left of their fleet, and steamed away. A few were left in Korea, a few in Shanghai, but the majority appeared in the Philippines. Many are common Russian sailors, but some are officers. One hundred and seven of the men have their wives with them, and there are sixty-one little children.

I saw these Russian refugees and felt that they would be an asset to any country. General Wood tried to get them admitted to the United States as immigrants but Russia's quota was full. It is a nice question whether people in such circumstances should be charged against any quota. There are not many of them and they might well be let in.

Meanwhile the Red Cross is looking after them, feeding them in barracks, trying to get them jobs,

arranging little amusements for them and seeking in other ways to relieve their hard lot.

Miss Reed, daughter of General Reed of our army, found a young naval lieutenant among them intensely devoted to music. She got hold of a Stradivarius violin and gave it to him. He could not take it in that this violin was a present. It seemed incomprehensible to him. It was enough to be allowed to touch it and to play it, but to have it—that was beyond belief. He was dazed. And yet it was to keep. What a noble thing is charity which goes beyond bread!

An amusing incident came when one of these huge men with an injury to his eye was taken to Dr. Nicolas, a competent little Filipino woman surgeon. This gigantic Russian couldn't believe that the tiny woman was the surgeon who was to care for his eye.

As we sailed out of Manila Bay some of us stood on the bridge after we passed Corregidor Island to look over into Mariveles Bay and if possible see the last of this sad little fleet. In the gathering darkness, we were not sure that what we saw was the White Fleet, but we knew that they were there, their last voyage done, with no future but to be beached in some out of the way place and abandoned. We all felt the pathos of the situation and that, although we have not been able to do much for our old friend Russia in her years of travail, we at least can be good to the Russian refugees. We were grateful that the Red Cross was out here in the Far East to represent us.

At sea, nearing the Equator, March 23, 1923.

XXIV. IN THE DUTCH EAST INDIES

"ONE of the happiest days of the trip," we said as we came back to the ship to-night and stretched out in easy chairs aft to cool off.

We are only three hundred miles south of the Equator, the sun seems vertically above us at noonday, it is hot enough I can assure you—and yet the impression of the day is of shade and of breezes. There is so much shade that the little native villages are completely hidden under broad green leaves.

To be specific, we are at Batavia, the capital of Java, or rather tied up at a dock five miles away at a place with the horrible sounding name of "Tandjong-Priok." And the trip about which we are so enthusiastic to-night is a railroad journey of forty miles to Buitenzorg, the residence of the Governor-General up among the hills.

We had breakfast at 7 and began to file off the ship about 7.30. Motors were waiting to take us half a mile to a railroad station, where we had an interesting half hour watching the dusky commuters, the Dutch and Malay officials and all the many colored garments of the natives. Our special train was comfortable and the ride was as interesting a rail journey as I have ever taken in my life.

We came to Java to see tropical foliage and it is all here. It is something which never disappoints. It runs true to form in June or November. It gave us spring, full summer and harvest time to-day near the end of March. To write a list of names of trees and plants collected from experts would convey nothing. To say the number of species is well over five thousand conveys little more. All I can say is that the

impression deepened and strengthened at every turn is of a profusion, a luxuriance, and an abundance which must be seen to be understood.

Unquestionably the same sort of thing may be found in our Philippines, which stretch practically all the way down to the Equator also. But I do not happen to be familiar with those southern islands.

How can I make you see what we saw out of a Java car window? We ran over the swamps near the ship, through old Batavia and the new part called Weltevreden, past innumerable villages hidden and half hidden by bamboo, banana, palm and vine. We had fascinating glimpses of native markets with crowds about them, native bamboo cottages with red tile roofs or thatch roofs and brown naked children playing around, of rice fields where men and women wading in mud and water suddenly straightened up and shaded eyes with hand better to see us go by, of gardens, of groves of rubber trees gashed and slashed, of rows of cinchona—at which I meditatively pulled out my unopened Parke Davis-Detroit-U.-S.-A. bottle of quinine sulphate so strangely come back to its ancestral home—past huge trees, and tall slender trees, and low green trees, and trees covered with orchids, and trees entwined with vines, and trees crowned with marvelous scarlet flowers high in air—ever up and up toward the lovely mountains. If "the trees of the Lord are full of sap," as the Bible says, this is the place the verse fits.

The thing that Buitenzorg advertises is not the palace of the Dutch Governor-General, attractive though it is, nor the new government buildings, nor shops, but a Botanical Garden.

Down here in the Dutch East Indies on the island of Java, thousands of miles from London and New York, is one of the most famous botanical collections in all the world. It is not only beautiful with

the full unstinted beauty of the torrid zone, but it is useful to the island economically and so significant from a scientific standpoint that its bulletins are sought for around the globe.

It is that kind of tourist business we have been up against to-day—getting off in happy little groups by ourselves, lying on the grass, lolling under the trees, lazily watching white swans on little ponds covered with lovely lotus of every color, putting our glasses on strange new birds who sang for us in tropic heat at high noon.

There ought to have been mosquitoes—and there are mosquitoes, else why this quinine we are ordered to take?—but not one did I see. It ought to have been hot, and it was hot, but cool breezes crept softly down every shaded path.

For the eye there were dark greens on distant mountains and a thousand soft greens near by. Will we ever insist on deadly uniformity in anything again after our lesson to-day of what nature can do just with green? They say foreign artists fail for a long time here. A half-breed native is the real artist of this "Island of a Thousand Greens." The lantana, introduced into the islands from Jamaica by the wife of Sir Stamford Raffles, for a few years the English governor, covers hundreds of miles of country, especially in Middle Java.

For the ear there were the birds that warbled and caroled and poured forth wild liquid notes. It is always rice planting time as well as always rice harvest. And I suppose it is always the time of song of birds. For the nostrils there were the delicious odors of what used to be called one of the spice islands. And for the taste, all manner of new fruits.

* *

We have had a second day in Java and last night steamed northward at nine o'clock. One friend

went off into the mountains and had a night at a hospital, another went to a coffee plantation, several stayed at the hotel in Weltevreden, but most of us came back to the ship. The ship wasn't Java but it was restful. The real hades of a trip like this is to have to sit at table for four months with people whom you dislike, or to room with them. Luckily there are only a few such unhappy combinations. And of course the excursions ashore make all sorts of new combinations possible and necessary. We have been fortunate in every way.

Yesterday the trip around Batavia supplemented the beautiful excursion to Buitenzorg of the day before. There were four hundred of us. We made parties of five for each motor. And Dutch guides were sent along to explain things at the important points. The irrepressible, uncontrollable, anxious-to-be-first people among the eight hundred are learning to behave much better. They will be quite seasoned travelers before we get around.

At luncheon the music of the orchestra was unusually high grade and appealing, and we found that the players were all Russian.

How these various hotels can take in two to four hundred extra for a meal and serve them so efficiently is an unending marvel. At Batavia the long lines of barefoot, turbaned Malays came with military precision from an open air pavilion kitchen across the street, serving everybody quickly. Some native musicians and dancers kept pounding and swaying for some hours just across the street from the hotel, and collected a rich harvest. Fifteen minutes of that, however, sufficed very well. The Malay waiters were all engaged on the understanding that the Clark management "pays all tips," but they have little faith in a far distant management and great faith in the kind gentleman who has just finished a good meal.

I assume that most of my readers know what some of us have just discovered—that Java is an island in the Dutch East Indies, south of Borneo and Sumatra, six hundred miles long, belongs to the Netherlands, is the seat of government for all the other Dutch possessions out here, is inhabited by over 30,000,000 people and produces Java coffee.

Java is famous not only for coffee but for tea, cotton, sugar, sago, cinchona, rice, tapioca and rubber. There are great forests in which teakwood is prominent. Of mineral products, oil is important, some of it going to the United States. By climbing the mountains one can go through all the alternations from tropic to temperate and semi-temperate zones of vegetation. Java raises practically everything somewhere. If man plants and tills, Nature rewards him. If he doesn't Nature takes things into her own hands. In one place where extensive fortifications were pulled down nature covered the site in twenty-eight years with a jungle in which were twenty varieties of shrubs and trees, some of the latter eighty feet high. The problem of reforestation is to shut natives out for a short period and nature does the work. Heat and humidity are the things plants like, and Java furnishes both.

Now as to the history; there are vast ages of it. In Weltevreden we spent some time in a museum which showed us what vast domains of human activity there are in both time and place that we do not know about. There were ancient stone statues, carvings and inscriptions. There were reproductions of modern houses and villages of all these vast islands. There were household furnishings, musical instruments, weapons, clothing, objects of worship of many periods.

Centuries ago there was an influx of Hindus and several Hindu religions. Later Mohammedan-

ism got hold. To-day, among the various kinds of Malays who make up the great body of the people, the old Mohammedanism overlaid with superstitions until it seems to be an animism is the principal religion. There are missionaries, but Christian mission work is not strong. "We are one side and neglected," one missionary complained. "Our Lord Bishops," said another, "in their triumphal world tours don't know the difference between Java and jute."

Of the history all that we conceited Westerners will bother to remember is that the Dutch began to go to Java to trade about 1520, and since then, with slight interruptions by other Powers and some sanguinary wars with native kings, have owned the islands and its neighbors. Except for the horrible butchery of some twelve thousand Chinese in 1740 the Dutch have done reasonably well. In modern times the administration has been much broader and more statesmanlike than in earlier times. World opinion seems to be a real force, whatever scoffers may say. Even imperialism is developing a regard for the exploited races with which it deals.

In 1600 there was a terrible eruption of a volcano which sent down streams of mud and blocked the channel of the river at Batavia. Water backed up and made a swamp of the country around about. Old Batavia became a death house for Europeans. Between 1730 and 1752, 1,100,000 deaths occurred. About the beginning of the nineteenth century the Dutch Governor started Weltevreden, on higher ground adjoining, and in this part of the city all Europeans live to-day.

We who like the Hollanders found many agreeable touches in the life of the islands. The fine young Dutchmen out here to make their careers, honest, frank, hospitable, speaking English, as the vast majority do, added much to our pleasure.

The name John van Schaick, I am told, appeared on some villa in Batavia, but whether he deals in schnapps or human spirits I do not know. Long may he wave in the Dutch East Indies. There he will have little trouble with his fine old name.

Javanese, Sundanese, Madurese, all Malays, with Chinese traders, a few English, the Dutch and the miscellaneous assortment always found, make up the population.

We had for guides at Buitenzorg two young Russians temporarily in the Dutch Government Civil Service whose story I gradually got. They were cadets in the Russian Naval Academy near Vladivostok. When the "Reds" advanced eastward the first time, the entire school retreated to Vladivostok and took an old naval vessel. As the Red Army came into the town, it fired on them as they sailed out of the harbor. Without supplies and without money, they took on a cargo at their first port and made their way to Singapore. Here the boys who could get jobs were advised to do so. One of these boys became second mate on a British trader, then bossed a gang unloading boats and finally got to Batavia.

For five years he supposed his father to be dead, but seeing a name with the same initials in a French paper, he wrote asking the man if he knew his father. The answer came back: "I am your father." By that time his mother was in Vancouver and married again. His sister is in Moscow. His old grandmother is in the Ural Mountains. To both he sends food orders through Hoover. To his father he sends money for his support. Never in this world will that family get together, and yet they were better class Russians. This young fellow got his diploma and title of "captain" in Singapore from the faculty of the school before they separated. To-day he speaks English, French, Dutch, German and Malay besides

Russian. He is clean, able, courteous and inexhaustible in kindness. May the good God who uses sorrow and adversity with which to help forge character watch over this boy. May some of God's human agents see that he isn't hammered on the anvil too much.

Last night just the width of the ship from us lay a graceful Dutch liner leaving Saturday for Amsterdam by way of Suez. She will take twenty-four days. On board she has over two thousand Mohammedan pilgrims from Java bound for Mecca on a pilgrimage. The ships' officers are beside themselves placing them on deck and at table, for they represent many castes. They thought that at least it was safe to put father and son together, but by doing so stirred up an awful row. The son was of a higher caste. The father had to leave the deck chair and take a stool some distance away down the deck.

"That is probably a worse outfit to handle than we have," mused one of our ship's officers. But he didn't act very positive about it.

XXV. RAFFLES AND SINGAPORE

THESE Singapore people are fond of calling it "the middle of the world." By that they seek to convey the idea that they are about in the center of things. Curiously, some of our perspiring fellow globe-trotters seem to think it nearer "the end of things" or "the jumping off place." But the Singapore folks are right. They are on the main highway, as ships travel. They are the center of life for a vast area which sends it jungle stuff and ranch produce down innumerable streams and up from innumerable islands. It is the halfway point between India and China, and both pour their trade into Singapore. Its longitude is interesting, for it is about the antipodes of home—my Washington-New York-Boston-Cobleskill home. And my dear friends and relatives are hanging head down to me this hot afternoon. Its latitude is even more interesting, for it is just north of the Equator, with a hot, humid climate which knows almost nothing of seasons. To be perfectly fair, however, I must add that a beautiful breeze blew in from sea across the deck, and into the porthole of my stateroom, all day and all night.

The mail didn't reach us here, which is a terrific disappointment, but two pieces of my mail sent to Kobe, Japan, caught up and helped a little.

We went ashore yesterday in time for luncheon at the Raffles Hotel, had rickisha men for the afternoon—or, I had better say, they had us to do with as they pleased—got our dinners at the same great hotel, slept on the ship, had a forenoon around the city and the island to-day, and sailed at high noon.

Why should I catalogue the public buildings, or

even describe the fascinating "Botanical Gardens," when there are just two things I want to tell about—"Sir Thomas Stamford Raffles" and "Singapore as one of the great meeting places of the world?"

Raffles has completely possessed me since I first read about him and heard about him in Java.

He wasn't born Sir Thomas. He was born in 1781 on a merchant ship lying off Jamaica, of which his father was captain. He had schooling in England, but was put to work at the age of fourteen in the secretary's office of the British East India Company. By the time he was twenty-four he was picked to go out to Penang, an island off the Malay Peninsula, which we will pass day after to-morrow *en route* to Rangoon. He then did two things which helped "make him." He married the widow of a surgeon, who had lived in India and was not afraid to launch out on such an expedition; and he had brains enough to buckle down on the voyage and learn the Malay grammar. Very soon the clerk was interpreting and translating for everybody else, had to step in and be acting secretary when the secretary of the colony got sick, and within two years was secretary himself.

Breaking in health under the overwork in a hot climate, he was sent to Malacca to get well. Malacca is the province north of Johore, and Johore we see this afternoon.

At Malacca, because he knew Malay and made friends among the Malays, he got into a situation which gave him the chance of his life. The East India Company was abandoning Malacca. The work of dismantling things was going on. The Malay friends of Raffles told him quietly wherein the action was a colossal blunder. Raffles sat down and wrote an elaborate report to the Penang authorities, and argued for the retention of the post. This was considered so important a report that one copy was

sent to London and one to the Governor General in Calcutta—the Earl of Minto. Without waiting to consult anybody, the Earl of Minto ordered the evacuation suspended. Years later high praise was given to Raffles for this act. The immediate consequence was that the Earl of Minto came to trust him. Soon Raffles was advising an expedition to capture Java from the French, who had seized it from the Dutch. When the expedition started, he was taken along. When it succeeded, he was made Governor of Java.

Reasons of state made England give Java back to Holland five years later, over Raffles' vehement protests. As Governor he had made a great record. He had dared to remove petty duties and other restrictions on trade, and trade grew by leaps and bounds. He increased the revenues of Java eight-fold. He won the confidence and friendship of the Javanese. But he buried his wife in Java. Down there the guides talked about Lady Raffles and showed us her grave. But she never was Lady Raffles. All that came afterward. Raffles went to London, wrote a history of Java, started a zoological garden, married again, went back to the East as Governor of Sumatra, made another brilliant record, returned to London to fight his enemies, and died on his forty-fifth birthday.

While Governor of Sumatra, part of which England held at that time, he found himself blocked on every side by the Dutch, who were trying to oust all British trade from the East Indies by making the thousands of miles of water between the islands a closed sea. Raffles moved quickly to stop them, sending in 1819 an expedition to get hold of the island of Singapore and to make a British trading post there. This one act completely checkmated the Dutch and ended their scheme. It set England squarely across one of the great ocean highways. It gave her a place of

strategic importance for her fleet. It made for her a great trading center. It helped her eventually to get rid of the Malay pirates who infested these waters which appear so peaceful and beautiful to us to-day.

And, as so often happens when we turn to the history of great achievement, we find that he was misunderstood and criticised by men who did not have his vision. Lady Raffles had to pay back 10,000 pounds sterling after his death for various items in his budget, including the expense of the mission to found Singapore.

All this partly explains why the spirit of Raffles seems to hover over this region—why we thought of him and talked about him in the great cool corridors and in the lovely garden of the Singapore hotel which bears his name, why I asked an Englishman to point out the way to his statue in front of the Parliament Buildings, and why his picture and his bust were the central features of our visit to the Raffles Museum. He had brain and courage. He dared to strike out. He was willing to buckle down to the deadly grind of mastering barbarous tongues that he might break down this language barrier, then and now in the pathway of success. It requires no stretch of the imagination to think of Raffles becoming one of the great Prime Ministers of England if he had lived.

The other supremely interesting thing in the city which Raffles founded is the variety of people who live there and who come there to visit, to trade, to dig and to delve.

Singapore was a jungle inhabited by only a few fisher folk on the coast when Raffles got it from the Sultan of Johore. Now it has 275,000 people. Every barbarous jargon in the East is heard there. The background is Malay, and there are several kinds of Malays. Among them moves now and then a tall negro bushman, naked to his waist, black as the ace

of spades. There are millionaire Chinese merchants and eight or ten kinds of Chinese coolies who speak different dialects. I had "useful words" in four parallel columns yesterday, in English, in Malay, in Chinese, and in Tamil, but I could not communicate with my coolies. Nor could any other resident to whom I appealed on the street or in the shops. To-day with my Malay chauffeur I held myself strictly to the sign language, showing him first a Singapore dollar bill. Thus I got along famously. The tall Indians in picturesque turbans striding along, the active little Japanese shopkeepers, the sampan men and junkmen bringing wares from all over Malaya, Arabs, Siamese—all are there. And of course with them the British, in civil government, in the army and in trade, many of whom live in lovely villas past which we drove to-day for hours.

And as people come to Singapore from all over the East and as they bring their wares with them from the jungle, from China, from India, from the islands, the list of things sold in Singapore is a list of the products of the East. It is a fascinating place as a trading center. Had not my wife suddenly appeared on deck I myself would have bought two huge beautiful genuine rubies for $10 just before we sailed away. Diamonds, Indian shawls, rugs, malacca canes, all kinds of semi-precious stones, cocoanuts, new varieties of bananas, various other tropical fruits, sea shells, sea horses, and a white cockatoo all came on board with our returning pilgrims from Singapore.

Among the comparatively new crops of which the people are very proud is rubber, introduced from Brazil and admirably adapted to the climate. They drove us out into the country this morning to see the beautiful rubber trees. Their rubber stands high in the markets of the world, largely because of the pains taken in preparing it for export.

Half of the tin supply of the world comes from the Malay Peninsula. Mr. A. W. Glessner, a Chicago business man, puts it as high as 90 per cent. Two of the islands which we passed *en route* to Singapore from Java, "Banka" and "Billiton," are important sources as well. Great smelting works on a little island near Singapore reduce the ore and prepare the metal for shipment. It is mined by great companies with modern machinery and by coolies who dig it in most primitive ways. The "Tin Stealers," a chapter by Cuthbert Woodville Harrison in "The Magic of Malaya," takes us into the jungle mountains and shows us how, by diverting mountain torrents, these poachers wash off surface soil and reveal the veins and pockets into which tin ore broken from tin rock has settled. Into burrows under huge rocks, which often become their graves, they dig their way. Out of dense thickets by almost impossible paths they carry the heavy loads which make them rich. They are thieves, strictly speaking, but free men. No white man's kick, no white man's sweat shop, no toiling for a pittance in the hold of a ship—"each has gone down to these holes," as Harrison puts it, "if even to his death, a free coolie, owning allegiance to no foreman, earning his living on his own terms." Now let no one interpret this eulogy as condoning larceny. It is merely exalting freedom. And in any event a little thief is no worse than some of the big respectable ones.

We have looked off on the jungle for hours and hours from the hurricane deck, studying it with our binoculars and thinking about what is going on there. The morning paper, the *Straits Times*, has this item:

"The manager of Tanjong Olak Rubber Plantations reports that a man-eating tiger took a Tamil coolie, named Narayanasamy, at 10.30 a. m. on Wednesday while he was picking up latex from some

rubber trees near the jungle on Tanjong Olak Estate. The tiger sprang on him and dragged him away into the jungle. The manager visited the spot later and followed the blood tracks, where he found the coolie about fifty yards inside the jungle. A leg had been eaten off above the knee. This estate is situated on the Muar River, about twenty miles from Muar."

Harrison, in his description of Li Wang, the Chinese trader on a river which penetrates the very heart of the jungle, gives us this sentence: "He came when his boat was full of bark, or cloth of bark, of tuba root, of honey, of gutta, of rattan, of wood oil, of *damar* and *damar mata kuching* (resin and a special resin), of deer horns and skins, of all the strange things which for ages and ages have left this quiet middle of the world and gone East and West, masquerading under alien titles such as dragon's blood, cajeput oil and the like."

Of such and such is this interesting world. Of its richness there is no end. Its variety sometimes staggers us. Anything has happened, can happen, is happening every day.

Singapore is both an island and a city. It is part of the "Straits Settlements," a colony of Great Britain. On the Malay Peninsula there are also "The Federated Malay States," British protectorates, and "Other Malay States," like "Johore," British advised.

This whole peninsula is changing—becoming civilized, engaging in agriculture, creating new forms of wealth, and all of this development adds to the wealth and prosperity of Singapore

Straits of Malacca, March 30, 1923.

XXVI. ON THE WAY TO MANDALAY

ELEVEN hundred miles it is—this little jog in the map of southern Asia from Singapore up the Straits of Malacca and over the Bay of Bengal to Rangoon. We have had hot days and hot nights, seas like a mill pond, clear weather, and all of the amazing cloud effects on the horizon for which this latitude is famous. We are

"On the road to Mandalay,
Where the flyin' fishes play,
An' the dawn comes up like thunder outer China 'crost the bay."

Harry Hervey, "the novelist of romantic adventure," author of "Caravans by Night" and "The Black Parrot," who is on board, says "like thunder" means with the suddenness of a thunderclap. But as I have seen the sun come up morning after morning out of heavy banks of clouds, dark and threatening until he gilds them and paints them with silver, with gold and with red, I have put this other meaning into it. Night after night we hurry up from dinner to the highest deck of all to see the sunset—the best and the happiest hour of the day—the part of the trip which will stay longest in our memories —many seas, and sunset light on them all—sunsets which change mysteriously from day to day but never cease to fill us with the peace of God.

I asked Harry Hervey, who has a rich vocabulary, how a man could describe such sunsets, make one stand out from another on a printed page as they do when we see them, and he agreed that it was almost impossible.

Easter Sunday, the Jewish Passover, All Fools

Day, and the full moon came together. I had the real Easter feeling last night when I stood up aloft forward and saw the full moon come up out of the sea in the east and the sun go down in the west, and realized that Easter Sunday was dawning at home. Then the Easter hymns and solos out on deck fell like a benediction on the day.

* *

I wrote the above paragraphs on Easter Monday. Since then we have seen Rangoon, capital of Burma, a city of 237,000 people. We lay for two nights, a day and part of another day in the swirling muddy waters of the Rangoon Estuary with its dangerous tidal currents. Over a neck of land we could see the main Irrawaddy. Near by was the creek which at high tide lets steamers through to Rangoon from the Irrawaddy, navigable for 900 miles up into the country. Little Irrawaddy steamers carried us back and forth between our ship and Rangoon, half an hour away.

As is inevitable with such a large party, we get all kinds of experiences from returning travelers. Some "saw nothing," "wasted their time," "got fed up." Others had the "time of their lives," "wouldn't have missed it for the price of the cruise." Some took letters of introduction to government officials or wealthy traders, and had private cars at their disposal and were entertained in beautiful homes. Others, in hot little four-wheeled pony carts or gharries which look like small milk wagons and hold three, became separated from their guides and were carried always "back to the hotel" to sit in packed lobbies with sweating Americans, or to some shop. The conductor, however, soon straightened such things out.

Some found missionary friends or the Y. M. C. A. or Y. W. C. A. people and had a glimpse of what they are doing. Other independent souls wandered

off alone and had delightful experiences of all kinds, especially in the bazars for which Rangoon is famous.

Mr. Clark had the elephants brought back from summer quarters in the jungle to haul teak wood logs around and carry people on their backs. The elephants were much more amiable than I should have been about it. He had his guides take us to the home of the multi-millionaire Chinese merchant—the show place of Rangoon—through the parks, gardens, business sections and great pagodas.

Most of us on these one or two days stops are altogether too much confined to lunching and dining at the "first or second sitting" of some particular hotel. We had far better take a ship's biscuit in our pockets or get our meals at some little restaurant as a few wise travelers are wont to do.

In Rangoon we found two opposing forces pulling on us in regard to visiting the Shwe Dagon, the great pagoda, the center of Buddhist worship in Burma, the show place of the city. It seems that three or four years ago an impulsive Englishman pulled off his stockings as well as his shoes, declaring that only with bare feet should one approach such a marvel. At once the Buddhist authorities issued an order that everybody must go with bare feet. Previously pilgrims had removed shoes and put on sandals.

The resident British resent the order as a semi-political attempt to humiliate them as well as all Western visitors. They do not go nor let their guests go. Nor do the American missionaries encourage people to visit the place. Doctors say that natives with all kinds of filthy diseases walk there and that a cut on the foot might be serious. The story was circulated that a lady in a tourist party ahead of us had died of sunstroke as a result of walking to the pagoda and another lady had blistered her feet on the burning stones and had them infected.

Probably not over 20 per cent of our company went, but several of that 20 per cent made the ascent twice. We had a glorious full moon in Rangoon. That was the time to make the pilgrimage. The dirty walks were hidden, the booths of "the money changers" and traffickers in the temple were in the shadow. The soft, mysterious light of a tropic night fell over everything.

I went up alone by day. I felt no loss of dignity and no sense of danger. But I had no thrills. I was too much amused to see dignified rectors and heavy-built priests of our party paddling around in their bare feet. I was too busy scurrying for shady patches to get my own burning feet off the hot stones. I was too anxious to get back to our own special party waiting in the hot sun down below. But in spite of all it was worth while.

Imagine a pagoda 368 feet high, covered with pure gold from base to summit, standing on an eminence 168 feet above the level of the city. Of course it dominates everything. We saw it from the deck of the ship when we were miles away. To get to the level from which the pagoda rises, one must climb long flights of stairs, bordered on each side by the inevitable booths, hundreds of them, selling flowers, images, blocks of wood and souvenirs of all kinds.

The pagoda itself is a cone-shaped structure, with no interior, but is built solid of brick. It has a relic chamber underneath. The place of worship is the enormous open platform 1,400 feet around, from which the cone-shaped structure rises. It was on the platform that we scorched our feet, for the sun beats down in Rangoon with power and with punch. All around the platform are little shrines and altars and many Buddhas where people were worshiping. Whole families with infants in arms knelt on the stones saying prayers with loud intonation. When they finished

they stepped forward to the altar with bunches of beautiful flowers, coins or whatever else they had to present. An act of special merit is to purchase gold leaf and climb up with the attendant and help put it on the gilded *stupa* or main body of the structure. The temple is kept regilded in this way and by public subscription taken once in each generation. I found our promising young novelist climbing down from a dizzy height where he had been with his gold leaf to get experience, local color and material for his next book. His early life in India, his travels in the East, his wide reading, make him a better companion than most native guides. Around the Shwe Dagon are public parks which give it a setting. The nearest I came to thrills was when I saw a little child toddle up with flowers for Buddha, and when I saw the pagoda rise in golden glory above the trees which surround a little lake in the park.

I am indebted to this cruise for putting deep into my subconsciousness the truth that there is a Burma and a Rangoon only a few weeks away from home, and that they are places to put on the list to be read about and studied and visited in leisurely fashion in the years to come. A bird's-eye view of what there is around this world, a touch here and there, a bit of flashing color, an awakened interest in strange places and peoples—surely this is nothing to sneer about even on a trip as rapid as ours.

Just as big in missionary history as the Shwe Dagon is in Buddhist history is the figure of Judson. He started as a Congregationalist, he labored all his life as a Baptist, but he has become a universal possession. The Britannica describes his character and his place in history in one sentence: "Judson was perhaps the greatest, as he was practically the first, of the many missionaries sent from the United States into foreign fields; his fervor, his devotion to duty and

his fortitude in the face of danger, mark him as the prototype of the American missionary."

He must have had personality and charm, for he induced three strong, able and charming women to marry him and go to Burma to share his sufferings, his dangers and triumphs. And a biography has been written of all three: Knowles, "Life of Ann Hasseltine Judson" (1829); Emily C. Judson, "Life of Sarah Hall Boardman Judson" (1849); Asahel C. Kendrick, "Life and Letters of Emily Chubbuck Judson" (1861).

Ann Hasseltine Judson went out with him on his first voyage in 1812. At Rangoon they toiled together at the language. They began together to translate the gospels. When war came in 1824, between Burma and the East India Company, they were in Ava. When Judson was put in prison by the native ruler, his wife stood by, carried him his food daily for two years, cheered and sustained him. Those who know say that the little book "Ann of Ava" is a classic painting, a memorable picture of man's courage and woman's constancy and devotion. When peace came, largely through Judson's efforts, her work was about done. She died in 1827.

Out of the pioneer work of Judson and the other men of his day there have come schools, colleges, hospitals, churches and mission stations all over Burma. They are under the fostering care of the American Baptist Missionary Association. Especially interesting was the huge printing establishment in Rangoon, as big as the great Methodist printing and publishing house in Singapore. This Baptist plant in Rangoon is in a large modern building, well lighted and ventilated, and is equipped with the latest machinery. It employs 250 natives, men and women, who earn from $5 to $30 a month, takes on big commercial contracts, gets out four religious newspapers, and not only is self-supporting but pays the salaries and house rent

of several missionaries connected with it, and even cares for some of the replacement cost of machinery. Books and pamphlets are printed in fourteen different languages. It was a model of efficiency. In the midst of criticism so often heard of the slack and shiftless business methods of church people it was interesting to see a plant with this kind of executive control.

The only jarring notes were these, due probably to misunderstanding:

When I asked if $5 a month was a living wage, I got the rather indifferent answer: "Yes—in the way such people live." When I spoke of shower baths for a place of such intense heat, to go with the admirable new toilets, the reply was: "What, have these people bathing on our time? They bathe enough anyway." When I asked what was the big difficulty in running such a plant, the prompt positive statement was: "The carelessness and slackness of the workers. One has to be after them all the time."

And yet to balance this apparent criticism I must speak of three things: One was the filtered and artificially cooled water available for everybody and the free modern medical care given to all employees; another was the courtesy and kindness with which the superintendent addressed the native workmen to whom he spoke; and the third was the picture of Phinney, the old superintendent who died a few months ago, taken from old newspapers or circulars and fastened to machines here and there all over the place where the workman could see it as he lifted his eyes.

In an Eastern land full of idle people—these workmen probably thank God they have their chance here.

Before landing in Rangoon I met a fine young Baptist missionary about to leave for the World Convention of Baptists in Stockholm. When I told him

I was going to the publishing house to get the life of Judson he said, "Be sure to ask for 'Ann of Ava' too, and the 'Star in the East,' the story of the marvelous spread of Christianity among the Karens."

When I asked for these books I found that not one copy of any of the three great lives of Judson could be bought or borrowed for consultation. Nor did the publishing house have "Ann of Ava." It hurt the bright, able, conscientious girl who looked after the books, and it made me sorry I had joked about it. In one of the largest publishing houses of the East, which itself is a monument to the self-sacrifice, the iron will, and the Christian faith of one gigantic figure, where busy presses are turning off millions of pages a year, something on Judson ought to be found, and I am inclined to think in the future will be found. At least some good Baptist ought to send out to them a copy of the Rev. Edward Judson's life of his father, or Francis Wayland's two volume work, or the "Life of Adoniram Judson," by Robert T. Middleditch.

Over in front of the Strand Hotel an enterprising native had brought out all the new and second-hand books and magazines in English he could lay his hands on and did a thriving business. On a chance I said to him: "Have you the life of Judson?" His face broke into ready smiles as he dived under his stand and came up with an old copy of *Life* in one hand and of *Judge* in the other hand. Then I gave it up.

But better than any "life" of any historic character, however great, were some of the living epistles known and read of all men.

If these Baptist missions had done nothing but produce a life like that of Dr. Sausa, the famous native woman doctor and surgeon, they would have justified themselves abundantly, but they have pro-

duced thousands, if not so famous at least useful and devout.

Dr. Sausa came on board before we sailed with her sister and Mrs. Cochran, a member of the old Stickney family of Washington, and a young minister, to see Miss Knowles, a cousin of Mrs. Cochran, the Rev. and Mrs. Edward Simpson, and to visit the ship. We took these valuable lives down to see Mrs. Simpson, who was ill with smallpox, although we did not know it until the next morning.

All I heard of Dr. Sausa made me feel that she was like Grenfell of Labrador in the value her life had for innumerable other lives. She has had the finest medical training of Great Britain and of the United States, has studied with Crile and Phinney and Cushing and others of our best, and now is giving her life to healing the sick, educating the masses and lifting the medical and surgical standards of her own country. From the Viceroy down, the people of Burma do her honor. Just one such modest, competent, cultured life is a greater memorial than all the biographies and all the golden pagodas in the world.

When one comes into direct contact with Eastern diseases and studies just a little into the horrible practises of native medicine men, when one sees malformations or growths or looks into the deep eyes of patient women sufferers, and when one goes near these breeding places of the plagues which now and then roll out over the world endangering all humanity, one begins to appreciate a little what can be done by a medical missionary, and especially by one native born and scientifically trained. And it won't be long before everybody will see what the man who wrote about the Karens doesn't see, that none of this Christlike devotion and sacrifice depends on any particular theory of the atonement but simply on following Christ.

"A Star in the East," the book about the Karens, by the Rev. Edward N. Harris, gives a fascinating picture of a wonderful work. One sees the author with his dying mother years ago in Burma, and the mother, far in the wilderness and away from all helpers, fixing her own hair and arraying herself in her own grave clothes to spare her bereaved husband and little boy these last terrible offices.

But the book is full of flings at scholars patiently trying to get at the truth. Men like the Baptist scholars of Chicago University he classifies with the lowest forces of evil in Burma itself because they hold a different view of Divine inspiration.

The day is coming in this rapidly changing world when men will learn that no harm can come from truth of any kind, whether it be of the scientist or of the mystic, but that all truth is of God. In that day we will all know some of the allies and friends whom now in our twilight we consider enemies.

Bay of Bengal, April 5, 1923.

XXVII. TO THE TOP OF THE WORLD

SO restrained a writer as George Trumbull Ladd, Professor of Philosophy at Yale, in his book, "Intimate Glimpses of Life in India," calls his chapter on the visit to Darjeeling, "Glorious Darjeeling." He quotes from the ancient Ramayana this sentence about the Himalaya Mountains: "As the dew is dried up by the morning sun, so are the sins of mankind dried up at the sight of Himalchal"—and from a modern traveler in less chaste and pious language: "When God gave men tongues He never dreamed that they would want to talk about the Himalayas; there are consequently no words in the world to do it with."

Even the sober Britannica says: "Few Europeans really see the Himalayas; fewer still are capable of translating their impressions into language which is neither exaggerated nor inadequate." I am happy to write about what happened to us but I shall not make myself ridiculous by trying to describe the stupendous things and places of which we had only a glimpse.

From the great bend of the Indus on the west to the bend of the Bramaputra on the east, for 1,500 miles these great mountains that protect India on the north are called the Himalayas, or snow abode. They not only protect but they enrich, for the rivers of India come through passes in the mountains and drain the northern as well as the southern slopes of the Himalayas.

We had to make our choice between three or four days in Calcutta, the former capital of India, ancient Benares, the religious capital from time im-

memorial, and Darjeeling high up in the mountains.

Of Calcutta, we could have a glimpse going and coming anyway, but many people preferred the leisure and rest and quiet sight-seeing there for several days to any side trips. But it was a tug of war to give up Benares, where we find India double distilled, at its worst and its best—with religion in some sects exhibiting the purest living and the most exalted heights of contemplation and in other sects the most loathesome and obscene rites.

The philosophers, the historians, the preachers, the antiquarians, of our party were all supposed to go to Benares, the poets, the artists, the naturalists, the mountain climbers, to Darjeeling; but we got well mixed up and everybody seems satisfied. One crowd says, "You can see mountains anywhere but you can't see burning ghats;" and another says, "We had human interest stories and all types of people and plenty of religion up in the mountains and cold bracing air instead of 102 in the shade;" while a third, thoroughly rested, remarks, "Give me a big hotel in Calcutta and a shower bath and quiet drives late in the day instead of so much jamming around overland."

That, however, is way one of putting it. Another way is this: "I'm all in. Never struck such heat in my life. And the plague is epidemic. Give me the Blue Mountain House and Buena Vista after this." Or: "Mismanaged from beginning to end. My wife and I had to sleep with Jones and his wife in one compartment with four berths. Doesn't that jar you?" Or: "Wouldn't you think they would hold that boat and give us time to see Calcutta?"

To-day, however, after a long sleep on the ship, which now is home, all the petty annoyances, worries, and fatigue have faded away, and we begin to see that we have memories which will last for a life time.

Darjeeling is a "hill station" and district of

British India, up in the Himalaya Mountains 367 miles north of Calcutta and almost at the frontier between India and Nepal and Tibet. To get there we had to go to Calcutta by tender from our ship, anchored in Diamond Harbor forty miles below the city, traveled twenty-two hours by broad guage railroad to Santahar, on a meter guage to Siliguri, and on a narrow guage up the mountains. We had sleeping cars, dining cars, long stops at railway restaurants, and what we had in the end ought to make us thank God as long as we live.

Mark Twain in "Following the Equator" waxes enthusiastic over Darjeeling, and describing the trip on the narrow guage road says: "That was the most enjoyable day I have spent in the earth. For rousing, tingling, rapturous pleasure there is no holiday trip that approaches the bird flight down the Himalayas in a hand car. It has no fault, no blemish, no lack, except that there are only thirty-five miles of it instead of five hundred."

One of our party, a fine young Brooklyn business man, who carried "Following the Equator" as his guide book, with three or four companions got out of one of the crowded steam trains and for three or four rupees extra took an electric observation car down the mountains, which made him feel with Mark Twain that it was "the most enjoyable day he had spent on earth."

For over three hundred miles our journey was over the flat plains of India, with its rice fields, its pastures, its thickets of bamboo, its little native villages, its water holes where the buffalo were wallowing, and its swamps, with innumerable snipe, heron, teal and other ducks. We soon got used to lovely palm trees sticking up in barren cow pastures and to statuesque natives, bare legged and bare from the waist up, walking across open fields or bathing in the

streams. Here and there old nature's great sanitary squad was at work, flocks of vultures devouring the bodies of dead animals.

About three hours north of Calcutta we crossed the famous Sara bridge over the Ganges, of which we had a good view on the return trip. It is one and one-eighth miles long, cost $12,500,000, and was opened in 1915. Under it in the rainy season, they told us, two and one-half million cubic feet of water pass every second. But what they did not tell us and what only the imagination can suggest is the variety of human experience past and present associated with this mighty stream. Up it we went in thought, fifteen hundred miles, past cities like Benares and little villages, past junctions with other mighty streams, over fertile plains, through endless jungles, into rugged mountain passes, past places of sacred pilgrimage, past all sorts and conditions of men and all kinds of wild creatures, up and up to its source in an ice cave 10,300 feet above the sea. The bridge which the natives felt outraged the majesty of this sacred stream still stands in spite of all prophecies of ill, a monument to the genius and courage of "the builders."

At five o'clock in the morning we tumbled out to take the mountain railway and get "*chota hazri*"—the early tea or coffee and toast and egg for people who have to get out before breakfast. All I could swallow was a cup of hot, nondescript liquid. I then seized my bread and toast and went out to the deserted platform, where I soon had five friendly dogs sitting in a circle about me, hungrily eating anything I offered and snatching less and gobbling less and growling much less than some of the folks. "The more I see of some folks, the better I like my dog." But this doesn't mean I am losing faith in my fellow men. It means that my dog brothers quite quickly and naturally

take me in. And it means that after much company and much talking and much crowding of even the best of people, the companionship of a dog is a sedative and a comfort.

> "Give me one dog in my retreat
> To whom to whisper solitude is sweet."

It takes from six to seven hours to do the fifty miles of the famous mountain railway. The sturdy little Scotch locomotives each haul thirty-five tons up a grade of from one in twenty-nine to one in twenty. It cost $17,500 a mile and much of the way follows the hill cart road which cost $30,000 a mile.

Back in 1879, a British governor of Bengal realized what it would mean to this section as well as to the people of India to have quick, cheap access to these healing and life-giving mountains. He induced the people to take the stock and bonds, the government guaranteeing interest. It has been a business success and it has saved the lives of many people, too ill and weak to travel up by cart.

All the country at the foot of the mountains is rich in animal life. Tiger, deer, the rhinoceros and wild hog are abundant on the plains. Of smaller game hare, peacock, partridge, snipe and jungle fowl are plentiful. A few elephants and even tigers are found on the lower slopes of the mountains, and deer abound. Bear, musk deer and leopards are found higher up.

Mark Twain says, "As my train began to climb the mountains seven wild elephants crossed the track but two of them got away before I could overtake them." It was much the same with all the wild elephants and tigers and bears that I saw.

For fine descriptive power, Mark Twain was at his best in the passages which the young Dartmouth man and the Smith girl read to us in the comfortable

third-class car which the others spurned, coming out of Calcutta:

"The railway journey up the mountain (seven or eight hours) is so wild and interesting and exciting and enchanting that it ought to take a week. The jungle seemed to contain samples of every rare and curious tree and bush that we had ever seen or heard of . . . The road is infinitely and charmingly crooked. It goes winding in and out under lofty cliffs that are smothered in vines and foliage and around the edges of bottomless chasms; and all the way one glides by files of picturesque natives, some carrying burdens up, others going down from their work in the tea gardens. By and by we were well up in the region of the clouds and from that breezy height we looked down and afar over a wonderful picture, the Plains of India, stretching to the horizon, soft and fair, level as a floor, shimmering with heat, mottled with cloud shadows and cloven with shining rivers. Immediately below us and receding down, down, down, toward the valley, was a shaven confusion of hill tops, with ribbony roads and paths squirming and snaking cream yellow all over them and about them, every curve and twist sharply distinct."

To me there were several surprises. One was the way that much of the tropical foliage went up with us to four or five thousand feet. There were plenty of banana trees at the 5,656 elevation, although the books say that in this latitude 4,000 feet is the limit. As we gradually left the figs, the oranges, the bananas behind, we came to the oak, the maple, the birch, the holly, and the chestnut. Burbank of Worcester, a high school principal for thirty years and as young as a boy, was our head botanist and his face shone like the sun when we came on our first magnificent chestnut.

Our own United States Department of Agricul-

ture, we hear, is sending an expedition out here to study the chestnut, its environment and its diseases, to see how we can bring back this lovely tree to our own country.

Up in the mountains we found foresters and nurserymen at work and reforestation of barren slopes being pushed vigorously by the government.

Another surprise was the number of tea plantations. Some of the lower mountains were terraced to the top. Tea cultivation was introduced in the Darjeeling district in 1856 and has become enormously successful. One after another we passed world famous tea estates, looking down upon coolies working among the beautiful green bushes whose successive "flushes" or "new shoots and leaves," cut every fifteen or twenty days, yield nearly a thousand pounds of green leaf or 240 pounds of manufactured tea per acre. Cinchona likewise has been introduced on these mountain slopes and has done well.

Before we left the ship, we were told that travelers sometimes went to Darjeeling and waited for weeks without getting views. Our chance of seeing the great peaks with only twenty-four hours at our disposal was one in a hundred. But as we climbed steadily hour after hour in the bright sunshine we decided that we had had our reward whether we saw the "snow" mountains or not. Around 6,000 feet we ran into dense clouds, but left them behind as we topped the summit at something over 7,000 feet and dropped down to Darjeeling, 1,000 feet below. All at once, curving around, we saw far off some of the lovely snow peaks bathed in sunshine. It was the best view of the trip, although we did not know it at the time. Some one should have sent us straight off to "Observatory Hill" on our arrival. Burbank knew enough to go by himself and of our two hundred people saw the most of the famous mountains.

Clinging to the side of its mountain, looking into deep valleys and off upon range after range of Himalayas, Darjeeling with its sixteen or seventeen thousand people seemed very good to us when we arrived on Sunday shortly after midday.

Soon we were scattered about and I was down in the market-place with the people. There were literally thousands of them—Lepchas, or aboriginal hill people, Limbus, Nepalese, Bhutias, Tibetans and representatives of other tribes.

From our height we could look off into their various countries. Some of our people drove over to Nepal and crossed the frontier. The territory of mysterious Tibet was only a few miles away. We were at the end of settled society, on the edge of vast areas where traveling would have been a different proposition and where life itself is not always safe. What regions of romance, of mystery, of adventure, lay before us—innumerable monasteries, cities associated with Younghusband and other famous travelers, and Lhassa itself, the forbidden city.

Down their historic mountain passes, up from their distant valleys, come hundreds of these people bringing their wares to the Darjeeling market. Horses, ponies, mules, raw wool, musk, for example, come out of Tibet, and in exchange they carry back tobacco, rubber, brass, copper, silver and cotton goods. And in the booths or on the pavement of the market, there were spread out fruits and vegetables of both tropical and temperate zones, Indian corn and barley with rice and millet, apples with oranges and bananas. Even buckwheat is raised up in these mountains. The inevitable rings and ornamented boxes, statues, bells, vases, Llama's drinking cups and prayer wheels were offered on every side. They are not staying at home any more—even Tibetans, once shut away, are getting out into this changing world.

It is dangerous to generalize about the religions. While Buddhism lies at the basis of the faith of most of these mountain people, it is so altered by many of them, so overlaid with demonism and animism, that it is hard to recognize.

After our dinner Sunday night, some of the Bhutias gave "a devil dance" in the spacious lobby of our hotel—an amazing exhibition of capering and flinging one's self about and of placating great monsters with incantations and offerings.

A five o'clock vesper service at the "Old Scots Church" and a sermon by a young Welsh minister named Williams gave the benediction to a day of deep and lasting impressions and prepared some of us for the climax of the trip in the early morning.

Here we were touring the world, rushing from country to country, traveling for hours up from the plains of India, studying life in a thousand forms in the market-place; then when the sun began to sink toward the great mountains, we went into a service where the minister took as his text: "Be still and know that I am God."

"Tennyson hoped, Browning believed," said the preacher, "but we want to know. We want the bed rock. One of the great hindrances to knowing is rush. Even in our music we live under the dominion of din. Why are so many people not sure? It is because they are never quiet. They never take time to think of God, to talk with God, to listen to Him. Even an earthly father and mother, treated for years as we treat God, would become unreal and indistinct."

For one of the hymns we sang the poem of Whittier:

"Dear Lord and Father of mankind,
Forgive our feverish ways.
Reclothe us in our righteous mind,
In purer lives Thy service find,
In deeper reverence, praise."

At 2 a. m. Monday the gong sounded through the corridors of our hotel and we dressed hastily, put on overcoats or sweaters, had our coffee or tea and eggs and started out for "Tiger Hill," six or seven miles away, to see the sunrise.* On horseback, on ponies, in rickishas pulled and pushed by three or four men, in sedan chairs carried by six or eight, we started. We were soon separated and made little groups far better fitted to appreciation of the wonderful night. I had "Alice," an old steeplechaser, a fast walker up hill, with a strong, long trot for the level places, but with no knees for down hill. An Englishman at "Tiger Hill" threw his arms about her neck and said, "Alice, are you here too?" Then turning to me he said, "There never was a horse with her courage and disposition. I've ridden her hundreds of miles, but don't trust her any more down hill." It all suited me, for what did I want so much as a tramp?

Up steep paths in the moonlight, along dark wooded places where only little patches of the moonlight could penetrate, close to the edge of declivities where the world fell away for hundreds and thousands

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*Prof. Bruce Baxter of Mount Wilson College, Mansfield, Ohio, contributor of "Thumb Nail Sketches" to the *Youth's Companion* and other publications, wrote the following after the visit to Tiger Hill. He and the writer were the last persons to leave Tiger Hill that morning:

"Who has not dreamed of the time when he will see the sun rise upon Everest and Kinchinjunga, the kings of the mountain peaks of the earth? Each morning men stand upon Tiger Hill and wait for the new day, ready to pay homage to one of the wonder views of the world.

"For hours they have ridden over a narrow mountain trail, their sturdy Tibetan ponies carefully picking the way among the shifting rocks and flickering shadows of the forest bordered path. As the summit is reached, the only light comes from the gleaming stars and the winking, blinking lanterns of

of feet, past turns where we looked far down on the lights of villages, curving, turning, climbing, descending, we came to the last and steepest pitch of all where the rickishas could not climb and the chairmen grunted and swore in horrible sounding words—but where old Alice and all the little Tibetan ponies scrambled up without difficulty. There we were, 8,514 feet above sea level in the cold and the darkness, about four in the morning, to wait for the coming of day.

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the guides. The night has conquered all, even the mountains themselves are lost in its embrace.

"But soon the stars grow pale and the lanterns are extinguished. A faint glow appears in the east and the dream of a lifetime is about to be realized. The growing light reveals a sea of mist and cloud about the hill and in the chasm beneath. Gradually the mist begins to lift, and soon it seems as if the whole earth is going back to a gaseous state. But this can not be, for here and there the dark outlines of massive hills assert themselves and challenge the rising mists with their rugged sides. Now, like a red disc of fire the sun comes up and the last tardy mists scurry away lest his solar majesty discover them and riddle them with his burning rays.

"The ghostly outlines of the hills take definite form and align themselves into jagged mountain ranges. From Tiger Hill seven snow-capped ranges are visible. The most lurid of colors streak the sky and tint the near-by hills. Suddenly a cloud bank is driven away by a gust of wind, and twenty thousand feet above the summit of Tiger Hill, ice crowned Kinchinjunga flashes into view, its ice cap flashing back the rays of the sun with a brilliance that is actually dazzling. Involuntarily the party of tourists burst into applause, for it is all so far beyond their most extravagant fancies. The roof of the world, twenty-nine thousand feet high, has been uncovered and the mind is staggered at the sight. It is a view of such brilliance and grandeur that only the gods might claim the boon of sharing in its splendor. Heaven itself, as a foretaste of what the future holds, has relinquished some of its own beauty when it permits earth mortals to witness the sunrise upon this majestic king of the mountains."

One hundred and seven miles away to the northwest was Mount Everest. From thirty-two to seventy-three miles away and more to the north were the seventeen snow peaks which make up the "Kinchinjunga" snow range, twelve of the peaks being over 20,000 feet and "Kinchinjunga" or "Kangchenjanga" itself rising 28,156 feet into the air. Pile the Jungfrau on top of the Matterhorn, it is said, and still you could not reach up to Kinchinjunga.

With 200 people on "Tiger Hill" waiting from 4 to 7.30 a. m., with night slowly giving way to day, with fog lifting and shutting down, with all kinds of temperaments and dispositions about us, we struck the entire gamut of feeling from the sublime to the ridiculous.

One man came late. His horse had bolted at the start and carried him in the opposite direction. A lady had been thrown from her pony and bruised. Coolies got tired and cold after a while and set up demands to go home. People became discouraged or weak and ill and fell away. The cold and damp went into the marrow of the bones. The sun itself came up in mist with only a little of the world-famous rosy light.

But there were great moments: when we saw what looked like a white peak in the moonlight before the fog shut down; when the clouds on our mountain lifted and showed the clouds on the great range and indescribable masses of billowy clouds in the valleys hundreds of feet below us; when it was asserted that the small white thing off to the extreme northwest shaped like a soldier's helmet was "Everest;" and when at last the clouds parted several times for an instant and showed stupendous, unbelievable, white peaks, with the morning light upon them. Even those fleeting glimpses showed us what they were. They let us look upon what is called "the top of the world."

They let us share, even if just a little, in the sublime and purifying vision for which thousands have traveled so far and waited so long. And some of us, who have followed with intense interest the attempts to climb Mount Everest, felt anew a tingle and glow of pride in the men who are putting their brain and soul against obstacles almost insurmountable.

There was peace in the descent. We were soon under blue skies and in the warm sunlight. There were ferns to pick, great boulders on which to rest, deep valleys which had been hidden in darkness when we came up, the warm, soft muzzle of a horse asking affection, and a small boy who would be "guide, philosopher and friend" whatever happened and whom a silver rupee made exuberantly happy. And at the end of the trail were the best things earth has to offer—the things Heaven itself can not surpass—the big fires and the deep chairs, rest, with good friends around, and happy thoughts.

XXVIII. "WHERE EVERY PROSPECT PLEASES"

"What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Where every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile."

NOBODY on this cruise well enough to go ashore will deny the truth of the first two lines; few will admit the truth of the last two.

Ceylon emphatically has made an impression on us. A month or two earlier I would have crossed India by rail. As it is we shall make a trip of some days to see the Taj Mahal; but in this hot month of April the trip around by water from Calcutta to Bombay, stopping at Ceylon, has been delightful.

Saturday afternoon as we sailed down the east coast of Ceylon, Burbank of Worcester stood by me watching for Uduvil. "I went up to the old church at Shrewsbury, Mass.," he said, "where Miss Ruth Holland, one of our Worcester County girls, was commissioned as a missionary. Within two years she died of typhoid fever at Uduvil." We saw the lonely little places on the north and east coast and paid our silent tribute to her and hundreds like her who sleep where they fell on "the glorious field of service."

After dark we made the last turn around the island and came into the harbor of Columbo. One of the Blue Funnel liners lay there, a large Japanese ship had halted also, and a great P. & O. liner from Australia to England came in after us in the darkness. We all lay so close together behind the breakwater that seven bells, or eight bells, or whatever it was, sounded on every side, all around the harbor.

Just as I remember for no special reason whatever one particular ship which sailed out of New York Harbor and down the Narrows years ago just as the lights began to flash out along the coast, and a P. & O. liner eastbound in the Mediterranean in 1910 all ablaze with lights, and a British warship in 1915 starting out of Avonmouth at sunset swarming with English lads, it seems to me that I shall always remember this P. & O. liner leaving Ceylon at 5 p. m. yesterday—getting loose at last from scores of tenders and launches, moving slowly to the breakwater and then quickly gathering speed as she curved around and headed west and straight into the setting sun. What cargoes did she bring and take, what mails to bless and to blast, what different people, going once this way, the first and only time, or using the great liner almost as some of us use ferryboats! Into what experiences of storm and calm, sunny days and starlight nights, did she pass!

I shall not emphasize the remarks quickly overheard and repeated after the British and Australians landed—the supercilious Britisher who tried to push his way through the dense crowd at the Galle Face Hotel, made up of a part of our 800 and of their 1,500, and who spoke of "this irresponsible American mob;" the tried American who confided to a British friend, "Our ship is full of small-pox and all sorts of impossible people continually stealing from one another;" and the Irish-American who held forth loudly in a British Crown Colony and with many British around on British outrages everywhere and in general. Blame it on the hot weather, blame it on fatigue of travel, blame it on gross ignorance or bad manners or inexperience as we may—the one thing we don't do is to take it seriously. There is a world of friendship in the making and we are to help make it.

Curiously enough an American hotel-keeper on

the island told one of our people that the big difference between the Australians with whom the P. & O. boat was loaded and the Americans was that "the Australians are so much more democratic than the Americans."

Never did we love our dear country, it seems, as much as now, never did the thoughts of some of us turn with more yearning toward home, than here on the other side of the world. Only this morning, for half an hour before breakfast, I talked with a delightful Columbia, Mo., gentleman on the new asparagus just coming up in his beds, the young green peas we will miss, the early catawba and the Country Gentleman corn.

But with all we have and love in America we must admit that we have imperfect manners, vicious race prejudice, the snobbishness of the new rich, a caste system as well as India, and a lawlessness hardly equaled on earth, which has induced us to lawlessly hang and burn over four thousand people between 1889 and 1921, eighty-three of whom were women, and seventeen white women. With our preference for America, we know that we have much to do to make "God's country" really God's country.

No, we are not homesick, as these reflections might indicate—at least not all of us. And many of us hope to come to Ceylon again. For luxuriant, tropical vegetation it is like Java. And it is literally true that it is a spice island and over it blow the softest breezes imaginable. Mrs. van Schaick and I slept on board all three nights that we lay in the harbor. And all night such a breeze blew into our porthole that we had to cut off the fan. On the port side they did not have that breeze, but one can always sleep on deck.

Here is an island 271 1-2 miles long at its greatest length and 137 1-2 miles wide—five-sixths as large as

Ireland and six-sixths an Emerald Isle. At the Galle Face Hotel in Columbo, our headquarters on shore, the surf rolled in under cocoanut palms and our amateur photographers snapped lovely views. Out at Mt. Lavinia seven miles away, where they took everybody, it was the same, but I was in no mood to trade my rolling, gleaming, foaming surf for any other surf wherever it might be.

Up in the interior of the island there are mountains going up seven and eight thousand feet. One, Adam's Peak, 7,353 feet, is the resort of pilgrims from all parts of the East. A great hollow in the high rock which crowns the summit "is said by the Brahmans to be the footstep of Siva, by the Buddhists of Buddha, by the Mohammedans of Adam, while the Portuguese Christians were divided between the conflicting claims of St. Thomas and the eunuch of Candace, Queen of Ethiopia." What a gain it is that we have discovered that religion is not decaying because we smile good-naturedly at all such Adamic, pre-Adamic and post-Adamic claims. Obeying God, serving Christ, and loving our fellow man are, strangely enough to some of us, utterly and completely independent of any superstition which clusters around Adam's Peak or anywhere else.

Still it is great fun to see Adam's Peak and to study up all these old traditions. We had lovely views of the mountain for hours before we arrived.

Our cruise manager gave us in turn an all day excursion to Kandy, seat of the ancient kings. In big heavy railroad cars with room for everybody we traveled seventy-five miles up into the mountains, every mile getting lovelier, until we were on the top of and in the midst of the mountains with deep valleys falling away under us. And coming back after dark, before we settled back into a deep sleep to shorten the return trip, we put the lights out in our compart-

ment and got the mountains and valleys with all the magic and mystery of starlight in the tropics.

The old Kandy kings were great brutes and I couldn't get up much sentiment for them. Still they were fierce fighters and some way commanded the fighting power of their serfs and slaves. The Portuguese broke into their mountain fastnesses in the sixteenth century and the Dutch in the eighteenth, but eventually were forced out. Even a British garrison was massacred there in 1803, but the British drove out the last and worst of these kings about 1814 and liberated the oppressed people. I am not much of an imperialist, but I admit that liberalizing and liberating influences sometimes have gone into a country under the cloak of conquest.

Buddhism of a purer type than in India is found in Ceylon. The temple at Kandy and that near Columbo were amusing. Both were haunted by the worst people we met anywhere in Ceylon and the begging at Kandy inside and out of the temple and the heat and begging at Columbo nearly destroyed a resolution we carry with us to all such places—to remember the words we always used to print on our church calendar: "Whosoever thou art that visiteth this church, leave it not without uttering a prayer for thyself, for those who minister and those who worship here."

Nor does Buddha's tooth, said to be enshrined at Kandy, help much, especially after seeing a model of it in the Columbo museum which looks like the tusk of a man at least one hundred feet tall. Probably "the real tooth" was burned up by zealous Portuguese missionaries in 1560. It is said that they made a great ceremony of it, invited the Viceroy of India and his court and scattered the ashes on the sea. Whether real or not it is a "right eye tooth," and unquestionably has been the object of much devotion

and the cause of much intrigue and adventure. It is the business of devout Buddhists to believe in it and they do.

Valuable lands around Kandy are owned by the Buddhist monastery and given out under a kind of feudal system by which different families render different kinds of service. One group tills the gardens for the monastery, another does the carpentry, and another the blacksmithing required in the temples and monastery, while still others prepare temple decorations or carry temple banners in parades. Years ago the British tried to break up this system and give the people a chance to purchase their freedom from it, but investigation showed that in the main they liked it and it was restored.

Some of our people motored all over the island. Up at Nuwara Eliya is a beautiful plain with an altitude of 6,200 feet, and this is a great sanatorium for the island.

Others tramped to high peaks or to mountain gaps and passes. At Peradeniya, three miles from Kandy, we visited the Royal Botanical Gardens with avenues of this kind of palm or that, and specimens of all the spice bushes and trees in the world. Such crushing of leaves and smelling, such picking of nutmegs, such illuminating discourses on botany by dark old men with white beards and white skirts, such picking up of fruits, and everything else not tied fast, by boys to sell to us—we never saw before.

On the trip up to Kandy from Columbo we had the most beautiful views of rice fields fringed with cocoanuts. One of my companions remarked, "I'll always have a new color now—rice green." Another who had studied her geography said: "The cocoanuts interest me the most. What the reindeer is to the Esquimaux the cocoanut palm is to these people."

With the cocoanut we saw rubber and talked

about Hoover's effort to encourage rubber cultivation in parts of the world adapted to it but not now engaged in it. For we are a buyer of enormous quantities of rubber and we have no foot of soil where it will grow well, and we must plan for a supply of an article as fundamental as this.

One splendid peak up to which we steadily climbed we were told was Allagalla, and another was Bible Rock, and the pass which took us behind Allagalla bore the barbarous name of Kadugannawa Pass, but there was nothing barbarous in the scene to which it led. We looked far down and far up on terraced plantations of tea and cocoa—the tea which takes the place of the coffee, once the main stay of the island and swept away as in Java by disease. And before we reached our destination we had lovely views along a little river lined with bamboos.

The prospects pleased, but were men vile? They begged, as they do all over India. It was dreadful from modern standpoints, but not quite so dreadful because it was so childlike. And while officially all tips are paid by our cruise managers, in India and Ceylon one had better forget that rule. Tipping may be immoral in America, but it is only unmoral here. It may be even a virtue out here as showing gratitude for service rendered in the only language most of us can use. Anywhere and everywhere it ought to be done with a smile.

And while I never give to beggars, and while I am sure that it fastens beggary on people in both New York and India, and while I resisted fascinating mesmerizing stumps of limbs wiggled under my nose, I did give a generous coin to the long-legged boy who accompanied my auto in Columbo, running like a deer and singing Tipperary. I am willing to pay for all orchestras or concert singers that I encourage or employ.

The people of Ceylon, 4,494,974 in number, are mainly Sinhalese and Tamils from India. There are included two hundred thousand Moors or Mohammedans, a few Malays and a very few Veddahs, or little men who run wild in the bush and who are the aborigines of Ceylon. In addition there are ten thousand Europeans and probably double that number of half Europeans.

With the lines of the old hymn running through my mind as we left Columbo for Kandy that beautiful Sunday morning, I determined to look out and observe what "vile" men were doing. Here is a list made in one railroad journey taking one Sunday forenoon:

Washing clothes in the river and streams; carrying bundles of grass on the head; driving oxen and bullocks along the road; throwing the levers in the tower houses along the railroad; pulling rickishas; poling boats; unloading freight cars; climbing cocoanut trees; fishing; tending babies; bathing with all clothes on; ditto with all clothes off; working in the rice fields; working on the tea plantations; building a brush fence; ditto a wire fence; tending village stores and stands; running a forge; grading the railroad track; building a brick structure; plowing with bullocks; peddling cocoanuts; piling wood; driving motor cars. And with all this it seemed like Sunday.

"Lift the rock and thou shalt find me,
Cleave the wood and there am I.
This is the gospel of labor—ring it ye bells of the kirk—
The Lord of Love came down from above to live with the men that work."

I am quite willing to admit all the disease, all the cruelty, all the cupidity, all the uncleanliness, which I did not see. But here and there and everywhere we were struck by the fact that we were among

a comparatively clean and a very smiling people. They seemed busy and they seemed happy, and certainly, with all the different colors they wore, the skirts of both men and women, the bare breasts, the naked limbs of some, were most picturesque. And the few clothes of the native women were worn with a modesty and a grace which compare favorably with grand opera nights in New York and Chicago. After all it is not the length of skirt, nor the cut of waist, nor the amount of skin exposed, which makes "suggestiveness." It is the human being within the garments. These gentle dark-eyed children of God had nothing vile about them that we saw.

"Positively," said one social leader of New York and Boston who was with us, "you can empty this car on the station platform and stand us all up with an equal number of native women picked by chance and they will average up better than we do in modesty of garb."

Among the native religions Buddhism, of course, is in the lead, with Hindus second, Christians third and Mohammedans fourth, and of the three hundred and fifty or three hundred and sixty thousand Christians some three hundred thousand are Catholics. St. Francis Xavier, the great apostle of the Indies and one of the greatest missionaries since apostolic days, gave a great impetus to Christian missionary work in Ceylon.

I fear, however, that most of us on this cruise know more about the mines of precious stones in Ceylon than we do about the churches. We are all going about to-day exhibiting our spoils, and innumerable dealers in Columbo are banking all kinds of rupees, dollars and pounds. There are five hundred mines on the islands—some little holes in the ground, others great mines with modern machinery. "Rich finds of a valuable ruby, sapphire, cat's eye, amethyst, alex-

andrite or star stone, are comparatively rare; it is only of the commoner gems, moonstones, garnets, spinels, that a steady supply can be obtained."

There is this to be said for the semi-precious stones: They are beautiful and they are genuine. Some of the white sapphires shine with the brilliancy of diamonds. Anything more beautiful than chains of moonstones or chains of zircons would be hard to imagine. And one chain I saw, most oriental of all, had on it these stones, nearly all new to me: zircons, amethysts, white sapphires, pink sapphires, yellow jargoons, chrysoberyl, rose garnet, brown jargoons, yellow topaz, white topaz, brown tourmaline, hessonite garnet or cinnamon stone, three kinds of spinels and a chlorospinel. And I was told it cost only some $22.

The Ceylon pearl fisheries likewise are well known everywhere. The pearl divers working far down in the green water exposed to death from shark or suffocation, the naked natives digging for gems under the fierce sun or fiercer overseers, the dealers fighting for trade—all have their limitations. Poor naked natives conceal rare finds in spite of everything. But we who dicker and haggle, we who don't care where or how men labor so long as we get bargains, we who lay all our plans to cheat, not the wayfarer, but our own beloved country in the customs mustn't be too hard on these natives.

Nor must it be inferred that I believe that our own people failed to give a fair price. Verily they did. I'll back the dealers on that. But I am wondering how many of us down in our hearts wanted to.

That is the next step for some of us to take. We must ask how are the cheap things we want produced? Before we sing more about "only man is vile" somewhere else, we had better consider our own

opportunitities, and then search carefully our minds and hearts, and try and know our ways, and see if there be any evil in us, and walk in the way everlasting.

We are coming but we have not yet arrived.

The Arabian Sea, April 18, 1923.

XXIX. A PILGRIMAGE TO THE TAJ MAHAL

WE rolled into the Victoria Station, Bombay' this morning a little before eight, after the most strenuous and most illuminating overland trip some of us have ever taken in our lives.

We spent two nights and a day on a sleeper going and two nights and a day on a sleeper returning, to have a single day from sunrise to moonrise at Agra. We endured the heat of the interior of India in the hottest month of the year, we risked whatever danger there may have been in an outbreak of plague which kept us from Delhi, we traveled 843 miles going and 843 coming back, and we faced exposure, fatigue, uncertain food and other things innumerable, just to see the "Taj Mahal."

And having said all this, let me add that it was well worth it, and the trip was not half bad.

On Sunday at one of the way stations going up, an official said that the temperature was 103 degrees in the shade. A lady with a thermometer claimed that it got up to 108 degrees in her compartment that afternoon. Certain it was that the blast which came into the windows from the rush of the train was like that from the open doors of a furnace. But when the sun went down, it cooled off. Nights were comfortable. Many of the passengers had compartments with electric fans and some were lucky enough to draw shower baths. Everybody had the use of two large dining cars which served the three usual meals of excellent quality and, in addition, at 6 a. m. tea or coffee and toast, and afternoon tea with unlimited ice. And perhaps most important of all from a health standpoint was the fact that the heat itself had no

humidity about it, it was dry and exhilarating rather than depressing, and everybody, old folks and young, invalids and well people, came through it in a way to make us wonder why we questioned it so much in advance.

But if it did mean sacrifice, if it really was toil instead of recreation for many folks, I do not know of anybody who is sorry that he went. A few say, "I am glad I have been, but never again," but most of us feel that our feet have been set upon a threshold which in future days we hope to cross.

The trip was a fair substitute for the overland trip across India which 600 of us missed in going around by Ceylon. It let us penetrate to the heart of the continent. It made us realize something of the size of India —1,900 miles from north to south and 1,900 miles at the widest point from east to west. It took us into regions totally different from what we had seen of India before.

In place of the races of the coast we were all day among the drovers, herdsmen, and farmers of Central India and the United Provinces. Instead of the fertile valley of the Ganges, we crossed the high, dry plateaus of the interior. We saw the country which burns up before the rains come, but which supplies grain for millions when it is watered, the grazing country with thousands of cattle, goats, zebu and water buffaloes. All day Sunday as we were going up and all day yesterday coming back, we watched the great trek of cattle to the streams. And as we went hour after hour in the heat and saw the millions of acres of dry land under cultivation and all the brown pastures, we realized what it has meant to India in times past when the rains have not come and the cattle have died and people have starved, as happened in 1896-'97 and 1907-'08.

We learned on this trip about the stupendous

irrigation schemes which have been completed in some parts of India and are under way in other parts, and which everywhere mean the end of famine. At home we hear more about the unrest of India, the Gandhi movement, and the possibility of revolution, but the biggest thing in modern India is "water." The huge irrigation projects like that in the Bombay Presidency and the Sarda Canal project will supply water for millions of acres of fertile soil. In 1919 twenty-eight and one-half millions of acres were irrigated by government plants. When projects now undertaken are completed fifty million acres in all will be supplied.

Among the delights of the journey were the birds and animals which we saw. Around every station there were hungry crows to feed. Occasionally we got the flash of a fast flying parrot or the turquoise and sapphire wings of the Indian roller or blue jay. In the swamps there were cranes and herons. About the cultivated fields we saw the green and the gray pigeons of India. Toward night one day I saw a herd of antelope dashing off into the underbrush. Others saw monkeys, jackals and a stray hyena.

But as exciting as anything were the wild peafowl. Here in fields and woods were gorgeous peacocks and the sober hens always associated before with great private estates or with public parks. In India the peafowl is sacred.

In his delightful little book "Beast and Man in India," J. Lockwood Kipling tells us that many of the troubles between villagers and English soldiers out shooting have arisen from the ignorance of the latter of the veneration in which peacocks are held.

A rhyming proverb says: "The deer, the monkey, the partridge and the peacock are four thieves," but they are never punished for their thefts. It is pathetic to think of the expedients to which some of the

peasants are driven to scare away these marauders from their crops. All day and all night the people keep a long and dreary watch.

Even more fascinating were the famous black buffaloes, hauling loads, walking with the cattle or wallowing luxuriously in mud or water.

Though their huge strength does all kinds of work, though their milk is rich and nourishing, though they are far more gentle, courageous and intelligent than the cow—they are not held in honor. It is bad luck to go out of the door in the morning and see a buffalo. It is good luck to go out and see a cow.

As Rudyard Kipling says:

"Dark children of the mere and marsh,
Wallow and waste and lea;
Outcast they wait at the village gate,
With folk of low degree.

"Their pasture is in no man's land,
Their food the cattle scorn,
Their rest is mire and their desire
The thicket and the thorn."

But the nobler, the finer, the more cultivated a man, the more he holds within the range of his sympathy both the outcast beast and the outcast man. And there are many touching stories of the affection these great beasts develop for herdsmen and how they often defend themselves and their masters even against the rush of the tiger.

There were also goats innumerable—alone and in flocks—around the stations picking up morsels of food, and far out in the wilderness. There are so many of them and they are such great foragers that they are not highly regarded by the Forestry Department of the Government. They stand on their hind legs and bite off every green thing as high as a

man's head. But they are the poor man's friend, for they cost little or nothing to keep. "There is no house possessing a goat," said Mohammed, "but a blessing abideth therein, and there is no house possessing three goats but the angels pass the night there praying."

For people supposed to venerate animal life like Hindus there seems to be a deal of unnecessary cruelty. Goats used to be flayed alive on the theory that skins so obtained had a better quality.

A goat also is a favorite animal for the sacrifice. The Hindus decapitate great numbers of he-goats principally as an offering to the goddess Kali. The Mohammedans cut the goat's throat, with a prayer and a verbal apology to the animal slain.

So the journey itself was full of interest and delight.

One old gentleman in declining to go to Agra said: "They tell me that this thing they are going to see was put up way back in 1500 and something. If that is so it must be in bad repair. I'm not going to travel five hundred miles to see any old building all out of shape." Others of us could not spell Taj Mahal when we started and had our guides spell it out for us.

A few words, therefore, about this building may be timely.

The "Taj Mahal" is a mausoleum built in 1632 by a Mogul or Mohammedan Emperor of northern India, Shah Jehan, for the remains of his wife, Mumtaz Mahal. The building is of white marble and stands in a lovely garden on the banks of the Jumna River. It rises from a platform eighteen feet high and 313 feet square, also of white marble. The mausoleum itself is 186 feet long, wide and high, with a dome fifty-eight feet in diameter and eighty feet high.

Over each corner, which is cut away some thirty-three and one-half feet, there rises a smaller dome.

At each corner of the marble terrace white marble minarets 133 feet high have been erected.

Inside there is the tomb of the lady and also that of her husband, who built the memorial. His body was put there by a son, just to the left of the central receptacle where he had placed his wife.

The interior of the memorial is inlaid with precious stones, combined in wreaths and scrolls. About the tombs themselves is a lovely carved screen also highly decorated with inlay work.

The building was designed by Ustad Isa, who has been described both as a Byzantine Turk and as a native of Persia.

Sir Sidney Low, in "A Vision of India," says that the Taj Mahal is one of the few things of earth which can not be vulgarized. "One has seen it travestied a thousand times in feeble photograph and libelous postcard and clumsy process print and utterly inadequate water color or oils. They cut it out of cardboard or make a miserable forlorn toy out of it in imitation marble. . . . It has been described to death and the late Sir Edwin Arnold assailed it in blank verse. Tourists travel half around the globe to look at it and go home to gush. If any object could awaken disillusion and resentment by being known too well, that object should be the Agra shrine. But it comes victoriously through all. There is no spoiling it any more than by the same familiarity it is possible to spoil the Moonlight Sonata, or Romeo and Juliet or the Sistine Madonna."

Lord Roberts in his "Forty-one Years in India" said: "Neither words nor pencil could give to the most imaginative reader the slightest idea of the all-satisfying beauty and purity of this glorious conception. To those who have not already seen it, I would say 'Go to India. The Taj alone is well worth the journey.'"

I do not believe that it is possible to put into

words the impression which the Taj makes on receptive people; but on the other hand I do not believe it to be true "that neither words nor pencil can give to the most imaginative reader the slightest idea" of it. However majestic or sublime or beautiful the subject may be, great pictures and great books help us see it.

We went at sunrise and again at sunset to see the Taj and stayed quietly about two hours each time. It is in the full glare of a tropical sun that it is seen to least advantage.

In the morning light with the early shadows on it it was very beautiful, and at that time we went around it, and in it, and climbed a minaret to look down on it, and studied it with some care. But late in the day when the sun went down, it seemed most moving and compelling—just floating in the air, "a dream in marble," "the most splendidly poetic building in the world."

Low tells the story of a middle-aged, middle-class Chicago man, "probably in pork" as a business, doing India rapidly in a shiny black coat and no outward traces of sentiment. At the club the price of commodities interested him more than the customs of the East, "and he preferred to talk about the tariff to Indian art." "Yet when they took him to the Taj for the first time on a night of moon and stars he gazed in blank silence for a space as he came through the entrance portal. Then he lifted up his voice and wept, disturbing the solemn stillness with audible sobs and ejaculations."

We stayed until the little crescent moon was up and the stars were out.

A sensible but sensitive girl came to us in the twilight and said that the verse which kept coming to her was: "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love him."

The lovely gardens, the beautiful reflecting basin, the general setting of the Taj Mahal, add unquestionably to the impression which it makes.

The critics, as is proper, look at it apart from its history. It is or it is not worthy from an architectural standpoint no matter who designed it, and no matter what story is connected with it.

Happily, or unhappily, I can not study things in that way. The lives of all associated with the Taj Mahal added immeasurably to the significance of my visit.

There is the story of the "lady" herself—not the only wife of Shah Jehan, not young and pretty when she died, but middle-aged, probably faded, the mother of seven children, some say fourteen. She died giving birth to another. Three hundred years ago, in a palace, where polygamy was sanctioned, with a husband who was an Oriental despot, and who had murdered his own brothers, this Lady Arjemand, Mumtaz-i-Mahal, inspired a devotion which flowered in the most beautiful memorial of the ages. And all the stories agree that it was by gentleness and kindness that she exercised power. Not only was she "The Chosen of the Palace," but she was "The Mirror of Goodness." "She had the soul of a child," it has been said. "She alone remained unconscious of her power. She walked crowned and clothed with humility."

L. Adams Beck in her story, "The Building of the Taj Mahal," makes the Lady Arjemand on her death bed say this, to her broken-hearted husband: "Surely all things pass. And though I go, in your heart I abide, and nothing can sever us. Nothing but love's own hand can slay love. Therefore, remember me and I shall live."

Then as we drove over to the fort and saw the Palace, the lovely "Pearl Mosque" and the "Jas-

mine Tower," we thought of Shah Jehan himself imprisoned there in his old age by a rebellious son and attended by "a good and gentle daughter, Jehanara."

He probably brought all his misfortunes upon his own head.

These Moguls designed their buildings like Titans it is said, and finished them like jewelers. They have enriched architecture for all time. But personally they were not always admirable. Shah Jehan was "tyrannical" and "self indulgent." Some of the guide books assert that the Taj Mahal was never paid for.

But I can say with Low: "His sins be forgiven him. He shed blood and he broke troth. But he made the world more beautiful and he loved much."

Sure it is that he cherished the image of the Lady Arjemand all his life. An affecting thing as one looks upon this incomparable memorial is the thought of the great love which inspired it. On the last day of the life of this man, seventy-five years old, broken in body and in spirit, he was moved from his cell in the fort to a room where he could look over across the river to the place where the "Mirror of Goodness" lay sleeping and waiting for him to sleep by her side.

No view that we got was more impressive in some ways than this view from the fort.

There is another man whom I could not help thinking about that day in Agra—Ustad Isa, the architect of whom we know so little that we are not sure of his nationality, and whose fame is dimmed by attempts to prove that he was not the architect at all. But whoever received the honor in his lifetime or whoever may get it a thousand years hence, it is certain that there was some man back there who had the thrill of a great commission, the joy of days and nights when the vision was unfolding itself before

his mind, the incomparable satisfaction of seeing it take form and substance, and at last the reward of beholding the completion of one of the most perfect buildings of marble in all the world.

For my part, were this man Hottentot or Bushman I should bow in reverence before him as the architect of the Taj Mahal.

But Ustad Isa was not alone. There was a great company which no man can number associated in the task. All the skilful workers in inlay, all the great carvers in stone, all the artist jewelers, all the quarry men, all the dealers in agates, bloodstones, jaspers and the like, all the transport men—may be forgotten now, but we know that they existed and we hold them in honor. And with them the common laborers who then as now bent their shoulders to the load, lifted and carried the stone, sweat and grunted and groaned and died at the task. Without that can no monument be builded. Because of them the morning sun can throw its golden light on a dome which seems just ready to float up to heaven. Their humble toil transformed the vision of the architect into a structure to stand for the ages.

In an invisible book, their services are all set down.

> "They builded better than they knew,
> The conscious stone in beauty grew."

The men who made it, the generations who have visited it, the thousands who go there to-day, and the unborn multitudes who will sit before it in the years to come to be purified and blessed by its beauty, are the most interesting things about the wonderful Taj Mahal.

Bombay, April 25, 1923.

XXX. AN ABANDONED CITY

SO limited was my knowledge of India when I started on this world cruise that I had never heard of Fatehpur-Sikri, the abandoned city of the Mogul Emperor Akbar.

My friend, Mr. George Cary of Buffalo, an old and discriminating traveler, told me about it as we were starting for Agra, and invited me to go with him. He quoted Edward Verrill Lucas, who wrote: "If I were asked to say which place in India had most fascinated me and touched the imagination, I think I should name this dead city."

It may seem like sacrilege to speak of anything else on a pilgrimage to Agra except the Taj Mahal and the Pearl Mosque, but we gave both the sunrise and the sunset hours to the Taj and took the blistering hot hours of midday—the hours of rest and siesta—for Fatehpur-Sikri, which was not on the itinerary.

Seen even under unfavorable conditions, with the Indian sun high overhead pouring down with pitiless intensity, with the little air which was stirring like that from a superheated oven, with a midday glare over the vast plain which we traversed, it touched chords in all of us which have not ceased to vibrate yet.

For consider these remarkable things about it: As Colonel Newell points out in his little book on Agra, "it enjoys the unique distinction among towns of being entirely the work of one man." Not only that but, as the caprice of an hour ordered it made, the caprice or impulse of another hour ordered it abandoned. By order of one man a city seven miles around sprang up in a desolate plain and on barren

hills, which had been the habitation of wild animals and the retreat of a hermit, and by order of the same man some of the most magnificent structures in the world were abandoned on that plain, left alone like a city of the dead.

Thousands of men quarried and hauled and builded and carved. Millions and tens of millions of money were spent. For a little while all the magnificence of an Oriental court centered there. Orders were issued. Laws were made. Art, history, philosophy, religion, flowered there. Beautiful women adorned the great halls. Every provision was made for recreation, and even chess or pachisi was played in a magnificent court with slave girls to represent the pieces. Then the lights went out. The monarch moved away, the throng dissolved, and structures of priceless value were left for the jackal, the hyena, the vulture, the bat and the owl.

Straight out of Agra for twenty-three miles, a broad level highway bordered by trees leads to Fatehpur-Sikri. Grainfields and pastures are on each side, all dead and brown in this hot month of April toward the end of the dry season. But the trees along the road and in the pastures must find water, for they were beautifully green. And in the heat of the afternoon the cattle were all under the trees or wading in the few streams or pools. Bible pictures could be seen on every side. There were the women with their pitchers at the wells. There were the potters' wheels in the little villages of Midhakur and Kiraoli through which we passed. There were the patient camels trailing across the dusty plains. There were the oxen treading out the grain and natives tossing it in the air to be winnowed. And quaint milestones some twenty feet high dating from the days of Baber could still be seen along the roads, only instead of a mile they mark a "*kos*" or distance of two miles.

All at once, in the midst of barrenness and solitude, there rose up before us the red sandstone walls of the city to which we were journeying, perfect and solid as when first builded. Through a gateway, too narrow it seemed for motors, with a swerve along the road to the right we made our way out into the midst of Fatehpur-Sikri. Most of the buildings are ruined, some completely, others partially, but many of the most important are almost intact. On a hot afternoon we contented ourselves with only the great structures, looking at the others as we passed. Past the place where troops were quartered, past the mint and the treasury, as important then as now, past the great Hall of Public Audience, we came to the Hall of Private Audience, the pachisi court, the private quarters of the monarch, the harem, the university, the baths, the Great Mosque, the tombs, and the High Gateway.

Now, we ask ourselves, who is responsible for all this? The little guide book tells us it was Akbar, greatest of Mogul monarchs, and one of the most fascinating characters of history.

The Moguls, or Moghals, were Mohammedan rulers who invaded India from the north. As early as the thirteenth century the Afghans and other Mohammedan tribes began to come down and establish their kingdoms. Baber, the first man to whom we give the name Mogul, was a descendant of that Tamerlane the Terrible whom we studied about in European history. He, Baber, conquered the country around Agra in 1526. His son, the Emperor Humayun, fell down a flight of stone steps in the fort and broke his neck just as any of us might have done.

Then came Akbar. Now this was not so very long ago. Lucas says that there is nothing in the world to compare with Fatehpur-Sikri except Pompeii. "And in that comparison," he adds, "one realizes

how impossible it is at a hazard to date an Indian ruin, for Fatehpur-Sikri is from the days of Queen Elizabeth, while Pompeii was destroyed in the first century. Yet Pompeii seems in many ways less ancient."

Akbar began Fatehpur-Sikri in 1569 and that was four years after the founding of St. Augustine, Florida.

In ancient times a little village of Sikri stood on the site of "the abandoned city," the home of humble stone cutters who worked in the neighboring sandstone quarries. Then a saint, Sheik Salim Chisti, retired there to live in a cave.

Akbar, who was childless, visited this saint, asking his prayers that he might have an heir. At first he was repulsed, but finally was told to send his Hindu wife there. She made the pilgrimage and in due time gave birth to a son, Jahangir, the father of Shah Jehan, who built the Taj Mahal. In gratitude Akbar determined to build a city and make a capital on the spot where God had blessed him.

Now when all had been done and a great and populous city had been called into being, and Akbar had lived there some years, it is said that Saint Salim complained to the Emperor of the noise and intrusion, saying that either the Emperor must go elsewhere or he would. Whereupon the mighty Mogul monarch said, "Let it be your servant, I pray," picked up bag and baggage, wives and slaves, generals and soldiers, priests and scholars of all kinds, and moved back to Agra, leaving Fatehpur-Sikri to its fate.

The Britannica suggests one of the economic reasons, which to-day as then lie back of so many decisions: "After Akbar's death, Fatehpur-Sikri was deserted within fifty years of its foundation. The reason for this was that frequent cause in the East, lack of water. The only water obtainable was so brackish and corroding as to cause great mortality

among the inhabitants." Newell says: "Toward the latter part of his long reign political reasons caused Akbar to abandon Fatehpur-Sikri and move back to Agra."

Sir Sidney Low adds: "Whatever the cause, there it stands, the most splendid and striking testimony to that capricious and irresponsible Eastern despotism which could use the lives, the labor, the destinies of men for its purposes and could at its will call rich and populous towns into being in the wilderness and drop them back into solitude and silence."

There is a beautiful little shrine or mosque in the quadrangle of the Great Mosque for Saint Salim, a little gem of white marble in the midst of the prevailing red sandstone. Beautiful fretwork screens and an exquisite canopy of shisham wood inlaid with mother of pearl hide the cenotaph. Women may not go inside, but round the outside of the tomb many small wisps of string and silk are twined in the trellis work by childless wives who have prayed to the Saint for help as Akbar's queen did nearly four hundred years ago. And it is said that even a few English women have twined a bit of ribbon there in the pathetic hope and desire which unites Mohammedan, Hindu and Christian women in one.

Those who take time to read the "Life of Akbar" will discover a statesman of surprising breadth and insight. All the lost dominions of the monarchy were recovered in his day, and, what was most amazing, were made contented. All the vexing questions of taxes were settled to yield huge revenues with much less extortion and hardship than had been practised. All the difficult problems involved in dealing with many races and many religions were settled in a spirit of toleration. He was himself a student and he patronized and supported men of learning.

In his receptive and open mind and in his wide

sympathies he was like Roosevelt. Into his presence there came not only the statesmen and generals but the scholars. "He was an eager student of history, appreciating that its pages contain the most profitable lessons a ruler can learn." "Daily," wrote a contemporary, "some capable person reads to his majesty, who hears every book from beginning to end. There is hardly a work of science, of genius or of history but has been read to his majesty. He is never tired by repetition, but always listens with great avidity."

And it is said that he ate only one meal a day and gave but little time to sleep. All night his business went on, but musicians were admitted before dawn to bring rest and change.

Now back in the period when Bloody Mary was burning Protestants and Elizabeth coming down hard on Catholics and King James harrying Nonconformists out of his kingdom so that they had to fly to the bleak shores of New England, back when the Japanese were hurling missionaries off the high rocks or burning and crucifying them, when Mohammedans believed that they obtained favor by killing Christians and most Christians had little compunction about killing Mohammedans, an amazing thing happened here at Fatehpur-Sikri.

This Oriental despot, most of whose ancestors and successors murdered brothers or sons to clear them out of their way, made Fatehpur-Sikri a beacon fire of religious toleration. Fundamentally he was religious, deeply interested in spiritual matters, trained in the Mohammedan faith. But he started in to find out about all other faiths. He sent for the Christian missionaries of Goa, for the great Brahman leaders, for Buddhist priests, Jains or the second great reforming sect of Hindus, for Parsees and all the others, to hear what they had to say.

We visited the famous Ibadat Khana, or Hall of Worship, built around a mammoth central column. Here Akbar sat on Friday nights while the various doctors debated and disputed or wrestled with the incisive and searching questions Akbar asked them.

Finally he settled his own religious status by proclaiming a new religion made up of the best in all the faiths—belief in one Great God, acceptance of the highest truths in all the different faiths, insistence on a life of unselfishness and service.

Without careful study one dare not pass judgment on this faith, but it appears like modern and progressive Christianity—love of God and service of man as given by Jesus himself in the two Great Commandments.

He called it Divine Monotheism. Those who accepted it took off the turban, held it in the hollow of the hand, bowed the head upon the Emperor's feet and repeated these words: "I have cast away my presumption and selfishness, which were the cause of various evils, and am come a suppliant vowing to devote the remainder of my life in this world to the attainment of immortality."

Then Akbar, in his capacity of High Priest of the new faith, raised the suppliant and gave this benediction: "My prayers are addressed to Heaven on your behalf, that your efforts may bear you from seeming existence to real existence."

Thereafter, says Newell, "he was required to abstain from meat and annually to celebrate his birthday by feasting the poor and distributing alms."

In the midst of the superstitious and unclean practises of much (not all) Hinduism, this simple religion of faith and works shines with a beautiful, pure light.

But Akbar did not insist on anybody accepting it. On the contrary, he made rigorous laws for toler-

ance. He gave Hindus absolute freedom of worship. He abolished taxes on pilgrims, which had been onerous. He forbade only barbarous religious practises like "trial by ordeal" and "burning widows against their will" as taught by the Brahmans.

Such measures gave him the title of Guardian of Mankind.

Now we understand what we heard about long ago—"a quotation from Jesus on the walls of a Mohammedan mosque."

That famous quotation is inscribed in Arabic above the grand entrance arch of the Buland Darwaza, or Gate of Victory, of the Cathedral Mosque at Fatehpur-Sikri.

"Said Jesus, on whom be peace, 'The world is a bridge, pass over it, but build no house there. He who hopes for an hour hopes for an eternity. The world is but an hour. Spend it in devotion. The rest is unseen.' "

If this means insistence on a life of contemplation alone rather than a life of action most followers of Jesus will prefer the more familiar words: "My Father worketh hitherto and I work." "I must be about my Father's business."

The verse, however, does accurately reflect those other passages of the gospel where Jesus tells us to lay not up for ourselves "treasures on earth," and where he goes off into the mountain and remains all night in prayer with God.

Full also of his spirit is another inscription on the great gate at Fatehpur-Sikri not ascribed to him: "He that standeth up in prayer and his heart is not in it, does not draw nigh to God but remaineth far from Him. Thy best possession is what thou givest in the name of God; thy best traffic in selling this world for the next."

Few more awe-inspiring views can be found than

from the top of this long flight of magnificent steps under the arch of victory, looking off for miles over the plains of India. The scene is lonely and desolate.

Akbar has gone. His religion with no vital power back of it never spread beyond the limits of his court. But his example of toleration is remembered in India to-day.

Must I confess that considerable time which I might have spent in meditation in the Great Mosque or out on the magnificent steps or in the tomb of the Saint, I spent watching some almost naked natives jump from a height of eighty feet into a stone tank thirty feet deep? Such muscular control, such poise, such sang-froid, elicited my intense admiration. They were afraid of nothing but of not getting the rupee promised by our expert California photographer, whom we found out there that hot afternoon. One whom I saw jump was a powerfully built, deep-chested, strong-limbed young fellow of twenty-five or thirty. But another was old and slight. He had white hair and a stubby gray beard, but he was lithe and agile at sixty or sixty-five as an old panther. With what courage he jumped! With what poise he spread his legs wide apart, then closed them as he struck, with what terrific speed he shot by me, with what force he hit the surface of the pool and with what quickness he emerged, swam out, donned a garment and was up and about collecting from everybody! Brave old man! You may be a brigand and the son of a brigand. You may belong to the outcasts of this complicated Indian society. Perhaps you even tend dogs. But I give you unstinted praise. Long may you be spared. May the tourists be many and rupees pour in. And when your eye grows dim may you die in the green waters of the deep pool and not on a floor of cow dung in some plague-infested hut.

Many of our party left behind that afternoon in

Agra drove out to Akbar's tomb five miles away at Sikandarah. Over the fields we saw its white minarets shining in the late afternoon sun, a mile or so away, as we came back to the city. But we did not pause, for we were going to the Taj Mahal at sunset.

Indian Ocean, Arabian Sea, April 26, 1923.

XXXI. AROUND BOMBAY

TWELVE hundred years ago a little company of fire worshipers fled from Persia because of Mohammedan persecution and sought refuge in India.

The Hindus gave them welcome but compelled them to conform to some Hindu customs and to respect some of the observances of the Brahman faith. As a sign of subjection they were made to wear a stiff black cap shaped like the hoof of a cow, which they keep to this day.

They were followers of Zoroaster, that prehistoric reformer who purified primitive Aryan religion a thousand years before Christ. They had a great All-Father God and various manifestations of God, or Gods, in other things. From early times earth, water and fire were regarded as sacred and not to be polluted in any way.

They brought their sacred fire with them to India and kept it burning. Persecuted in minor matters, powerless politically, proscribed socially, as always happens in such cases they fell back upon themselves and became united as they never had been before, worked hard and made a place for themselves as mechanics and small shop-keepers.

In the course of time the British came to India. Restrictions upon them were removed. In British eyes, Hindus, Mohammedans, Buddhists and Parsees alike were equal before the law. Then the inherent ability of these people showed itself. They sprang to the front. In business they were not only frugal and hard working, but they showed initiative and daring. Soon from little traders they grew to be big

traders, merchant princes and bankers. From artisans they became owners of factories. Their sons studied law and medicine, science and engineering, and became professional and technical men. Out of their wealth they built schools, colleges, hospitals and philanthropic institutions of various kinds.

To-day in all India there are not 100,000 of them in a population of 300,000,000. In Bombay there are not over 40,000 or 50,000 of them in a city of 2,000,000, but they are the most powerful element in the population. They own the majority of the stock in the cotton mills and the iron works. They develop the natural resources of the region. The huge mercantile establishments belong to them. The great fortunes are in their hands. They are the controlling group in the local government of Bombay. And even in financial circles of London, Paris and New York, we are told, the names of Parsee financiers are known and respected.

They have not been prosperous so long that they have become idle. They keep their word. They are most generous. The central virtue of the old faith they profess is truthfulness. The great evil is falsehood. Changing as their religion and every religion is in a changing world, they seem to have clung tenaciously to the fundamentals. They keep faith.

Now it must not be supposed that this phenomenal rise to power has not been accompanied by a certain amount of jealousy. Especially where our neighbor's prosperity impinges upon us, we are apt to resent it. This growth in wealth and power has made the Parsee able to buy and build and maintain beautiful homes. In every city there are a limited number of choice places for homes. Where the Parsees have taken them, it has left just so many less for British, Mohammedans or Hindus.

In India, it is not always a question of social

position which is involved in a choice building site. It is a question of health and often of life and death. Down on the edge of the water they die of plague. Up on Malabar Hill they escape.

So as leases have run out or property has been offered for sale, Parsees have taken it. Nobody could compete with them. This has made British residents who have been crowded out, and particularly British women, bitterly complain: "These people had better be kept in their places." "It is an outrage to have them take Malabar Hill."

In relation to the Parsees and all other inhabitants of India there are two manifestations of British thought, showing how foolish it is to say "the British think this or think that."

With many counter movements, with many glaring wrongs here and there, the steady trend of British rule in India has been to develop India for the inhabitants of India. "They must increase, but we must decrease," has been the result of the action taken even if it has been at times unconscious action. The British have done the hard, dirty, disagreeable but necessary job of ruling some fifty races, many countries and religions. They have steadily helped India forward.

The forward looking British have had to overcome the opposition of many a noble Lord and Lord Bishop and Tory squire in the House of Commons whose only thought has been that people had better learn in whatever state they are therewith to be content.

Anglo-Indians, like one of the officials on our train going to Agra, often distrust all steps toward self-government. They want any Indian to get off the sidewalk when a European comes along, any native's motor car to be held up to let even a white clerk saunter across a street, and all arguments settled by gun fire. I heard one say to our fellow passengers

in the next compartment: "The government is too weak with the beggars. One shot point blank will do more good than a bushel of proclamation, and keep them down for months. Yes, they die of plague in their dirty huts. We don't go near them. A man has to look out for himself."

The remark, of course, was not true. The sanitary service does grapple fearlessly with the plague. But I had no question about this particular man looking out for his own dirty, cowardly, hide.

It is this kind of British which Rev. Fred Fisher of the Methodist Episcopal Church saw as a young man in India, and which has given to this otherwise noble and useful man, now a powerful Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, his one-sided view of the British.

With a government which gives longer and larger scope for Indians to take control of their own affairs, there goes a social ostracism which is about one hundred per cent perfect.

The Indian boys go to English universities. They play cricket. They are even entertained socially in England, but when they come back to India they can not join British clubs and they are not received in British society. This is probably a greater source of irritation than all political disabilities or religious antagonisms put together.

The only white people in India who recognize the darker races as equals are the missionaries.

One might easily point out that many of the dark-skinned are Aryans of the same racial stock to which we belong, but prejudice is insensible to fact or argument.

One little touch with the Orient makes me sure that Christ himself was so dark-skinned that many of his professed followers in both England and America would not receive him into their houses if he could come back to-day.

It also makes me sure that "mere social factors," "social recognition," "social rejection," are mightier factors in human progress than anybody is willing to admit. Just pointing the thing out will help the noble unselfish women of power in society to use it more steadily and carefully for the best things; and it will have a tendency to weaken the power of the shallow, selfish women who live for admiration only.

All this is apropos of our visit to Bombay, one of the most interesting cities I have ever seen.

We went the usual tourist round in a forenoon, and were so fascinated by it that we took it over again in the afternoon with Justice Munger of the United States Circuit Court and Mrs. Munger, who had been dragged elsewhere in the morning.

It involved, of course, the high places and the low, the lovely drives out along the Back Bay, up Malabar Hill past innumerable magnificent villas, some bearing English names and some Parsee names, to the Parsee Towers of Silence, to a Hindu burning place, to a Mohammedan cemetery, to a Christian missionary compound and, last and most interesting of all, to the markets, the shops, the street of jewelers, the street of brass merchants, and the silk bazars and the others. Again all the races and nationalities and religions and garbs on earth seemed to meet in the picturesque, crowded bazars of this great city.

And blocked as we were finally by sacred cows reposing on the narrow right of way, by dogs, by people, by bicycles, by bullock carts, by trucks, by motor cars, there made its way past us an open litter on which lay a young Hindu woman whose body was covered with flowers, and whose upturned face, unveiled, showed in an unusual way the unchanging calm and peace of the last sleep. There flashed over me again a realization of what Charles Dickens has described with such power and beauty in every novel,

the strange meetings and partings of the world, the little touch with a life here and there, the larger associations which make or unmake us.

"We never met this woman," I said to my wife, "until this instant going to her funeral pyre. The lines of our lives have this one contact. And yet neither of us will ever forget that quiet face."

We were not repelled by any of the burial customs. Twice we were at the Hindu burning place, or crematory as we would call it. The first time we looked in and saw a great flame leap up around a burning body. The second time we went in and there lay a flower covered litter on the ground. One by one the half naked attendants piled up logs of wood, held by an iron frame, until it made a pyre perhaps six by six by three feet. In the middle just like a log was placed the body of a woman, all covered by the upper logs. It didn't seem so terrible when a man, presumably a relative, put fire to it. The body was practically hidden by the wood, the smoke and flame. And nothing is so clean as fire. The number of fires and the steadily arriving litters were pathetic reminders that the plague was busy in Bombay.

The Mohammedan cemetery next to the burning place seemed cool and peaceful, the more so because it reminded us of quiet hillsides outside of city gates and villages of our own country where loved ones sleep. It had stones exactly like the old cenotaphs in the Congressional cemetery at Washington, which our early lawmakers thought they would erect for every senator and member who died. We would have had to move Washington by this time if they had not desisted.

Most impressive were the Parsee Towers of Silence on Malabar Hill. In a lovely grove, with many cedar trees pointing to heaven, with a little temple in which the fire always burns, there stand the five circular

towers, or walls enclosing a platform and a pit, where the Parsee dead are laid for vultures quickly to take all flesh from the bones. It seems repulsive in some ways, but not more so than decay in a tomb or in the earth.

The earth, according to the Parsee, ought not to be polluted by dead bodies, the fire ought not to be compelled to touch them nor the water to take them in. So the waiting birds are used. Naked, the bodies are laid out, a child on the inner circle, a woman in the middle, a man on the outside. In an hour all is over. The bones drop down. Regularly all bones are taken with gloves and tongs and thrown into the central pit, millionaire and beggar together. There the rain falls on them, the sun beats on them, the air dissolves them, and they are washed on to filter beds of sand and charcoal. At last nothing but pure water seeps away into sacred mother earth.

All agree that the funeral ceremonies of the Parsees are solemn and imposing. As the Parsee is dying, the priest breathes a prayer for forgiveness. When life is extinct the priest preaches a sermon of which the deceased is the subject, and relatives and friends are exhorted to live pure, holy and righteous lives so they may hope to meet him in Paradise.

The body is then washed, perfumed, dressed in white clothing and laid on a bier. One old superstition which survives is that a dog is solemnly brought in to take a farewell look at the master to drive away evil spirits. In stately procession, everybody in white, with priests reciting prayers, the male friends of the deceased in attendance, the body is borne to the Towers of Silence. There in the temple the last prayers are said and the body laid away.

We felt that if the crowds of waiting vultures could only be kept out of sight, the ceremony would lose the last repellent element. But there they sat,

waiting. They could be absolutely sure, if they could think, of what was coming.

There are some other things in the Parsee ceremony we might adopt in our crowded, hurried, American life. Three days after the body is left in the Towers of Silence, all relatives and friends assemble at the fire temple. The son or adopted son kneels before the high priest and promises observance of all obsequies for the dead. A list of contributions to charity subscribed in the name of the deceased is handed in. And on every anniversary of the death, shrubs and flowers are planted in an iron frame-work in the home in memory of the deceased and prayers are said before these frame-works two or three times a day.

Impressive and even awe-inspiring as these visits were to the Towers of Silence, it was a relief to drive straight off to an American Board mission compound to meet three up-standing Congregational missionaries, and to visit a beautiful little Congregational church. Rev. William Hazen, Mrs. Hazen and Mr. Wendell were at the American Mahrati Mission in Byculla, Bombay, when we got there, but a few days later we would have missed them. Mr. and Mrs. Hazen were packing up to go to the United States for a Sabbatical year. Mr. Wheeler was "off to the hills" for a short vacation. School was "out" for the hot weather. But not only were we welcome but Mr. Hazen and Mr. Wheeler had been down to the ship to invite people to come out to visit their work. There was a pathetic sentence in Mr. Hazen's farewell letter to the workers and students, dated April 21:

"Recently Bombay has been visited by three American tourist steamers. Out of the hundreds who came only two different parties had ever heard of our needy children or took the trouble to look us up. We

think they (the children) are far more interesting than pearls which can be bought by the rich in the pearl bazar, and which prove such an attraction for many of our visitors."

For 110 years this Mission has been at work. It has wrestled with famine and pestilence. Barehanded it has got right down to a fundamental fight to save first the physical and then the moral and spiritual lives of thousands of children. Its workers are scattered over a wide district.

I can't pass judgment on its work for I have not seen it. But I can say that the Hazens and Wheelers are the kind of people I should pin my faith to. Free from fanaticism, of intense conviction, full of faith, resourceful in good works, loving the people for whom they labor, they could call themselves by any name or no name and I would be for them.

I have read the history of the mission, the story of those who have died in the work, slain by fanatics or succumbing to disease. I can sense just a little the enormous difficulties of their labor in India.

Their work and the work of all Christians seems to make little headway except with the lowest class. But even with Jesus himself, it was "the common people" who "heard him gladly."

And the one strong, uncompromising, positive note about the future of India that I heard in the country was from Hazen: "India is coming out all right. Great changes are taking place. Great progress is being made. We have our own little part in it. India is coming out all right."

By one day we missed other strong men like the two Fairbanks brothers from up country, whose father also gave a life of service to the Mahrati Mission.

Mr. and Mrs. Hazen will be at the missionary home in Auburndale, Mass., at least part of the next year. Church people ought to be interested in them.

If I am not mistaken, they know much about India. And India is a subject which is going to loom so big in modern life that we all owe it to ourselves to find out all we can about it. To me it is tragic to have such people come home after years of noble service and feel "out of it." Dr. Fox of New Haven, some weeks ago, read aloud on board Ian MacLaren's "Afterwards," the last words of which are: "We sin against our beloved not because we do not love, but because we do not imagine."

Arabian Sea, April 27, 1923.

XXXII. SOME MEDITATIONS UPON INDIA

COMING out from dinner the other night, a Canadian friend took me to task for a passing remark which he interpreted as a reflection upon the British Empire.

I told him that I liked all the British, English, Scotch, Irish, Canadians, Australians, and the rest; that I had worked closely with the British throughout the war; that I was a member of the "English Speaking Union;" but that I should not hesitate to oppose a "Tory" or a "reactionary" or a "bigot" in England any more than I should in America. He warmly shook my hand and dropped the matter.

In the midst of much loose talk about the British attitude on this subject or on that, I must insist that "British attitude" is no more a fixed, unwavering, unchanging thing than "American attitude." It varies both in different generations and in different parties of the same generation. Lloyd George was in power yesterday, Bonar Law to-day, and perhaps Arthur Henderson or some other Labor leader will be to-morrow.

We have had many discussions and debates on this ship about the British in India. Some people went to India prejudiced and they left India prejudiced. They looked for and they found just what they needed to stiffen their prejudices. Others went determined to see no faults or blemishes. Still others tried even in our short visit to get some kind of light on a situation as intricate and difficult as exists in world politics to-day.

As I see it, there is not one British attitude toward India; there are at least three.

First there is the old attitude of the British East India Company: commercial exploitation. It was no worse than that of the Dutch, the Portuguese, the Spanish, British, or any other trading nation. In fact in some ways it was better. But it was a harsh, cruel, selfish, grasping thing. From Plassey, 1757, on to the great mutiny of 1857, while it would not be fair to say that nothing was done for India, the main thought was money, and in some cases the rajahs paid over to the British colossal sums, either as penalties or as compensation for services rendered. Besides, the commerce itself was enormously profitable. Neither I, nor most Americans, nor most Englishmen, are proud of that record, however proud we all may be of examples of deathless valor of British troops, of orderly government gradually established, or of reforms like the abolition of thugs and of suttee, the burning of child widows.

Second: Since India passed to the Crown after the great mutiny of 1857, there is the attitude of strict and absolute rule by British officials, backed up by the British army. There have been mistakes in that rule, dark blots here and there upon it, but in the main it has been just and kind. And any man who knows anything about history must feel a thrill of pride at the stories of Lucknow and Cawnpore. What some of our people who traveled across India were most anxious to see were these historic spots. The characteristic thing about this rule has been that it was the rule of a people regarded as an inferior by a superior race. It might be and it generally was for India's good, but India had nothing to say about it.

People are not informed who say that England was doing nothing in this period. In the midst of all kinds of prejudices and in the face of all kinds of difficulties, order was established, education begun, pidemics and famine grappled with, and British jus-

tice was extended gradually over the whole peninsula.

There are many people in England and many in America, who endorse this kind of more or less absolute government. With notable exceptions army officers favor it and the conservative element is for it. There is no question but what it is by far the most efficient way to deal with backward peoples. The fine young officer in command sees a thing that needs to be done, orders it and it is done. Under our own army and under the civil government which followed it, the Philippines were cleaner, more sanitary, and had better schools than to-day.

Third: The British in India and the United States in the Philippines have embarked upon a vastly more difficult undertaking—teaching and helping backward peoples to rule themselves. It calls for a different and better type of administrator—the man who can reason with and teach a people instead of commanding them. To all the intelligence and honesty and courage of the old administrator must be added an infinite patience and tact and kindness in the new. They are hard to find, but I think we have found them in the United States army. What adds to the difficulty is the danger, always present, that when a strong control is relaxed there may be an explosion. Relaxing control also is uncomfortable for members of the "superior race" living there, and they go to work to create sentiment against the reforms.

In India the British are making an earnest and honest effort under what are called the Montagu-Chelmsford Reforms, to teach the people to rule themselves. The new National Parliament of India was inaugurated Feb. 9, 1921. Under the new constitution the British have turned over to local governments important matters like medical administration, public health, education, public works and water supply, agriculture, fisheries, forestry, land revenue

administration, police, prisons, administration of justice and many other things.

I have not the slightest hesitancy in expressing my admiration for the reforms instituted and my hope that they mark the beginning of a new day for India.

What our tourists, however, had forced upon them in their brief visit were the enormous difficulties in the way.

There are land and labor troubles, like those that exist in Europe and America.

There is danger of a spread of Bolshevism.

There is widespread illiteracy, superstition, fanaticism.

There is the caste system which won't let people eat together, talk together, work together, or even touch one another.

There are many races and many great religions hostile to one another.

In the background is Mahatma Gandhi in prison, and millions of his followers refusing to take any part in government, appeal to any court, eat any British food, wear any British clothing or co-operate with the British in any way.

Nothing which I say about India has much value unless it be this: India is a subject to be studied. It is a thing to be modest about. And, above all, it is a time and place where everybody should be sympathetic and helpful.

If people believe with Gandhi that it is right to burn up clothing when people are naked and to destroy food when they are hungry; if they are convinced that roads, railroads, farm tractors, irrigation works, all modern machinery, and all modern institutions, doctors included, should be done away with—I can't argue with them. *I* don't believe it.

If they sympathize with Gandhi because they think as he does I can respect them. If they sympathize

with him because they want to gloat over the embarrassment of Britain, they are despicable.

Now there are bad things in the British record, but the fine, manly, upstanding way in which they repudiate them half atones for them.

The treatment of Indians domiciled in South Africa by the Government of South Africa really gave Gandhi his first chance to become a leader, but nobody lifted up more powerful protests than the British Government of India. It was the California-Japanese question all over again, only both of the parties belonged to the Aryan race.

The massacres at Amritsar a year or so ago in putting down disorder shocked Indian opinion, but British opinion also. It cost 400 Indian lives, but the British Cabinet retired the officer responsible and said: "His action transgresses certain standards of conduct which no civilized government can, with impunity, neglect and which His Majesty's Government are determined to uphold." And those most critical of Britain ought to see the real issue. My friend P. W. Wilson has stated it admirably in some of his recent correspondence:

"The issue is not whether British rule is to continue or cease. British rule is to be regarded as a path, not as a goal. The decisive issue is whether India is to relapse into a former chaos or to achieve for the first time in her long annals a political unity, freedom from foreign aggression and an equal citizenship. . . . Is India to become the United States of Southern Asia with elected legislatures and ministers responsible to them, or is she to break up once more into kingdoms and provinces which would be, like China, a prey to the concession hunter, the imperialist, the Pan-Moslem and the Soviet?"

It has been said over and over again by every writer on the subject, but our people in the United

States do not realize it yet, that India is not a country but a continent, that one-fifth of the whole human race, or 330,000,000 of people, live there, that on the continent are spoken fifty languages and 140 dialects, that part is governed by Britain and part by native rulers, that there are seventy of these native sovereigns ruling 70,000,000 people, and that they are likewise split up religiously.

James Freeman Clarke needed two large volumes in which to describe "Ten Great Religions" of the world. I can't describe them. I can't even name them. All I can say is that all are in India. But lines are not distinct. In spite of caste, races and peoples mingle and religions mingle and merge. The old basic Hindu faith modifies the Buddhism and the Mohammedanism of India. And near frontiers anything and everything can be found religiously mixed up together. Even Christians are amazed to find ancient incarnations and trinities in India.

And just as Christianity has split up into sects, so have the other great religions. There are many modifications of Hinduism for example, some noble and some ignoble.

One thing of which I can be perfectly sure in the midst of much about which I am not sure, is that it is not right from a Christian standpoint to leave India in the welter in which she is, but that it is our duty to help her out and to share with her our best.

Another thing of which I am just as sure is that if no religious motive inspired us to help, self protection is motive adequate. The world can not exist half slave and half free, half poverty-stricken and half prosperous, half diseased and half well, half fanatic and half enlightened. We can't afford to let one-fifth of our human kind go to the devil. Such a course is bound to react on us.

A third thing which I believe is that India needs

Christianity. Christianity in India, Catholic and Protestant, cuts through caste, the worst evil of India, dignifies the position of women, frees childhood from child labor and child marriage, pushes education, introduces modern medicine, increases physical well-being and gives a religion of faith and hope and good works and personal morality for one largely based on superstition and exhibiting itself in ceremony.

But sure as it is that India needs Christianity, it is just as sure that the Nationalist movement in politics will profoundly affect the Christian missionary movement. Already Indian Christians are insisting upon native control of the Indian Church. The missionaries have long foreseen this and have been preparing for it, not through compulsion but conviction. They know that the way to help people is to help them do things for themselves.

Those who believe that all missionaries are the old hidebound, unprogressive lot some people assert them to be ought to examine two books prepared by the Central Committee (of the United States) for the United Study of Foreign Missions this year: "Building with India," by Daniel Johnson Fleming, and "Lighted to Lighten," by Alice B. van Doren.

"The growth of nationalism," says Fleming, "has made India sensitive. Educated, English-reading Indians, both Christian and non-Christian, are quick to resent any appeal that is judged unfair or unproportioned and to give publicity to their resentment in the public press. The world is so small that we might well imagine an intelligent Hindu present at every missionary meeting" (in the United States).

He then makes a powerful argument for the presentation of the good in Indian religions to the people back home. "And as long as we keep the perspective," he adds, "no fair-minded Indian will object to a picture which has its shadows as well as its sunshine."

Another striking thing is the testimony he brings to the help which Christian missionaries have had in their work from native Indian societies which are not Christian. An outstanding example is the Brahmo-Somaj, founded by Ram Mohan Roy. Roy was a friend of William Carey and Alexander Duff, two of the greatest missionaries to India. He was the leader of the movement which led the British government in 1829 to abolish the burning of child widows. The Brahmo-Somaj took the lead in fighting child marriages and raising the age of consent.

Dr. Fleming also says: "The Brahmo-Somaj has done much to bring people to an unprejudiced study of Christ and to consider seriously the truth of belief in a single God."

Ram Mohan Roy studied Sanskrit, Arabic, Greek and Hebrew literature and wrote: "The consequence of my long and uninterrupted researches into religious truth has been that I have found the doctrines of Christ more conducive to moral principles and better adapted to rational beings than any others which have come to my knowledge."

I hesitate to let these words go out because there is so much I can not say. I have not told about the Isabella Thoburn College for Women at Lucknow, the Madras College for Women and the new Medical School for Women at Vellore.

They not only give girls a chance for development but they fill them full of the spirit of service, so that they take their vacations to minister to the most hopeless cases of poverty and disease in their villages. Whatever the school and whatever the course, they all learn simple medicine, and get a desire to help.

That to me has been the great thing about Hampton and Tuskegee in our own country. The graduates not only are equipped economically with something

society needs and will pay for, they are filled with the spirit of service. Some call it the Hampton spirit or the Tuskegee spirit. Others call it the spirit of Christ.

In Hong Kong I met a co-worker of Tagore. He gave me a letter to him. One of the things above all else I wanted to do was to make the three or four hours' journey from Calcutta and find Tagore. It is an inexpressible regret that I could not do it.

He is not a Gandhi fighting progress, nor is he a Sastri serving as an ambassador of the new government. He is a poet, a lecturer, a teacher, a friend trying to interpret the "East to the West and the West to the East."

"I can never read Tagore again," said somebody lately, "since I have seen this or that wretched thing in India." Just why, I don't know. This is another thing to study. He seems to me to be a leader for India to follow.

His latest plan to found at his school a university where East and West may meet to study together, to learn of one another, to help one another, seems to me beyond all praise. He doesn't believe that "never the twain shall meet." Nor do I. If I did, I should give up my belief in what our little creed calls the "spiritual authority and leadership of His son, Jesus Christ."

Red Sea, May 1, 1923.

XXXIII. THE ROMANCE AND TRAGEDY OF THE RED SEA

THE voyage since we left Bombay Wednesday has been a continuation of the calm sea and the clear skies we have had most of the time since we left New York, now 22,000 miles behind us. The Arabian Sea, the Indian Ocean and the Gulf of Aden all have been kind to us. The temperature at noonday in these waters has been 84 degrees. The flying fish in schools have marked our progress. The dolphins have attended us. The Southern Cross and the North Star have watched over us. The sun by day and the moon by night have made the sea glorious. One of my friends said: "If I had a little sail boat, I should stay in these waters for months."

Now, on this last day of April in the year of our Lord 1923, we are steaming up the Red Sea for Suez. At two o'clock yesterday afternoon we came up with the bold headland of Aden and saw the town lying back on the neck of the peninsula. At sunset we sighted the lighthouse at the entrance of the Straits of Babelmandeb, and by eight o'clock were up with it and made our big turn northward. Before six this morning our room steward, who sailed these waters last year, came in and whispered that we were passing "The Twelve Apostles," rocky islets on the Arabian side, and I raised up enough to see them through the port-hole and to see the sun burning his way up through the mist on the sky line.

An old Indian officer calls "The Twelve Apostles" "rocky islets of ill omen with small sandy coves and beaches and cruel iron-looking projections on which the spray goes flying heavenward."

There is a tragic past to the Red Sea. There is a world of romance about it. The straits through which we entered it are named "The Gate of Tears." Since man began to sail these waters they have had a bad reputation for heat. Ten years ago my brother wrote a description of one of his east-bound voyages: "We panted in the dining-room by day and at night lay out on the deck."

Last year the *Living Age* reprinted an article from the *Manchester Guardian* by Major Arthur W. Howlett in which he describes how the lives of invalids flicker out in these three or four days of the voyage home to England from India.

"It has happened," he says, "when there has been a following wind, that steamships have had to be turned around to sail in the face of the breeze in order to give the occupants air and a brief breathing spell, before resuming their voyage." And although the Red Sea is landlocked, he adds, "a mere thread of salt water between Asia and Africa," he has known unaccountable great seas to get up upon it so that "the miserable passengers besides being prostrated by the heat are seasick."

"To me it is inconceivable," he says, "how mortal man endured its frightfulness in slow and often becalmed sailing ships devoid of fans and ice machines."

Back in the old days there were also pirates who swooped down on helpless ships and made their captives "walk the plank."

Much of this is strange language to us on the "Empress of France." The pirates have long since been swept away. There are no storms. And the heat is bearable. In fact I sit in a quiet corner of the gallery of the smoking room as I write and have but to step out of the door to get a breeze so cool that it makes me wonder if it is cooling me off too fast for safety.

Something of the tragedy of these waters is

brought home to us by the death last night of Conner of Liverpool, a favorite dining-room steward who quoted O. Henry to the passengers and sent his money home to an old mother. He was sitting on the edge of the swimming tank for the crew forward. "Little Buttons" climbed to his shoulder to dive. He made the plunge and Conner fell backward to the deck, fracturing his skull. He died at eleven o'clock last night. "Little Buttons" weeps all the time, because he loved Conner and because he thinks he himself was to blame. Conner went through the Great War safely. Once he was on a ship which was torpedoed and sunk. Then on a perfectly safe cruise, in a calm sea, at the hour of recreation, while showing kindness to a child, he met his death. Thanks to Father Ford, chaplain in the army all through the war, and one of the most brilliant and helpful preachers on board, we have taken up a generous contribution for Conner's mother.

They buried Conner at sea this afternoon, his mates attending, Father Ford officiating, passengers hanging over the rails up above. The officer on the bridge lifted his cap. The great engine stopped, and in an instant he was gone. It made a deep impression on everybody. Yesterday at lunch he was on duty, well and strong. Now he lies on the bottom of the Red Sea.

We have been reading the lines of Henry Newbolt:

"He's there with green seas rocking him,
For a thousand miles round;
He's there alone with dumb things mocking him,
And we're homeward bound.

"It's a long lone watch that he's a keepin' there,
And a dead cold night that lags a creepin' there,
While the months and years roll over him
And the great ships roll by."

But the chief steward says: "It's what he would have wanted, sir. No sailor man wants to be buried ashore. And he'd be the happiest fellow ever to know that his old mother had 400 pounds and was beyond all worry for life."

The Red Sea was not of course to blame for the accident. In fact it happened while we still were in the Gulf of Aden. It gives force to the words of Howlett: "The whole steamer track of the Red Sea is one long grave. Were it possible to erect memorials to them, one would see the long line of gray stones standing up above the solemn waters, mile after mile to the horizon, the witness of those who had given their lives for India."

The Red Sea is 1,200 miles long, from 130 to 250 miles wide. The name, it is said, comes from the red soil of the bottom, which, when stirred up, gives a red color to the water. To us it is a blue and green sea. At the northern end the Red Sea divides into two arms, one called the Gulf of Akaba and the other the Gulf of Suez. Between them is the Peninsula of Sinai. On one side of the Red Sea is Asia and on the other side Africa. To the eastward when we see land it belongs to Arabia—either Aden, the British possession, or Yemen, or El Hedjaz, Holy Arabia, the little strip of the peninsula containing Mecca and Medina. To the westward the land is French Somaliland, Abyssinia, Nubia and Egypt proper.

All along the way of our cruise we have heard about the pilgrimages of devout Mohammedans to Mecca. They come from all over the Moslem world. The income of the country is largely what they spend. They face sunstroke, cholera, plague, shipwreck, to make this pilgrimage. If they die, they die happy, sure of Paradise. If they get back home, they forever bear the title of Pilgrim (*Hadji*) and are heroes among their fellows. At Jeddah, which we are now passing,

the seaport of Mecca, there is a motley population made up of the remnants of a thousand pilgrimages, people who had money enough to get there, but not enough to get home. Among them are Javanese, Filipinos, Malays, representatives of a dozen Indian races, Kurds, Turks, Egyptians, Sudanese, Abyssinians, Senegalese, tribesmen from the Sahara—and a host of others.

Outside the northern gate of Jeddah is the grave of Mother Eve. The Mohammedans have a story that Noah landed on the beach at Jeddah after the flood. Walking along the shore with his three sons, they came upon a depression in the sand shaped like a human form. Asked by Ham what it was, Noah is said to have replied: "That is the grave of your great-grandmother, Eve." A wall was at once built around the grave and a mosque erected inside, where thousands worship every year.

In the "Landmark," Lowell Thomas, who tells this story, writes of a pilgrimage to this "Tomb of Mother Eve," and says:

"They believe Eve to have been three hundred feet long. Just think how the rest of us have degenerated." We ought to add that Mr. Thomas also tells us that educated Mohammedans laugh at the story just as we laugh good-naturedly at some of our own stories, without any catastrophe happening either to religion or morals.

Much more historic are the traditions of Moses and the children of Israel. They unquestionably were in Egypt. They unquestionably were oppressed. They unquestionably escaped.

As to their passing through the Red Sea, with waters heaped up on either side by Divine Power, opinions differ. Some think that the whole story is legendary. Others consider it true in every detail. Still others rationalize it by asserting that to-day

strong winds sometimes operate to blow back the sea from the upper end where they had to cross, laying bare a beach usually covered by water.

Whatever our opinion or lack of opinion, it is an impressive thing to realize that we are passing day by day through waters which lap such historic shores, and within sight of Mt. Sinai. Somewhere on our journey we must cross the routes between Asia and Africa of all the generations from Joseph and his brethren, and Moses and his people, down to Allenby. Certain it is that twenty times twenty generations look down on us.

* *

It is our last day on the Red Sea. The water in the tubs this morning was a bit cold for the first time in weeks. The cool breeze still cheers us.

On the bulletin board the Captain, at the suggestion of Professor Baxter, ordered the following notice posted: "About 3.30 p. m. to-day, Mount Sinai will be abeam on the starboard side at a distance of about thirty-eight miles. The mountain is only visible from a small area on account of being surrounded by higher mountains. The ship's whistle will be blown as Sinai is observed."

Half an hour ago the whistle blew and we have been out watching the tops of two little peaks—lying behind the higher mountains near by—which bear the name associated with so much religious history.

"A crow flying over that country," said a civil engineer, "would have to carry his rations on his back. A man would soon die if put ashore here." It is like some of our Arizona, Utah and New Mexico country at home—jagged, pinnacled, many-colored, rocky mountains destitute of tree or bush, but lovely rising from the sea in the afternoon light. "I took a motor trip," said my engineer, "up the Colorado and Virgin Rivers and saw mountains exactly like these."

Seldom have I seen as large a geography and Bible study class as that which assembled when the whistle blew. Up from distant staterooms, up from card tables and chess boards, up from writing rooms and deck chairs, up from Ohio Societies and D. A. R. meetings, and Rotary Clubs and B. P. O. E. and Moose and all the rest of our peaceful Main Street, the passengers poured to line the decks on the starboard, or eastern, side of the ship.

Slow set and fast set, if we really have any, young set and old set, aristocrats and democrats, orthodox and heterodox, alike pushed up to the rail and looked with all their eyes. I believe Moses an interesting subject. I am inclined to think he will continue to draw as a sermon topic.

But led as we are by clergy of many faiths, we still fall into confusion. That even happens at times ashore. One, not a clergyman, insisted that we go to the port or African side of the ship and find Sinai among the Nubian Hills, on the theory that the Holy Land lay over there somewhere, and that Sinai was a part of it. Everybody clamored for definite information as to which peak was Sinai.

The wise and prudent virgins had been to the chart room, examined the map, looked through the telescope, made drawings and knew where to look. The 800 foolish ones had not. Their lamps were empty. Time was passing. Sinai was to be visible only fifteen minutes. They were losing it.

A gentleman from New York who had been in to Sinai ten years ago pointed out one mountain mass. A gentleman just down from the chart room pointed out two little distant peaks seen just over the tops of other ridges as Sinai. A third said that any and all were Sinai.

The Bible class soon began to break up—the cardroom people seeking their interrupted games.

Then I brought up the sober and trustworthy and conservative Britannica, far above suspicion of irregularity or heresy, not given to radicalism or vagaries, and after a little group of us had read it aloud we decided that practically everybody was right:

"The Pentateuchal writers themselves are not at one even about the name of the mountain."

"The Eloist and Deuteronomic writers say Horeb, the Jahvist and Priestly Code writers, Sinai."

That was a body blow for some of us, but we went on:

"The authors of the Pentateuch lived long after Moses, never saw Sinai, had no topographical details to fall back upon. All that can be taken as historical is that after leaving Goshen the Hebrews abode for some time near a mountain named Sinai or Horeb, and that this mountain or range of mountains was held to be sacred as the abode of Deity."

"That is all right," said the rector. "That is all any of us need claim or ought to claim. It doesn't affect the sublimity of the law."

Then as to the exact location:

"Some," said our authority, "put it to the eastward of the Sinai peninsula across the gulf of Akaba."

That theory was not popular, for it meant that we were not seeing it.

"Others take a mountain mass in the southern part of the Sinai peninsula which bears the name Mt. Moses, and have settled on Mt. Catherine, the highest point in that mountain mass, as the mountain of the law. Still others take different points in the same mountain mass."

In spite of detailed account of monasteries built from time immemorial on these mountain peaks, and sacred steps cut up their sides, this theory did not please us, for we were well up the coast.

Then we struck our authority:

"Still others take Serbal or a more northerly mountain range."

That was the theory for us. That is what we were looking at.

We let ourselves go under the influence of the majestic view at that point. Somewhere over that way the Hebrews had gone. Cowed and broken in spirit, half free, half slave, they had followed a great leader until he had tested them, tried them, trained them, and took them to the Promised Land.

But he hadn't gone himself.

We went on later and read the formidable list of men who have written books on this subject, of the scholars who have toiled for years and given the weight of their names to this theory or that about the location of Sinai, to the steady attempt of men in the universities of Germany, England, France and the United States to find out the facts.

There were few of us who felt like sneering at scholarship, or deriding investigation, or attacking men giving their lives to finding out. Rather, as we saw the majestic mountains slowly sink below the horizon, there came to us a dim realization of the great truth so reverently stated by the scientist Agassiz when he said, "We are thinking God's thoughts after Him."

Is it conceivable that the paralyzing theory can dominate much longer anywhere that God could be angry with His children for trying to find out the facts?

The Red Sea, off Mt. Sinai, April 30, 1923.

XXXIV. EGYPT: THE CLIMAX OF THE TRIP

ALL of us are delighted with our stop in Egypt. I am not sure whether our delight is creditable to us or not.

If it comes simply from our physical comfort and well-being, the good meals, the spotless linen, and the ease with which we were carried around, it is not highly creditable. Unquestionably there is something of that in all of us and all of that in some of us, but not all of that in all of us.

I prefer to believe that this great body of our fellow human beings is fundamentally sound, something else than Sybarites, really anxious to learn about this world in which we live and to do something to make it a better world. Certainly their desire for knowledge as shown by attendance on the "Travelers' Club" meetings on board has been almost pathetic.

Nevertheless it is true that the best meals and the softest beds and some of the most interesting "sights" have made our stay in Cairo one of the best things we have done.

A few of our ambitious friends made a quick run to Jerusalem over Allenby's railroad, and still had a day or two left for Cairo; others took the night train four hundred and eighteen miles up the Nile to Luxor and ancient Thebes, had all day there and still did the museum and the Pyramids with the rest of us; but most of us were content to live at the old Shepheard's Hotel or the Continental in Cairo and do the things possible from these centers.

And just what were these things?

In chronological order: Thursday forenoon, a

rail journey from Suez to Cairo. Thursday night, the Pyramids at Gizeh and the Sphinx under the light of the full moon. Friday morning, various famous mosques, tombs, and the Citadel with its commanding view of Cairo and the country around. Friday afternoon, the Pyramids and Sphinx again by daylight. Saturday morning, a Coptic church and the Egyptian Museum. Saturday afternoon, bazars, the Mohammedan University and the American University. Saturday night, a starlight drive to Heliopolis. Sunday morning, the Egyptian Museum. Sunday afternoon, ancient Memphis and Sakkara. Sunday at six, attendance upon the American Church service. (My wife held my proxy for this, as I was driving home in the sunset light from Memphis.) Monday morning another fascinating railway journey—this time Cairo to Port Said, where we embarked. It must not be assumed that everybody did these things in the same way or at the same time, but this list is a fair sample of what passengers on a World Cruise can do in a short stop at a port.

As never before I now understand the lure of Egypt. The warm winter sunshine, the clear blue skies, the cool breezes, make it a winter health resort. The comfortable and palatial hotels, the interesting people from all over the world, make it delightful for those who love society. The buried cities and tombs arouse the keenest interest of the antiquarian and the historian. The seething politics, while repelling some, attract thoughtful men of affairs, and the Egypt of the Nile Valley and the desert, the date palms and the caravans, of stone cities and mud villages and tents on the sand, arouses the enthusiasm of artists, of poets, and of all lovers of the beautiful and picturesque.

It ought to be said clearly and positively that there are some flies in the ointment which are dead and

stinking, and which will have to be removed or people will gradually boycott Egypt.

Nobody can step from "Shepheard's" or the "Continental" into the streets of Cairo without finding himself pursued and attacked by the most ravenous, discourteous, persistent horde of dragomans, guides, hackmen, and vendors of all kinds of sham antiques, to be found in the world. No beggars of India or Java or China compare with them as a nuisance. A man has simply to laugh good-naturedly, or he is lost. Nor is it importunity which is the worst phase of it; it is insolence. No lady tourist can walk the streets of Cairo alone without being insulted. The scoundrels seize her arms if she is walking, and her legs if she is getting off a camel.

To be sure, in the past, American girls, in their ignorance of the Orient, and with their lack of reserve, have been to blame many times, have created "incidents" with which consuls have had to deal, and have given these men the idea that they could lay their hands familiarly on any American woman. But this does not absolve the men of blame. Our ladies made short work of them, but they ought not to be exposed to such a menace.

No matter who or what the government may be, there is one group of men abundantly able to abolish this evil if they will take a little time for it. I refer to the proprietors of "Shepheard's," the "Continental," the "Semiramis," and other hotels, Thos. Cook & Sons, the American Express Company, the Raymond Whitcomb people, the Anglo-Nile Steamboat Company, Frank C. Clark, and other tourist agencies doing business in Cairo.

There is no "if" or "and" about it. There may be "law enough now," there may be "graft" in the police department, the "tourists may be to blame;" in spite of all that may be said, these men are powerful enough

to do the job if they will give a little attention to their civic responsibilities.

My information is that tourists will find this situation improved by another year. And I can't leave the subject without adding that there are dragomans and guides who have pride in their profession, collect libraries, study continually, and conduct themselves so fairly and honorably that tourists keep their names and hand them on from party to party. These able, honorable fellows are the antidote to the poison of the "mob."

We were towed ashore at Suez in ex-coal barges transformed by kaleidoscopic, bright-hued Oriental hangings into chambers of Aladdin's Palace. Here for half an hour or more we sat on benches and on decks of the barges, shut off from view of land or water, with nothing but sky above us, with fellow citizens of Florida and Pennsylvania around us, and with dark-skinned, turbanned barge men smiling down at us from the sides of our bizarre, roofless, floating houses.

Then, as the train slowly drew away from Suez, we looked out on waters more green, or aquamarine, or transparent turquoise, than we have seen before in 22,000 miles of travel.

Soon we were along the canal with its ships going north and going south; passing the Little Bitter Lake and the Great Bitter Lake where the canal widens out; swinging westward and entering the ancient delta of the Nile.

Ismailia and Zagazig are names of cities we passed which mean nothing to most of my readers and meant nothing to me except railway stations with all kinds of people sitting about, but which to the informed mean sites of ancient cities, and memorable excavations near by. Zagazig appears in Ezekiel as Pibeoeth.

It was thrilling, however, to think that off one way was the Damietta mouth of the Nile, off another way the Rosetta mouth, and beyond that Aboukir Bay where Nelson fought "the battle of the Nile," and Alexandria where the conqueror put his name for all time.

We crossed desert where there was no trace of vegetation, and desert where there was the merest trace with goats busy removing it. Then we came to water and at once were in the midst of date palms, of level fields of rich black land, cotton just starting up, wheat ready to harvest, and thick, green, luxuriant clover, from which supplies were being cut as needed for donkeys, buffaloes, camels, cows, horses and goats, with all of which the country was abundantly stocked.

It seemed like the seven years of plenty "down in Egypt." And along the trails from Palestine I could see the long line of camels traveling with exactly the motion, the equipment, the guttural cries of those caravans of long ago which first brought Joseph the slave, and later Joseph's brethren in search of food.

It was refreshing to get into the cool, dark corridors, the great, high-ceilinged rooms, the huge, Moorish lobbies and halls of "Shepheard's." We opened the shutters of our room to look out into the garden where so much has happened of reunion and parting, of love making and conspiracy, of comedy and tragedy and even assassination of statesmen, and there under a great tree on the grass was a Mohammedan at his prayers. For sublime indifference to the passing throng, for complete concentration on the matter in hand, for regular attention to religious duties and for grace and dignity in worship, give me the Mohammedan.

Here at the hotel were rest, deep sleep, content, home letters, home papers and reiterated assurances

that all was well, which even a disquieting cable on Saturday night could not completely change.

If food be interesting as an element of "content" then let me say at once that, with the exception of undercooked rice glaring in contrast with the rice of India and the rice of the ship, "Shepheard's" had the best food of any hotel we struck. Such omelettes only a Frenchman could have made! They must be survivals of the days of the Napoleonic conquest or the joint French-British protectorate. Such butter! Whether it came from cow, or buffalo, or cotton-seed, it was perfectly fabricated. Such tender Egyptian quail, it seemed as if the flights described in Exodus had taken place around us. Such fresh, tender vegetables! Such good, honest British beef and mutton! And while some of our people are not educated up to Egyptian coffee, my advice is to get educated at once.

Six things stand out in my mind especially: 1, above ground—the climb of Cheops, the Great Pyramid at Gizeh; 2, underground—the clear beautiful writing in the tomb of Ti (Thi) at Sakkara, and the mausoleum of the Sacred Bulls; 3, the striking contrast between the indescribably rich and fertile Nile Valley and the everlasting desert; 4, the moonlight and sunset drives in the valley, and over the desert; 5, the Museum and Universities; and 6, the Bible history.

With Justice Munger, as fine a climber and as good a fellow traveler as he is an able judge, and with guides intelligent enough to let me alone, I climbed the 451 feet of Cheops, lifting myself up where I could not step, fastening my fingers into crevices as I got higher and higher, watching my footing where the ledges were narrow, getting the best exercise and having one of the superlatively good times of the cruise. I thought it quite a feat until I started down

and found George Cary, Jr., of Buffalo, aged twelve, arriving at the top alone, and part way down Althea, aged ten, and Maria, aged eight, also alone, climbing like little chamois. We detached a guide to follow these adventurous children.

Struggling after with another guide was their guardian. The father, emerging from a tour inside the Pyramid, found his family well "up in the air." When these children bring their children here, as successive generations of the family seem to have done, I doubt if they let them duplicate this feat. But better travelers than these children it would be hard to find. I have seen them late at night, and early in the morning, under every conceivable condition of discomfort and delay, with every possible kind of alluring prospect ahead or behind, and I have never heard them whine or complain, demand this or that, or even ask why we didn't get there sooner. Good blood is a pleasing sight in cattle or children, but good training is the most beautiful thing in the world. These and other children of the cruise at whom some of us looked askance in the beginning, have been a constant delight. For the older ones, it will mean more than any year of college.

The top of Cheops is a space thirty square feet. Here we found lemonade at 25 cents a glass, beads and scarabs, antiques turned out by the factory at Luxor or "made in Germany," and more begging Arabs. When I made it clear that the amount of bakshish I would give was in the exact ratio that I was left alone, the talk about "hunger," "fasting," "big families," "hard times," "generous Americans," "fatigue of the climb," "watches to be sent from America as presents," suddenly stopped, and I was left alone with the magnificent view.

To the west as far as I could see was the brown and yellow desert, not flat like a floor but undulating,

and broken here and there by dunes. "Thirty-five days across by caravan to Tripoli." The magic, the mystery, the witchery, the lure, the hardship and death of the desert! One of the really great moments was the day before when I walked out a little way in it alone in the moonlight. To the north lay the flat green fertile Delta. To the south we saw more desert and three other groups of Pyramids. To the east the road leading out of the desert to Cairo, eight miles away, the wonderful valley of the Nile, cut up by canals and ditches, and literally "rejoicing and blossoming like the rose," golden with wheat, black with fresh turned soil, green with the most exquisite shades of lush clover and ornamented with rows and clumps of beautiful tall date palms—planted for food, not for beauty, and the most characteristic tree of lower Egypt—and in the background, of course, all Cairo with its commanding citadel and mosques.

I was more excited and happy and gloriously tired and hungry and ready to see everything and rejoice in everything after that climb than in days. And we had been so long about it that the sun was down to the sky line, the Pyramids stood up in beauty as well as everlasting strength, and the long caravans and separate camels stood out on the desert skyline. Not a rich Mohammedan rolling out that Gizeh road in his motor, not a heavy laden, honest little donkey trotting to town, not a mud village or onion patch, not a single peasant lifting water in his "*shaduf*," or an ox or buffalo or camel or donkey turning the ancient "*sakiya*," or even a thieving, vagabond Arab guide, but shone in the golden glory. The departing sun gave an equal benediction to all. He maketh the sun to both rise and set on the evil and the good. No wonder men in all ages have worshiped the sun.

The ancient Egyptians believed that soul and body were to be reunited hereafter. Therefore their

religion made care for the dead body a fundamental thing. We are indebted to this old faith for records which otherwise would have perished. Because of these tombs and the inscriptions on them and in them, we have had the mists rolled back which apparently had settled down on the Nile valley forever.

That whole story of human pride and glory, stupendous memorials, buried tombs, modern excavations and the deciphering of dead languages is one of the really thrilling things of our age. The opening of the tomb of Tutankhamen is only one striking and picturesque event in a series of events just as great.

Coming down from Cairo, a cultured lady said: "When I visit the British Museum, I go at once to the Rosetta Stone. The way Boussard found it in the mud of the delta, the way Napoleon had its hieroglyphic, demotic and Greek inscriptions copied and scattered broadcast, the way Champollion pored over it until he found the key that unlocked all these thousands of inscriptions, never fails to fill me with awe and wonder."

I went out to Heliopolis one night after dinner, six or eight miles away, just as I thought I was going to bed. I did it, first because a dear friend asked me, and had a motor waiting, and second because, like Joseph, I had married an "Asenath," a name I have seldom seen. And I wanted to see where the other "Asenath" lived.

If she in her far-off or near-by abode was as pleased with this mark of respect as the modern Asenath was when I returned, I am happy for her. We were gone only a little over an hour, we made no study of anything in particular, we saw everything pointed out in the darkness, under the starlight or by lights of passing cars or towns. But nobody knows places who does not know them in the darkness as

well as in the light. Those who lived long ago seem to come back to us under the stars.

Guide books and histories and encyclopedias can tell you facts about ancient Memphis, fourteen miles south of Cairo, about Sakkara near by, about the Serapeum of Apis, the Tomb of Ptah-hetep, the Tomb of Thi—all of which we visited. I wasn't going near any of them, for I am a master hand at eliminating on the theory that I can come next year, and that I know when to stop. But an indefatigable, insatiable, unselfish Massachusetts teacher traveling with charming Buffalo friends, found the time, got the motor and made us go, for which I can not be too grateful.

What books can not give, or at least have not given to me, is a mind aroused and kindled by what ancient Memphis and these tombs have to tell. As one goes from the bright light of the desert to the dark recesses of the tombs, into the presence of pictures and writings thousands of years old, but fresh cut, new, bright, clear, beautiful, as if made yesterday—one begins to wonder, then inquire, and gradually seek light on it all with enthusiasm.

Down in the tomb of Ti, the "Judge" told us that this man was a high officer of the kings of the fifth dynasty, some 3,700 years before Christ. Of humble rank, he raised himself by his own great abilities and "had a princess for his wife and the rank of princes for his sons." America is not the first continent to produce tales like "From Tailor's Bench to White House," "From Rail Splitter to White House," "From Farmer Boy to White House," "From Tow Path to White House."

The oldest of all the Pyramids, the "Step Pyramid," dating from the third dynasty, 4240 B. C., looked down on us as we trailed through the desert sands of Sakkara that bright Sunday afternoon. We did not climb it, though some of us wanted to. Near

by was the "Pyramid of Unas" of the sixth dynasty, or about 3500 B. C.

"Recent investigations," says an authoritative guide book, "have revealed the fact that this Pyramid has been built upon the site of a still older, probably pre-dynastic, burial place."

Into what remote ages, into contact with what vanished races, into touch with what great leaders of humanity, the pre-dynastic remains take us, not even the greatest scholar can say.

But the humblest beginner may say confidently, we are debtor to them all.

XXXV. THE CLAIMS OF THE LIVING AND THE DEAD

MR. P. W. WILSON, the English correspondent whom I came to know and admire at the "Conference on the Limitation of Armaments" in Washington, wrote recently on "The Kingdom of Egypt" in the *World's Work* as follows:

> "Their greatest achievements (of the Pharaohs) the pyramids, like the greatest mosques built at a later date, were merely tombs; their most sacred volume was 'The Book of the Dead.' If the Metropolitan Museum in New York can exhibit the so-called toys of Egypt, four thousand years old, yet to-day still perfectly preserved, it was because these models were left, not for children to play with, but for the sole delectation of the dead. That the dead should survive was the aim of Egyptian chemists who so skilfully embalmed the mummies of human beings and of cats, crocodiles and other animals. The lesson that Egypt has had to learn is that even if the dead be immortal, the claims of the living also should be recognized. In no country has human life been held so cheap."

In vivid, forceful English, Mr. Wilson then describes the building of a canal between the Nile and Alexandria by Mehemet Ali, where 150,000 men were employed and 30,000 died under the lash; of the horrors endured by gangs of fettered serfs; of "the miserable hovels of the people," the frightful abuses of the slave trade, and of plagues "which halved populations" of great cities—1,200 deaths daily in Cairo and 100,000 swept away by plague in 1883.

The dead hand has paralyzed Egypt, not as with us when it ties up huge properties unintelligently, but

through a philosophy and a religion which puts all of its energy upon respect for and care of the dead. Eventually all the various parts of man were to be reunited. Hence the importance of preserving the body for that great day.

While at some periods of history the Egyptian religion seems to have been an admirably simple monotheistic faith, and while it always held fast to a faith in immortality, it stands in striking contrast to the faith which grew up in Palestine near by. This emphasized service of the living rather than care of the dead. "Let the dead bury their dead." That would have been shocking to the Egyptians.

"Follow me." "Heal the sick." "Feed the hungry." "Clothe the naked." "Visit the bondmen." "Preach the gospel." "The Kingdom of God is here and now in your own hearts." "Make that Kingdom come and that will be done on earth as it is in heaven." If that philosophy and faith in all of its original simplicity could have dominated Egypt from the first century A. D. all Egyptian history would have been different.

In modern Egypt, especially since the British went in as "advisers" in 1882, the claims of the living have been considered as well as the claims of the dead. They have worked unceasingly for the preservation of the treasures of past generations, but they have put great emphasis on this generation. There is a new and striking regard for human life in general and for the individual woman, child and man in particular. The average Britisher doesn't talk much about his faith, but he acts as if he believed implicitly that we should "live soberly, righteously, and godly in the present world."

The captain and the staff captain of our ship had limited time ashore at Port Said, but they employed it going to the Assuan Dam and Reservoir at the first

cataract, 590 miles up the Nile. They said, I am told, "Whatever the government may be the important thing in Egypt is water, and this dam is one of the modern wonders of the world."

Six thousand feet long, flanked by a navigation channel and locks another six thousand feet long, costing $25,000,000, it is designed to let the mighty Nile River pour through at full flood. In other words, the sluices let fifty-four million tons of water pass per hour. The reservoir is filled in November, December, and January, when the water is free from mud and when there is more than the farmers need. The stored water is let out gradually to supplement the summer supply of the river, which is insufficient for the crops. The construction of this dam is an illustration of the regard of the Government for the people.

The rise of water consequent on the building of the dam has submerged islands, covered temples and tombs, and destroyed something of the beauty of the rugged scenery. The island of Philae, for example, is now partly under water and must be visited in boats. But a vastly greater area can be irrigated by the Nile, and where perennial irrigation is established summer crops as well can be raised.

Under British advice or occupation, with Lord Cromer as Consul General, taxes were equalized, the strong were kept from seizing the water of the weak, the robber tax gatherers were eliminated. The *fellahin*, or peasant farmer, illiterate, but hard-working and well meaning, as essential to the life of Egypt as the sun, the soil, and the Nile, has had somebody looking out for him.

In the old days the peasants were marched off in gangs to work in the lands of the Khedive, or repair the embankments of the Nile, or do dredging. It was part of the tax, but it was slavery, and its administration was notoriously unfair. In one district

the owners of 53,000 acres did all of this work, or *corvee*, for 145,000 acres. The others had pull and got off. The British influence abolished the entire system of enforced labor.

In the same way the British have curbed the plague, have dealt with the terrible scourge of child blindness, and have made Egypt "a health resort." None of us were alarmed when we read about an outbreak of plague up the Nile, for the safeguards of British doctors are still in force.

Egypt, which had a population of two or three million in the time of Napoleon, has a population of around 14,000,000 to-day. There is a new conception of the value of life, there is a new application of the results of modern science, there is a new idea of liberty.

Now the Egyptian question is not as simple as I have made it appear. All the years of the British occupation Turkey was the nominal ruler. When the British first intervened in Egypt in 1879, it was joint intervention with the French. The Khedive was bankrupt; England and France owned the canal bonds. It was merely foreclosing a mortgage. When, three years later, there was an insurrection, France sailed away and Gladstone, the leader of English democracy, ordered the bombardment of Alexandria. France had built the canal, had given her language to Egypt, and then failed to stand by and has been angry over it ever since.

The war, of course, changed the relation of England to Egypt. Egypt was a dependency of Turkey. The Khedive sided with the Sultan and England as a war measure deposed him, occupied the country and used Egypt as a base for the protection of the Suez Canal.

On the side of Egypt it must be said that through these years international treaties had made it possible for foreign wealth to escape taxation in Egypt. Like-

wise Mohammedan irritation at control by a Christian nation has been growing.

In Cairo we drove often by the royal palace, saw the huge Egyptian flag floating over it, the Egyptian soldiers on guard, and heard the gossip about King Fuad, who was crowned a year ago in February. In the British Parliament are members making speeches demanding that England, having consented to a new constitution, should leave Egypt bag and baggage immediately. Some of these speeches were published in full in Cairo papers while we were there. We were conscious of revolution in the air.

It is the problem of India, the problem of the Philippines, the problem of Ireland, over again with variations.

How fast shall we go?

Most domestic squabbles come over the time element in each of us. High speed and low speed husbands and wives win happiness and success in domestic matters by getting on a common basis. That is not so easy for radicals and conservatives and never will be until both sides develop imagination and love.

Another element in the situation is the dramatic fact that beyond Upper Egypt there lies a vast area extending to the Equator called the Soudan. Not Egyptian but British soldiers have kept the Soudanese from rolling over the Egyptians whom they hate.

On the frontier between Egypt and the Soudan is the dam—more important for Egypt than a king. Between the peninsula of Sinai and the rest of Egypt is the Suez Canal, eighty-seven miles long. As we sailed by the gigantic figure of De Lesseps at Port Said, the northern end, with the glasses we slowly spelled out the Latin inscription about the great work opening new countries for hundreds.

As England now withdraws from control of

Egypt and as the Nationalists take hold of the country' England reserves the Soudan, the dam and the canal, not for her own profit, but, as she says, "for Egypt and for the rest of mankind." She keeps soldiers enough in the country to protect these interests and the lives and property of foreigners.

With no desire to plead her cause more than that of France or Belgium or Holland or any other country, I confess I do not see what else in honor she can do. I doubt if we could have made this voyage, or stayed in Cairo, if she had not been there. And yet since the accession of the King, twenty British soldiers have been assassinated. On Saturday night, while we were peacefully walking about Cairo, three bombs were thrown at British soldiers, all of which exploded, luckily without casualties.

I do not know what will come of it. Nor do I feel myself competent to discuss Mohammedanism. The Mohammedans of Egypt are the trouble makers and they are outsiders as well as the British and the French. In fact, from the days of the Pharaohs Egypt has always had foreign control. Alexandria is a memorial of the Greeks. In order, as Dr. Bartholow told us at our last Travel Club meeting, there followed Romans, Byzantines, Saracens, Turks, Mamelukes, French, British-French and British. All this is contrary to my theories. I believe in self-determination, in self-government, even when it is poorer government, in learning by doing, but I am not willing to see great public works like Suez, which belong to all of us, which in fact are already "internationalized," turned over to the fanatics who stab in the dark.

I saw where Roosevelt spoke on this subject when he came down the Nile out of Central Africa. It was in a little room now a part of the American University. The people who knew felt sure that he would never leave the room alive. They begged him to

modify his speech. But he said what he had to say on assassination as a method of progress and on making themselves fit for self-government by self-control, and nobody shot him until he got back to our own United States.

The charge that the British may have done more in material ways for Egypt than in spiritual may be justified. They say in reply, "one thing at a time." But nobody can question the illiteracy, the gross ignorance and the need.

Like all other tourists we have exclaimed over the "Mosque of el-Azhar"—the Mohammedan University. But anything more hopelessly backward from an educational standpoint would be hard to find. Twelve thousand students sit around and memorize the Koran. Now the Koran is well worth studying. So are the other old treatises on logic, jurisprudence, poetry and rhetoric, which they have. But think of young men living in this fascinating world given an education, kept in the institution for twenty years, as some of them are, without modern science, chemistry, physics, biology, modern languages, Greek or Latin, or even mathematics. It ought to make our college boys, in the darkest hours of examinations, go down on their knees in thanksgiving.

Modern educational work has been begun in this field by the American University. It is only three or four years old, has not yet come up to true university grade, but has met with a response which is amazing. From the beginning they have had more students than they could accommodate, practically all sons of Mohammedans. They have 300 to-day.

When we visited the school it was not in session, but we got hold of Professor McClenahan, who for over twenty years has been in the country and knows this difficult but hopeful field. The Board of Control is not sectarian, but the United Presbyterians seem to

be the main force back of it, and it is a great credit to these sturdy, devoted Christian people. The headquarters of the Interdenominational Board in control is in Philadelphia.

"If Mecca is the heart, Cairo is the brain of the Mohammedan world. We are going after the brain." If they can continue to do it with tact, with sympathy, with breadth of view, with insistence on the leadership of Christ, recognition of the best in Mohammed, and a true university spirit toward the sacredness of all truth, and not import all the old dogmas of Christianity, what a future there is for them.

There are not many of us who did not study about Egypt as children—both in school and in Sunday school. No stories made deeper impression on our youthful minds than those centering around this ancient country.

Abraham came down into Egypt.

Moses was born in Egypt.

Egypt is the land of the Pharaohs, and we looked on the very faces of the Pharaoh of the oppression and of Rameses the Great, by such tragic reversal of fate brought from darkness to the full glare of publicity. We saw where tradition claims that Moses was drawn from the waters.

If any city in the world except London is a better place than Cairo for a student to spend some time studying history I do not know what it is. When Herodotus, the father of history, visited it it was very old. I am going back to Cairo.

No paper or series of papers can do justice to the Egyptian Museum. And we saw it with a guide who served the famous Egyptologist, the late Theodore Davis, for nine years, and who loves every corner of it. He was the one guide whom I saw refuse a generous tip offered by the wife of the conductor of our party.

He was so strict a Bible student that he was

shocked when I told him that I did not believe that God commanded the children of Israel to borrow jewels of the Egyptians and not return what they borrowed. To him it was a great mystery, but it must be true. To me the wonderful stories were no less beautiful or inspiring because I separate the truth of God from the childish conceptions of the age.

Over Egypt, however, for the Christian, there falls the beautiful light of what we call "the Flight into Egypt." In literature or art nothing is more lovely. In the history, few incidents in the life of our Lord are more interesting. It is all so possible. It is all quite likely. Questioned though it has been by investigators, it is not hard to believe. One may be skeptical as one visits the Coptic church. One is not skeptical when one reads the Bible or thinks about it. It is tragic that the holy places are in such custody. I am glad that Britain has the mandate for Palestine.

We went down to Abu Sirga, the old Coptic church of 859 A. D., built over a crypt chapel much older. We descended to the basement to see where Mary sat and where Joseph sat. "Here the holy family rested," said the guide. Up stairs there was wood carving. There was ivory work of some merit. There was some old glass. The church looked old and it was interesting in spite of beggars, guides and custodians. It was interesting as belonging to the Copts, a historic body, said to have sprung from the preaching of John Mark.

But the spot which we will remember was down in the dark passage among the foundations where that loving mother may have held the little baby close. The seat of Joseph was near by. Verily the sacred place is well put among the foundations. And whether it be biography or legend, it is sure that in places like it that little boy was cared for, "grew in wisdom and in stature and in favor with God and man."

On this ship in the midst of a fellowship of Catholics and Protestants and Jews which has grown increasingly close and beautiful, the one sad thing to a member of a so-called Liberal Church is that those who love Jesus so devotedly as the liberals do, who place him so high, who would give their lives to making his principles rule in government, in business and in individual human lives around the world, who themselves are struggling hard to live the Christ-life, who worship the one great God and Father whom Jesus worshiped, are put outside of the circle of worthy respectable evangelical Christians because they call Jesus divine instead of calling him God Almighty Himself.

Not in one word or act have I felt ostracism here. I have preached and lectured perhaps more than any other one person on board. The fellowship with the other ministers has convinced me that in essentials we agree perfectly. But it has been discouraging to find even one of these preachers arguing that Christ existed from all eternity and was himself the creator of the world. How can we ever win the Japanese, the Chinese, the Indians and the Egyptians with that kind of an involved, complex, theological conception? The missionary appeal can succeed only if made "with the simplicity that was in Christ." Egypt makes me sure of that.

XXXVI. SOME HAPPY DAYS AFLOAT

WHEN we left Manila it seemed to us sure that, no matter what happened to call us home, we were going around the world. After Manila, it was easier to go ahead than to turn back.

After we sailed from Bombay, it seemed as if we were headed home. Canadian Pacific agents came on board and opened offices for return passage. Definite plans had to be made. Dates had to be picked. The gallery of the smoking room where the office was first opened and the D deck purser's office to which it was moved, with the long lines of waiting people, looked like a Cook's or an American Express office on shore with a tourist ship just in. Happy were the wise folks who had settled all these things and bought return passage before starting out. One always takes a chance in doing it of having to trade the tickets in, but it is good policy nevertheless for travelers using the North Atlantic passages in the summer season. When we left Cairo, however, it seemed as if everything was over.

The ship went ahead at full speed, making almost a hundred miles a day more than she had made before —nobody knew why. Nobody knows why. Great are the mysteries of transportation. At sea and on land the time-honored policy is to tell the public as little as possible. Perhaps it is a good policy, as fear is contagious and panics at sea have killed people in the past.

So if the stokers have struck we have never known it. If, down in the terrible heat of the tropics, they have fought and killed one another with shovels, it has only been whispered about. If the ship has

gone on to the mud, we have only guessed it because she stayed there until high tide. If the steering gear has broken, we have found it out by seeing them steer with the emergency wheel at the stern. If she has keeled over and whirled her 18,000 tons suddenly around in her tracks and headed back the way she came, we have never been sure whether it was the rudder or news by wireless that there was lacking two feet of water on the bar. All added, however, to the romance and mystery of the trip.

We have never been in real danger. We have had a marvelous and almost unbroken succession of blue skies and smooth waters. We have been cared for in our cruising at a high-grade floating hotel, at rates lower than we would have had to pay at hotels ashore.

Thousands of people could sublet, go around the world, and make money doing it. Only they ought to know in advance that a $1,000 room even with an electric fan does not resemble a $10,000 suite with its sitting-room, bath and bed-room.

I have not been sorry that I came. I wouldn't part with what I have gained for five times or ten times what it cost, and I am going again. And I want, in this letter, to emphasize just the cruising itself.

Some of my friends have begrudged the time we have been at sea. My wife and I and some others of us have been happiest afloat. Calm, sunny seas, great white clouds, flying fish, occasional porpoises, occasional whales, occasional craft, distant lighthouses flashing out at night, sunrise and sunset, starlight and moonlight, and always the steady movement on to the mysterious horizon which calls us—the 28,000 statute miles we have made to date have been full of delight.

To be sure even the cruising would lose its mystery and magic if there were not the shore journeys

and studies and experiences to help us imagine what lies beneath all new horizons.

With all these there has been the steadily enlarging circle of congenial people, the folks who have been coming down the road for thirty, forty or fifty years to meet us, and who only turned into our trail as we walked up the streets of Yokohama, or sat down to eat in Ceylon, or climbed to the Towers of Silence in Bombay, or watched the Fascisti in Gambrinus Restaurant at Naples.

And while some people object to a miscellaneous crowd, to me that has been one of the delights of the cruise. I have been lecturing for a year now on "All Sorts and Conditions of Men." Here is a laboratory to try out all the theories. I would drop one or two over to the fishes if I were not so fond of all dumb creatures, but they don't count. The ship has been a cross section of society. It is like a great Rotary Club, where the man who knows pig iron and the man who knows sonnets sit side by side to the advantage of both. I like this cruising because I like the "Rotarian Ideal." It ought to be a Christian ideal.

In one delightful Rotary Club meeting on board where I was a guest I heard comments on India from every conceivable standpoint—all most illuminating, and the paper which a quiet New York State doctor read made some of us wonder why we had lectured and he had kept still all the way around the world. And in this little meeting of Rotarians on shipboard in the shadow almost of Mount Etna, I saw the whole of the fine scope of the organization outlined.

As we near Gibraltar, I think back, of all the different waters, of the beauty of New York, of the approach to Cuba, of sailing away from Panama, of seeing the Golden Gate, of coming up to Hilo at sunset one day, and to Honolulu at sunset the next day, of long days on the Pacific and the sublimity of the

one storm in all this circuit of the world, the day or two before we got to Japan, of the never-to-be-forgotten waters of Hong Kong, of the sailing southward over the Equator and northward over the Equator, and of all the mysterious cloud effects down there by day and by night, of the China Sea, the Bay of Bengal, the Arabian Sea, the dreaded Red Sea so marvelously good to us, and at last Port Said and the Mediterranean.

If all were well at home and if fascinating tasks were not awaiting us, I should like to turn the ship around at Southampton after a visit to Europe and go home the other way. Take a day or two still fresh in our minds as an illustration:

We were the second day out of Port Said. We had sighted and passed Crete and had come to the end of the peninsula of Italy. The sun shone on little villages in rocky gorges, making us homesick for Sorrento or Amalfi or little towns beyond.

Then a bulletin went up saying that at five we would be up with Mount Etna, and we were on the lookout. There it was at last, misty in the distance, but huge in proportions and with smoke pouring from the summit. The wireless the day before had told us that Etna was unusually active. Ten thousand feet high, in eruption every few years, deadly in its fury, yet the authorities tell us that its lower slopes are densely populated because they are so extraordinarily fertile. Up to about three thousand feet, vines, olives, and vegetables grow in an extraordinary way. Over three thousand people per square mile may be found in one triangle near the base. Children born there must be like the children of Dunkirk or Rheims or Furnes in the war. Old folks must be fatalists. The fearful and nervous must be dead.

Back in old Greek and Roman times great controversies took place which sound strangely familiar.

Greek writers held that it was the mountain where Zeus strangled the giant Typhon. Roman writers explained its phenomena as due to natural causes. The Roman Emperor Hadrian even dared climb it as tourists do constantly to-day. Probably most of us will live to read of refugee flights from Catania near its base, and to give to refugee funds for the succor of the peasants to whom it is home.*

We rounded the toe of Italy and headed north for the Straits of Messina, reminding us of the American Red Cross relief operations in the Messina earthquake and tidal wave disaster in 1908 where 150,000 people were killed at one fell swoop. The wind went down and the sea was like glass as we passed Scylla on the one side and Charybdis on the other. We had a sunset behind the Eolian Islands second (if second) only to one of the marvelous sunsets at Ceylon. With a cloud band across the fiery red ball as it sank it looked like Saturn in its rings. And as the ship moved steadily on, it lay on the slope of a rocky islet just before it dropped away. Then a huge bulk began to loom up ahead and we discovered that it was Stromboli, another famous volcano, perpetually active and sending up smoke and flashing fire for our benefit in a way which well atoned for the inactivity of Hilo three months or so ago.

All this sight-seeing was possible from the solid deck of a great liner cruising around the world.

The great liner hurried a little too much, for she was at anchor at Naples when most of us woke up, and for the first time it was a hazy, misty morning on that famous bay. I assumed that the Bay of Naples could not be anything but dark blue, with Capri and Ischia and the other islands standing out distinct and

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*A prophecy which unfortunately came true within a week or two.

Vesuvius looming over all. But much of the haze burned away before the day was old. It was Holy Thursday, or Ascension Day, and I well knew what that meant in Italy—a Sunday in mid-week. We drove to the Cathedral, saw mass, heard a fine old priest preaching in one corner, and watched the hundreds coming and going. We saw again the aquarium with its world-famous sea anemones. We took our drive up high and down low, by rose-bushes in full bloom and other lovely flowers. We bought gloves at 75 cents and $1.00 a pair. We went to Gambrinus Restaurant to see the Fascisti assemble and to eat omelette and chocolate mousse and macaroni *au jus* for 60 or 70 cents each. Then the five in our party called a taxi and drove to the elevator which lifted us to the spot I remember best of all in Naples—the terrace in front of Bertelini's Hotel, where we had our coffee and had all the glory of the Bay of Naples and majestic Vesuvius with its smoke cap at the same time. In the one place we were among the people; in the other we were with world famous scenery and with dear friends.

As we rode back in a train, we noticed scrawled here and there on the buildings: "*Morte a Lenin.*" The little lady with us pulled out an anonymous letter from home. It told how a few of the ladies of her community had formed an organization for the ideals of conservative Americanism, that they had noticed her friendship with one questionable person (a little Russian lady) and that they advised her to discontinue that friendship—the most wooden-headed, narrow-minded letter of the type I ever saw. It made me remark at our table on board: "The more I see of the Fascisti, the more I feel like espousing communism;" but I hastened to save my reputation by adding: "The more I see of communism the more I feel like joining the Fascisti."

Both things are true of me and of most liberal-minded people. The more we see of the war on socialists, the more we feel like turning socialist; the more we read socialism and find socialists fighting side by side with the reactionary against all our pet plans for progress, the more we want to fight them.

Well may most causes and most men pray to be delivered, not from their enemies, but from their fool friends.

We left 350 or more people from our ship at Naples as we slowly moved out at six o'clock in the afternoon. Many were there to see us go. Lovers were separated, friendships were ended, familiar faces and forms which had come into our lives and into close association with us went back down over the horizon. Strange are the meetings and the partings of this world. On an ordinary ocean passage we expect to part and never see one another again, but here was an association for almost four months.

How would those New York children turn out? Would we ever hear again from that most interesting family from Vermont? Would I ever find out more from the silent student who sat near me as I wrote? What about the nice stewardess and the faithful steward and the little bath steward who for weeks came with the sun? How about all these forty doctors and all these dozen or more clergymen? What about the people at our own table who have made life so pleasant? Who would marry whom? What would become of all the members of the sunset club?

All the delightful Southerners, all the Californians, all the New Englanders, all the host of people out of the great Middle West, all the old folks, all the young folks, all the cultured city folk, all the plain country people, all of the forty delightful Canadians, all of the English and Cubans, who have played at the game with us—where are they all going, what will they find there,

how will they rise to it, will we ever see any of them again?

My war comrades are my comrades still—even the French who have torn up everything we thought they were fighting for, have done such irreparable damage, and yet are so lovable.

But how about these comrades of a tourist cruise?

One thing is sure: We have all been in the same boat. The hot sun shone on all of us. The small-pox endangered stewards and passengers alike. The rocks and reefs and currents endangered all. It ought to make us all realize that the world is a ship and that we are all in it.

* *

Yesterday we landed for half a day at Gibraltar, where parties left us for Spain. We had a quiet peaceful Sunday morning in which to climb the heights and walk among the flowers in the park. The birds sang for us, the geraniums and forget-me-nots bloomed for us, and the heliotrope came up to us in wave after wave of perfume.

Man after man of the English clergy passed on the way to church—some with service ribbons and decorations pinned to the frock coat, all with the high clerical collar. It would have been delightful to worship with them had there been time.

As it was, the quiet streets, the closed houses, the Sabbath calm, the peaceful morning in a beautiful garden, the lovely views out over the water to Spain and to Africa, and the background of the Rock which can not be moved made a morning where we thought often: "The Lord is my rock and my fortress."

Atlantic Ocean, off Portugal, May 28, 1923.

XXXVII. ONCE MORE IN FRANCE

WE disembarked at Le Havre May 16 exactly on time. Early in the morning we anchored off harbor and about 8.30 moved slowly in with the rising tide. Those of us who had landed there or had lived there in war time were all excitement as familiar things showed up—Deauville and Trouville off to the right, Honfleur and the mouth of the Seine ahead, Sainte Adresse and Le Havre to the left. There under the cliffs was the "Hotellerie" where most of the Belgian ministers had lived during the war; and below at the water's edge at Sainte Adresse the Hotel des Regates where we had had offices. In Le Havre itself a little maid opened the windows of our old apartment as we sailed by, and stepped out on the balcony.

At Le Havre we bade good-by to the Clark party. Hundreds hurried for their special train to Paris. Some stayed on the Empress of France for England and a few to connect at Southampton that night for home.

We all landed hastily, for the steamer must not detain her sister ship at Southampton. We found all our small baggage, but the madam's trunk was missing. Perhaps it had been put on the train for Paris, the porters said. We went through the luggage van. It was not there. "Perhaps it was on the other side." Nothing there. There was no escape for it. It was on the ship and they were loosening the gang-plank. Now acquaintance and confidence born of four months cruising stood us in good stead. "Captain," I said as I dashed over the gang-plank, "my trunk is on board." "Well, it'll have to go to England," he replied.

"Hold her a minute," I dared to say, "and let me see." Down the stairs I plunged with two or three conductors and friends at my heels—saw a steward, sent him on the run for my own steward and got off.

As the "Empress" slowly began to swing her bow away from the dock, the faithful Langrish let my trunk down by a rope astern and a sailor on the dock caught it. Having no Paris label on it, not destined for any party, the only baggage for Le Havre, the trunk had been left on one side.

We had three peaceful days at Le Havre, a Y. M. C. A. girl with a fine war record with us. We tramped up to the *"Cote,"* the palisades overlooking the harbor and the city, and got the lovely views. We called on the people of the American colony, who took us in with the same delightful hospitality they showed in war time. We walked around where we had lived and worked, looked at buildings empty and at streets deserted, and felt like Rip Van Winkle.

In war time Havre had been a British base, a French base, a Belgian base, and an American base. Now it was a French port in a dull time.

But the French people were kind and hotel people and shop people and bank people and Mademoiselle Fritz up on the *Cote* remembered us—and we had a wood fire built up in the fireplace and talked about old days, old friends and days to come.

My wife, who had walked behind the silent forms of some of our American boys to the cemetery, sometimes the only American present, wanted to go there again, so on a cold gray windy day we went to the familiar place.

We found that some of the boys had been sent home and some had been sent to the cemetery at Bony, but that the British lay where they had been buried. What different services they represented. How many jobs there were in the war, and in every

kind of job, at the front and in the rear, men gave up their lives.

We could not lay our wreaths on American graves, so we picked out the graves of those who were farthest from home—Lezzere of the Italian army, Lieutenant Park of the New Zealand Infantry, an Australian of the Field Artillery, Nurse Williams, V. A. D., and a Y. M. C. A. man who died at Havre.

Spring had been so late in France that apple-blossoms were still hanging to the trees in Normandy as we went up the lovely Seine on the Paris train. Then for almost two weeks we settled down in another familiar haunt, a Paris hotel owned by an Italian, managed by a Swiss, and filled with French, English, and Americans. All the hotels were full and prices were high. Even with the advantage of the exchange, Americans had to pay well for what they got. As one old friend who loves Paris remarked, "She is more delightful and rapacious than ever."

We found our cruise people all over the city industriously sight-seeing, but for us formal sight-seeing was over. It was too much over. We settled down and loafed. If people really want to "do things" they had better enroll with a Cruise. And yet the dawdling around Paris, the long walks in the Bois and to the Mont du Sacre Coeur, up the Champs-Elysees, up and down the Seine and over the bridges at night, were delightful. There was a wonderful exhibition of Belgian art, a creditable American exhibit showing the work of John Singer Sargent, Winslow Homer and others, beside the Salon and the Louvre to visit.

There were inspiring Sunday services at the little union American Church in the Rue de Berri. Strangely enough we attended the farewell service of the Rev. Chauncey Goodrich, D.D., whose first services we attended in 1917. He has made a large place for himself in the hearts of both the Americans and the

French in Paris. He is an outspoken and courageous enemy of militarism, but asserts that the French are not militaristic.

He does not believe, what other good friends of France do believe, that "there are dangerous elements in French public life and a party determined on annexing German territory and making France the great military power of the Continent." As one studied the faces of the thousands at the dog show and at the flower and fruit show, one could easily believe Goodrich. But good, simple-hearted, industrious people who love dogs and flowers and children can be terribly fooled by the war lords, of whom unquestionably France has her share.

At the Sorbonne, attending on two different days the exercises celebrating the centennial of the birth of Pasteur, we were brought again into contact with the best of France.

Yesterday, May 30, was a solemn day in Paris. We went to the services at the Church of the Holy Trinity, the American Protestant Episcopal Pro-Cathedral, where they dedicated cloisters built as a memorial to the Americans who died in the war in France and Flanders. Into the walls of the cloisters had been set tablets containing the names of the different American divisions and other organizations, their insignia in colors and the number who had died. Some of the divisions lost heavily. Of the welfare workers, our Red Cross lost 194, the Y. M. C. A. ninety-two, the Knights of Columbus one, the Chaplains Corps twenty-three, the Jewish Welfare two, and the Salvation Army one.

In these services at this American Episcopal Church we found an unqualified expression of support of the French position since the war, Ruhr and all. The rector is convinced that "France is all right," in everything. Occasionally on the street or

in a shop we ran into a man who showed "weariness" over the time involved making Germany pay, but little open opposition to French policy. One could not help wondering at the Christianity which at least does not oppose getting an enemy down and then choking him to death while he is down. What the French say is that they have been bitten twice by a mad dog and that they don't propose to let him up until they can be assured protection.

I think the French position is wrong, terribly wrong, but I can't help loving the French in spite of all.

The Decoration Day services at Suresnes, the American cemetery just out of Paris, were beautiful. French and Americans united in the tribute. The French cavalry formed the guard of honor. French and American generals and the American Ambassador delivered addresses.

A gold star mother from Washington, for years president of our Y. W. C. A. there, took us to her own little private service at the grave of her boy, and honored us by letting us share it.

It was a day when the French seemed once more like beloved comrades.

Friends of France do not like to believe that the alleged vicious circle is the French policy. But it was not an enemy of France but a friend who stated it: "It is not a question of reparations. France will hold on to German territory until she hurls Germany into chaos. Then she will hold on because of the chaos. Her whole policy is 'hold on' and it will prove disastrous for France and for humanity in the end."

Paris, May 31, 1923.

XXXVIII. BELGIUM REVISITED

WE had ten days only for Belgium. News had come to us in Paris about both my father and mother which made us want to hurry home. We secured passage on the first ship available and then gave all the time we had left to the brave little country which had become almost like a second home during the Great War.

For weeks after the armistice trains ran between Paris and Brussels with difficulty. They had to cross the war zone and the old trenches. Bridges were down and the roadbed was a makeshift in many places. From twelve to twenty-four hours was the rule between the two capitals. Then, for months longer, trains took from seven to eight hours making the trip.

On the first of June, 1923, we shared the excitement of the inauguration of the new three and one-half hour service. The train was one of beautiful, solid, vestibuled cars. There was no stop at the frontier for customs examination—all this taking place on the train and at the terminals.

Newspapers in both countries had advertised the event and everybody was out to see us go by. Especially at the frontier did old travelers go out to wave derisively at officials who had detained them and their goods so often in the past.

This railroad runs north to Compiegne, French General Headquarters for a long time in the war, to Noyon, spared in the destruction of the retreat of 1917 only to be destroyed in the famous German "break through" in 1918, to Chauny, where the Germans saved their explosives and used battering

rams on the houses, and crosses the old lines at St. Quentin, so long a part of the Hindenburg system.

All this was familiar ground to me. So deep and abiding were the war impressions that it almost seemed reckless for this fast train to approach the old German lines at such speed and then expose itself recklessly to German fire. We could see that considerable reconstruction had been done, although many old shells of houses stood as they were when the firing ceased.

Two motor cars to carry the two of us, and a Belgian Red Cross ambulance to carry our trunks, were at the station in Brussels. Dr. Depage, chief of the Belgian Red Cross in the war, now a Senator in the Belgian Parliament, and the Countess Goblet d'Alviella, wife of one of the Ministers of the War Cabinet, an old friend, were there to meet us. We had accepted the invitation of the Fondation Universitaire, or a modified University Club, and there we were installed and made comfortable.

But we had few meals there. Friends opened their homes and hearts and had us for practically every lunch and dinner of our stay. From King and Queen down to my old chauffeur, everybody seemed determined to make us feel that we had come home. In war time we had had millions of relief money back of us. Now we had come empty handed. It made no difference. It was a question of friendship, and the friendships welded in the fiery furnace of the Great War are not easily broken. Besides, we had never looked at the millions of relief money as more than a drop in the bucket compared with the houses and lands and lives, as well as the millions of money, the Belgians had poured out for us before we had entered the struggle.

Just the things of kindness and courtesy we want most to set down in this narrative can not be told.

One can not break bread at the Palace, or with the Minister of the Interior, or the Minister of Education, or the former President of the League of Nations, or with any other friends, and make copy out of what was said or served.

While I sought some of the statesmen in their offices to find out about the Ruhr and reparations, the Flemish questions and other matters of moment, the talk at the dinner tables was mainly about the war and what had happened since. Who was married? Who was dead? Who had gone to the Congo? Who was the new Ambassador to Japan? Where was this boy or girl in school? How was the reconstruction going on? We talked about Hoover and the relief work, about Whitlock, about stirring days on the Yser, about noble men like Jean De Mot and some of the Rolins who never came back, about Colonel Bremer, killed in one of the last attacks, and the doctor blown to pieces attempting to succor Bremer, about shelling and bombing La Panne, about visiting Nieuport, Dixmude and Ypres when they were cities of death from shell and gas, about the King and Queen, so steadfast, intelligent, sympathetic and courageous through it all.

We dined with several of the Ministers with whom we had eaten at Le Havre and at La Panne. In La Panne they had occupied little rooms. Here they had big rooms in palaces. At La Panne they had had one little Flemish maid to carry the meat over from the half wrecked hotel. Here they had a long line of servants. But they were the same simple, democratic, self-respecting, friendly people in both places. And the sauce of friendship had kept its savor all through the years.

It was the same at the Palace, and that is all I can say about it.

The King and Queen use the large palace in the

central part of Brussels for state occasions only. But they live at Laeken, some four miles out from the center. After her return to the United States, Mrs. van Schaick read a paper on "Some Gardens of a Queen," in which she spoke of Laeken as follows:

> "Laeken is surrounded by hundreds of acres of woodland, rolling meadows and gardens. Bordering the entrance avenue are the most magnificent rhododendrons I have ever seen, of every shade and all in full bloom when we went there. Beyond the formal gardens are vegetable and fruit gardens where delicious great strawberries were ripe. . . . a chicken farm, dairy and hay fields. . . . One large greenhouse is given up to palms, giant ferns and smaller leaf plants. The *parterre* was composed of masses of forget-me-nots bordered by pink English daisies. . . . I was struck by the effective use of geraniums in one of the long narrow greenhouses. They grew in the warm, damp air of the greenhouse as in the tropics, climbing up to the roof, gorgeous masses of crimson and pink blooms enclosing us on each side. Admiring one pink variety especially, I was given two dear little plants which I brought home safely, and now one has put out two lovely blooms. . . . Her Majesty is interested in birds. . . . She is especially fond of taking snapshots of them, the mother bird brooding on the nest, feeding the young, etc. . . . Back in a remote corner of the domain is *'la chaumiere,'* a little peasant's cottage with open fireplace where their Majesties love to go and where the little Princess Marie-Jose, now a young lady, used to play on the floor with her dolls. About it is an old-fashioned garden full of sweet-william, stock, larkspur, bachelor buttons, snapdragons, lavender and other old familiar flowers. Here the Queen comes and works in her garden and gathers sprays of her favorite flowers.
>
> "The Belgian King and Queen are simple in their tastes, unassuming, with a high and noble sense of duty, and essentially home loving. In their strenuous lives, with so many demands upon them that are trying

and fatiguing, I like to think that they have this little corner tucked away from the glare of publicity, surrounded by birds and sweet old-fashioned flowers, where they can go for a bit of that solitude with nature which all of us so much need."

I was impressed by the things in the lives of kings and queens which tend to make them cultured, disciplined, useful human beings. They travel, read, meet interesting people and are compelled by the nature of their tasks to see things as wholes instead of as parts. The Belgian King and Queen must look on both sides of the Flemish question, for example, for they are rulers of both Flemings and Walloons. They saw socialist boys and liberal boys lay down their lives for Belgium in the war just the same as Catholic boys. They both want to be and have to be above partisan politics.

There are, to be sure, the temptations of power and there is the poisonous atmosphere of flattery. But people who are innately sound and who have a sense of humor can come through it all right. Albert and Elisabeth of Belgium are worthy of the honor the whole world has given them and are unspoiled by it.

As we went about Brussels, saw government officials, former government officials and other friends, it was obvious that Belgians as a whole did not agree with French policy in the Ruhr. For months Belgium held back against going into the Ruhr. Now that she is in, the majority opinion is that she must see it through. The minority opinion is that she never ought to have gone in and should come out. Both majority and minority agree that too long Belgium has been a tail to the French kite and that it puts the country in a dangerous and undignified position.

Most Belgians still feel bitter toward Germany, and intend to force her to pay for the damage done,

but they are clear-headed enough to see that Germany must earn in order to pay and that preventing her economic recovery is no way to get money out of her.

One of the amazing changes which we found in Belgium was in the status of the University of Brussels. We had attended the opening exercises of the university soon after the armistice. Through our friendship with Dr. Heger, Rector of the university, we had learned then of the enormous difficulties they were facing. Buildings were in bad order. Apparatus had been destroyed. Professors were scattered. Some were dead. But applications for admission had accumulated over a period of four years. The demand for opportunity to study was pathetic and thrilling. The determination of the university authorities to meet that demand never weakened.

After five years we sat down in the home of the Rector again. In that time this alert, vigorous executive, now nearing eighty years of age, with the help of men like Max, Solvay, Depage, Errerra, Bordet and the others, had put over a great plan for the removal of the university from a crowded down-town location to a beautiful site at the end of the Avenue Louise near the Bois de la Cambre.

The city of Brussels led by Burgomaster Max gave the site, 20,000,000 francs for the Polytechnic and Scientific Departments, and 15,000,000 toward a hospital. Citizens gave 10,000,000 in private subscriptions.

The University Foundation of the Commission for Relief in Belgium (the Hoover organization) gave 18,000,000 francs for the library, the schools of philosophy and chemistry and other objects. The Rockefeller Foundation gave 30,000,000 francs for a new medical school and 10,000,000 francs for the

Edith Cavell-Marie Depage training school for nurses.

Out of the house of bondage both literally and figuratively, and into the land of promise, the University of Brussels has passed.

The great Catholic University at Louvain likewise is sharing in the money of the Hoover Relief Funds and is dedicating a new library built by American subscriptions.

Unfortunately the sad news from home prevented a visit to Louvain, which the Ministers Poulet and Helleputte had arranged. That was left for another summer.

In Brussels also I visited the Maison du Peuple with the former Minister Vandevelde and marveled at the perfection of this famous socialist co-operative organization. Some think that men like Vandevelde pave the way for Bolshevism, but the facts are that Bolshevist leaders probably hate Vandevelde as much as any man outside of Russia. He dared go into Russia and face them in defense of Russian socialists on trial for their lives. He holds economic views with which I do not agree, but I believe he is a power for law and order and constitutional development instead of revolution.

With Countess Helen Goblet we visited some of the *foyers* or homes of the Young Women's Christian Association, where she has succeeded in bringing Jewish and Catholic as well as liberal girls within the circle of these cheerful and inspiring influences. She is a pioneer breaking new ground with a steadiness, an intelligence and a true love of human beings beyond all praise.

Whenever I go to Albany, I pass the corner where the mother of the Countess was born and where, as a child, she slid down the steps of the old capitol, little dreaming that she ever would marry a foreigner and live her life across the sea.

Strange are the meetings and the partings of this world. Many are the changes made by marriage. Beautiful are enlarging fields of friendship. Sad are the separations which come. But love endures through everything.

The Sedges, Seabright, N. J., Sept. 8, 1923.

XXXIX. DOWN ON THE YSER

DURING the war, Mrs. van Schaick and I lived for some months in Rotterdam, Holland, where I was first the Assistant Representative and then the Representative for Holland of the Rockefeller Foundation War Relief Commission working in co-operation with the Commission for Relief in Belgium. In this period I was thrown into close contact with thousands of Belgian refugees and made trips into Germany and into occupied Belgium.

In 1917, Mrs. van Schaick and I sailed with the original Red Cross Commission to Europe—where we stayed for two years and where eventually I became Commissioner for Belgium of the American Red Cross.

We had base headquarters at St. Adresse, just out of Le Havre, France, where the Belgian government was established on account of the occupation of the greater part of Belgium by the Germans; and forward headquarters at La Panne in "the little corner never conquered," where the King and the Queen of the Belgians lived, where the army was fighting side by side with powerful British, French and eventually American armies, and where 60,000 civilians grimly held fast to the last few miles of their country.

In both places we had spread out before us a majestic panorama of war. Especially at La Panne, only six or seven miles back of the front trenches, we saw war on sea, on land and in the air. Compared with men under an intensive bombardment, we were comparatively safe, but people were killed around us frequently, the roads we used were often shelled and we had "to run for it," aviators went over

night after night, our windows were nearly all shattered and occasionally shells went into buildings "across the way," "down the street" or "on the corner."

In those months we furnished supplies for Belgian hospitals both civil and military, aided refugees, helped save children exposed to danger, did a welfare work for Belgian soldiers in the horrible mud of the Flanders winters, and assisted with money and goods many Belgian organizations which worked for the wounded, the convalescent, the refugees, the battered civilians who would not go away, and the little children. We also placed well forward supplies of food to use in the day when we should advance—a day which came at last and for which, thank God, we were ready.*

To go back therefore to the Yser country—to the little corner—was an especially impressive experience. It was to fields and roads and villages, held by Belgians, French and British during the war, in which we had lived for long and weary months, and to other fields, roads and villages, held by Germans, at which we had gazed in dread, in wonder and with yearning for other long and weary months.

On Friday and Saturday, June 8 and June 9, we made this trip. Luckily I can describe it in the words of my journal written out the night of June 9:

"To-day has been one of those where the fountains of laughter and tears have been active.

"Dr. Depage sent his motor, driven by one of the best of the war chauffeurs; we picked up the Countess Helene Goblet d'Alviella, and then started out toward 'the German front' of war time. At Ghent we took

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*This story is told in the author's "The Little Corner Never Conquered," the story of the American Red Cross Work for Belgium. The Macmillan Company, New York, 1922.

into our party Mademoiselle Anna Hulin-de-Loo, whom we used to visit before the war in Flanders and who had German officers quartered in her chateau at Loo-ten-Hulle for almost four years. We stopped also to see Vincent, our chauffeur, to whom the Red Cross gave its medal with this citation: 'Remy Vincent (Belgian), Private Soldier of the Belgian Army, Chauffeur for the American Red Cross from the fall of 1917. He was known as the most skilful and daring chauffeur of the Minister of War—a great driver, a skilful mechanic and a loyal, honest man. By his knowledge of roads and conditions at the front and his unerring judgment and great skill under shell fire, he unquestionably saved the lives of many of our personnel. By his keen intelligence and quick decision he rendered service of great value in problems of relief both civil and military. By his ability to work long periods without rest, he saved valuable time for his superior officers.'

"Vincent had married, and his home, his wife, his little boy, his expanding automobile business and all that was his delighted us above measure.

"To my companions I had to tell again the story of how we entered Ghent the morning of the armistice—ours the first car in—the Minister Vandevelde, a Dutch Senator and myself making up the party—how we had to clear away trees and fallen wires—how the whole city turned out to receive us—how we made addresses in the public square and how such emotion it is given one only once or twice in a life time to feel and experience.

"After five years I could still see the Captain of Gendarmes who threw his men about our car to keep back the crowd and who marched proudly ahead of the crawling Rolls Royce to the Governor's Palace. I could see the old Governor coming slowly down the stairs, tears streaming from his eyes, to greet us.

I could hear that last volley which came into the city at eleven, the hour of the armistice, and killed an old shoemaker who had borne the four years of captivity only to die on the day of liberation and at the exact hour the war ended. It was a stirring memory. To-day we had time in Ghent for only a word with Prof. Georges Hulin-de-Loo and then we made for Bruges where we lunched at the Panier d'Or just across the square from the famous belfry. As we broke bread we recalled other memorable days: The day we moved our Red Cross office up while the Germans were still at Ghent; the day Depage advanced his front hospital to Bruges and put it in the normal school; the day the King and Queen rode into that square at the head of their troops when stolid, impassive Flemings were stolid and impassive no more; the day earlier still, just after the liberation, when the Ministers Berryer, Helleputte and Vandevyvere brought me in with them, when we stayed for the night with the old Burgomaster, Count Visart, now dead, and had a welcome from poor and rich which brought a lump in our throat no matter which way we turned.

"On we went to the big German gun at Leugenboom between Ghistelles and Thourout, which some of our friends had never seen, and then quickly to the trenches.

"In a word, what we did was to drive up from what had been German back areas during the war to the front areas, from towns untouched to those half destroyed and then to those utterly annihilated, out to the front German trenches, past old German advance posts, to Belgian and British advance posts and then, reversing the process, on to the allied trenches, allied forward areas, and towns annihilated, back to the villages which had escaped. We were on the Bruges-Furnes road, crossing the Yser at the Schoorbake.

"There was hardly a foot of this ground which

did not stir some memory. Here I had had a clear view of something behind the German lines; yonder a man had been killed; over in that sector I had seen soldiers dressed in white on a snowy morning to escape detection as they patched up an *abri;* up that trench I had taken visitors; along this other I had made a night expedition. But all was changed. The forces of reconstruction had been at work. Government agencies, individual families, and old Mother Nature herself had united to obliterate traces of the war. If a peasant had not blown up a German pill box it had been because it would cost more to blow it up than the land it stood on was worth. So the most powerful pill boxes stood, but wheat and alfalfa and beans and lush grass surrounded them.

"We crossed what had been the inundated sector where the Belgians had dammed the Yser and backed it up to flood the country and hold back the Germans. I remember even the Minister of Agriculture saying in war time he feared it would be twenty-five or thirty years before this land could be made to yield a crop. Here it was blossoming and blooming like a rose. Nor was this all. The destroyed cities and villages were 90 per cent rebuilt, and men, women and boys were hard after the last 10 per cent. They were burrowing into pits of clay, fashioning and firing bricks, hauling them over the roads and laying the walls needed, long after usual hours of labor were over, well on into the long northern twilight.

"Nieuport, Dixmude and Ypres are examples of cities which stood on or just back of the trenches and were reduced to ugly, shapeless ruins, cellars and brick piles, chimneys and neglected yards. Nieuport, Dixmude and Ypres are up again to-day and full of activity.

"We drove to Pervyse and Ramscappelle, then on to Nieuport, where the long line of trenches which

started at the Swiss boundary reached the North Sea. All around us was the reconstructed Nieuport. Even the huge locks and gates connecting the Yser and its tributaries with the ocean were back in place. I couldn't help thinking of some of the boys who had said to me, 'I'd like to live to see what kind of a world it will be after the war,' and who had not lived. They died in the faith and they without us can not be made perfect.

"Swiftly on we went, to Oost Dunkirque and St. Idesbalde, to La Panne. It was the same hospitable, warm-hearted Flemish folk who ran out to meet us, the same apartment where I had had an office and had lived, the same little hotel which had carried on through bombing and shelling—only now with glass in every window, mirrors on the walls, and carpets on the floors. But the hospital was gone, the military baths were closed, the rented cottage of the King and Queen had been handed back to the proprietor, and the American, French and British military missions were turned into boarding houses. The fisher folk were at their ancient business unmolested, and little bath houses were catering to the summer trade. Boarders were walking up and down for amusement or "constitutionals," where, under their brown helmets, the Belgian soldiers had kept watch. Only the waves rolled in from the North Sea just as they had in the days when now and then they brought a mine torn loose from its fastening or the body of a sailor sunk by a submarine.

"Everywhere old fields, old houses, old barracks, were turned to new uses and old friends were at new jobs.

"In Brussels the Minister Vandevyvere, now charged with reconstruction, had told me the story, shown me the maps and pictures, and prepared me for great changes, but still it was unbelievable.

"Nobody has written up what these Belgians have done in repairing, rebuilding, cultivating and obliterating the scars of war. Ypres itself deserves a volume, and some Englishman who lived there some day may write one. Dixmude deserves another. Merckem, Clerkem, Passchendaele, places literally ground to powder, are reconstructed.

"The bright light red of the new tile roofs of reconstructed villages, seen over the green fields, was the one new feature of the familiar Flemish landscape.

"To-day we left La Panne early and drove to Dixmude, then parallel with what had been the German front line to Ypres. The road took us through Houthoulst Forest, which once was a kind of Gibraltar for this part of the German defenses—a horrible welter of dead men and dead trees after the Belgians first recaptured it in September, 1918, but now harmless looking enough. Only the trees by the roadside are all young. One can not get great monarchs of the forest back in a day.

"Nor had my dear friend Jean Maes, the lawyer, rebuilt his beautiful chateau in Houthoulst forest which he had described to me when he and his charming family were living in a little Flemish village five miles from the trenches, doing important war work for the government. Flanders is rebuilt—a monument to the skill and energy of both government and people —but some things can never be rebuilt. And some dear familiar figures will never move along the old paths again.

"I wish that one of these sectors could have been kept as it was so that historians of the future could study it, and so that all who want war could visit it. And yet probably that is a vain wish, for nature would not have let it stay the way it was. One would have had to shell it every year 'to keep it as it was.'

"In Ypres we saw the brave Abbe Delaere, now

Dean of the Cathedral, which is not yet rebuilt. After what we saw of Delaere in war time some of us would help him, if we could, rebuild anything he set his heart on, whether he called himself a Mohammedan or a Christian—a Catholic or a Unitarian.

"Near by in the little village of Hooglede, which the Germans held throughout the war, we found our old friend Pere Pluvier installed as village priest. We know that this village will have a true pastor, self-sacrificing, hard-working, and with the love of God and of man in his heart, for he showed those qualities in incessant labors during the war. On his table were pictures of a Quaker, William Mordey of the Friends Ambulance Unit, and of a Universalist, but neither seemed to have done any harm to this devout Catholic priest.

"So with meetings and partings, breaking bread with Catholics and Socialists, calling up memories of the living and the dead, we have made our way through these two days, down to the Yser and back to Brussels to-night.

"The stability, the resourcefulness, the energy, the indomitable courage and determination of the Belgians showed themselves on every side.

"If the bankers of the world could see Belgium as we saw it the franc would soon go to par."

We left Brussels June 11 in Dr. Depage's car, drove to Antwerp, took the Harwich boat, were in London on the 12th and sailed from Southampton on the Empress of France, June 13, landing at Quebec June 20.

It was a happy trip home, for Dr. and Mrs. Rufus Jones of Haverford College, Henry Barrett Learned of Yale, Stamford and Washington, Miss Grosvenor and Miss McGrath of Washington and Miss Royer of Chicago made up a delightful table in the dining room, and other old friends of the cruise were

on board. Officers, stewards and stewardesses seemed glad to see us.

Anxiety for things at home had been lifted by not getting cables before we sailed, wireless on the way, or letters or telegrams at Quebec. We little knew that cables had failed to reach us and that the brave old fighter died the morning and at the very hour we had sat looking out at sea in La Panne toward the home three thousand miles away.

So we laughed and joked and visited and rested through this last lap of the world cruise, in sunshine, in fog, through the bitter cold of the iceberg region where we saw our first bergs and then as we landed into the intense heat of a superheated period for Canada and the United States.

Thus ended the cruise. Thus began another chapter which can not be written now. But of it let this be said:

With all of its burdens, its sorrows, and its joys, home is home. There is nothing like it. It is an imperishable part of a life which once has experienced it. No changes can obliterate its memories.

And the country, with all its imperfections, its unrealized ideals, its disappointing failures, is our own dear land, first of all in our love and sure to be first, if we work for it, in the things of God and brotherhood.

The Sedges, Seabright, N. J., Sept. 10, 1923.

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